WEEK ENDING MAY 21, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekl… body

Taking on Polish

In this Issue

WHEN I PLAY A PART

by GLORIA SWANSON

also THOSE IN PERIL ON THE TEE

by P.G. WODEHOUSE

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

The finest flowering of the reservoir pen idea

For more than a hundred years the fountain pen has been developing. But precision workmanship, which now deals in accurate measurements smaller than the ten-thousandth part of an inch, has advanced the fine art of pen construction from crude beginnings up to this infallible writing instrument. The Sheaffer Lifetime° pen is so accurately, simply and strongly made that it can be guaranteed to give faultless service *for a lifetime.* Ready always at your instant demand. Unqualifiedly guaranteed! And it is matched in beauty by its sturdy companion, the Titan pencil—both made of brilliant, enduring Radite.

"Lifetime" pen in green or black, $8.75, Ladies', $7.50—pencil, $4.25

At better stores everywhere

Blue Label-Leads 15 cents

SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

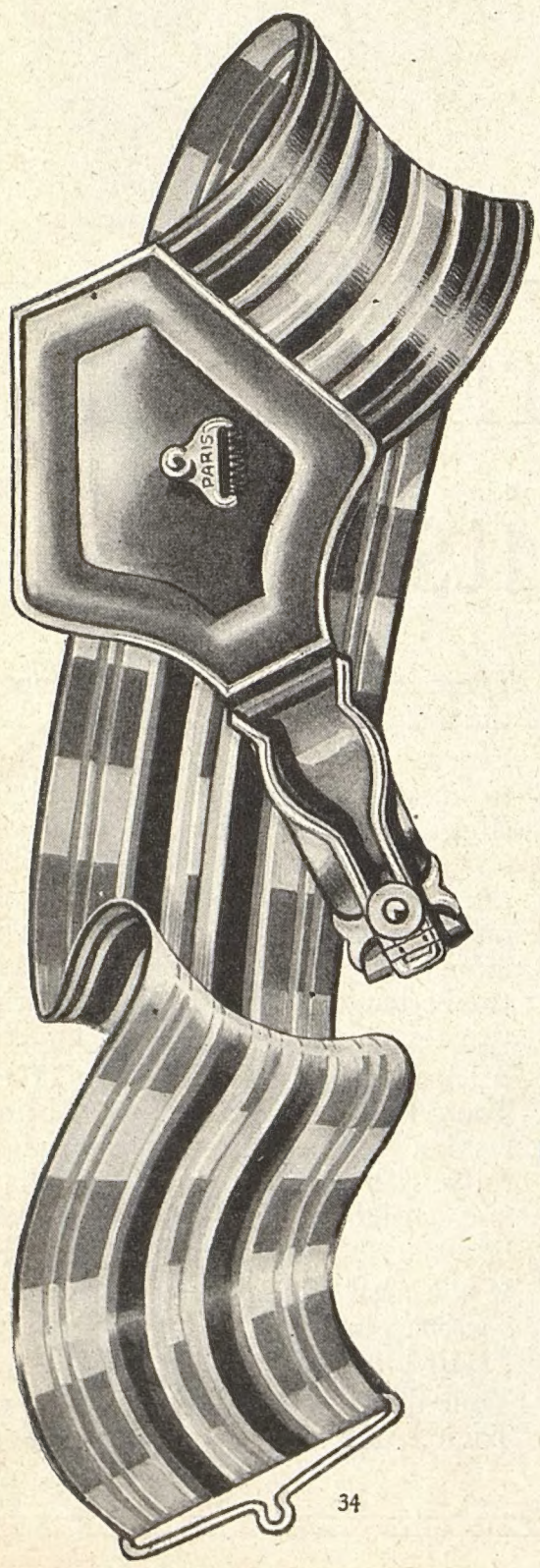
W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY · FORT MADISON, IOWA, U. S. A.
New York—80 Fifth Avenue · London—199 Regent Street
Wellington, New Zealand—86 Manners Street
Sydney, Australia—160 George Street, West

°Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DONALD DENTON

If fashion came to this

© A. S. & Co., 1926



you'd change your garters oftener

A quaint idea this! But no more so than the one which prompts a man to regard himself as faultlessly dressed when he wears soiled garters hidden by well pressed trousers. What the world does not see may not disturb it, but if peace of mind depends upon perfection, you'd better change your garters oftener. The bright new PARIS patterns are an added reason for insisting on PARIS—*the* garter of quality.

Single Grips 25c to $1 · Double Grips, 35c to $1

SUPER QUALITY $1

A. STEIN & COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
HAIR TONIC

Make your permanent wave worth its cost . .

To have a permanent wave or not to have one! It's a question that is agitating the minds of thousands of women at this season of the year. Yet no woman need hesitate if she chooses a reliable hair dresser and gives her hair the correct treatment *afterwards*.

The regular use of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic will counteract the drying effect of the permanent waving process. It will transform the fuzzy, fluffy look commonly associated with permanent waves into the sleek, close, shining wave that fashion dictates.

Once a week you should give yourself this scalp treatment: Apply *a very small amount* of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to the scalp with the finger tips. Massage the scalp thoroughly till it feels loose and tingly. Then brush your hair briskly. Leave the Tonic on overnight and shampoo the next morning.

Every day dress your wave according to this method: Dampen the hair slightly. Then apply *a very small amount* of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic with the palms of the hands. Brush vigorously to distribute the dressing. (The more you brush a permanent wave the better it looks.) Then pinch the wave into place with the fingers.

A few weeks of this "Vaseline" Hair Tonic treatment will begin to bring results. Only—do keep at it faithfully. Unwearying care of the hair is essential to bring out its greatest beauty.

If you need any special advice about various phases of hair care send for "Hair Lines". Use the coupon.

Your druggist has "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Get a bottle today.

FREE *Sound advice on special hair problems. Mail coupon today*

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., Dept. L 5-21
17 State Street, New York

Please send me "Hair Lines" on the following subjects (check the ones you want)

- ☐ 1. Oily Hair
- ☐ 2. Permanent Wave
- ☐ 3. Babies and Children
- ☐ 4. Falling Hair
- ☐ 5. Dandruff
- ☐ 6. Dry Hair
- ☐ 7. Grey Hair

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 1927

MAY 21, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4 No. 3

Printed and entered as second class mail at Chicago, Illinois. Western Office: Tribune Square, Chicago. Superior 0100

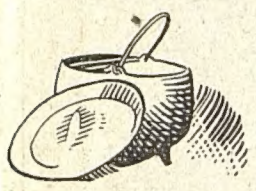
Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York City. Telephone: Ashland 4160

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

ANTIQUES

The craze for antiques that is sweeping America, and incidentally enriching the sharpers, collectors, and a few of the possessors of ancient junk, is being promoted on the theory that it is art. The contents of New England attics and woodsheds



have become more valuable than the overstuffed and luxurious products of modern furniture factories. The battered, crude, and dented pewter mug from which generations of hired hands drank their hard cider, is bid up to ridiculous prices by overrich and idle women, and carried away in triumph to be placed alongside the sofa that Uncle Zebulon threw into the woodshed fifty years ago because it was too uncomfortable to use.

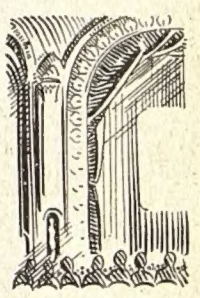
This craze for antiques is another indication of the softening of our "upper" (i. e., wealthier) classes, and an indication of our lack of appreciation or conception of what is art.

Antiques, as a rule, are neither beautiful nor artistic. High Point, North Carolina, and Grand Rapids, Michigan, turn out more artistic and beautiful furniture every day than Duncan Phyfe or Sheraton or any of those pioneer designers ever dreamed of. Our crude early potters would turn green with envy to see what ceramic work Grueby or Rookwood turn out. Paul Revere, skilled as he was as a silversmith, would be goggle-eyed to see the wares of Gorham, of Tiffany, of the Kalo Shops, of Community, or half a dozen others of today.

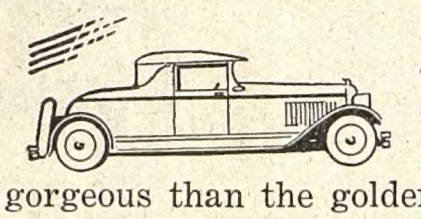
Yet the antique-seeker prefers beds and bureaus stained at every mortise with corrosive sublimate applied with chicken feathers by generations of bedbug-hunters, or old bottles from which topers of other days drank their liquid hell.

Those who rave over the art of the past forget that the United States has developed and is developing two of the greatest arts, and that it is the leader in developing a third. The two are skyscraper architecture and the movies; the third is the automobile.

Our skyscrapers are perhaps the highest expression of art in architecture worked out on a grand scale. The Greeks would have bowed in reverent and humble admiration had they seen the Woolworth Building with its marvelous changing lights and shadows, or the Tribune Tower in Chicago with its battlemented crown reared high above the lake, and perhaps would have thought the Acropolis a hut. The motion pictures are the sincerest application of art; an art of terrific importance—and, as a world force, greater than any art yet evolved.



The automobile, as designed and made in the United States, is one of the most artistic objects ever conceived by man. In artistry of line, of color, of motion expressed in nickel and steel and glass, it is far more gorgeous than the golden chariots of Rome or the lumbering, over-ornamented wheeled vehicles of the Pharaohs. These are the authentic expressions of America's artistic sense; not pots and pans and spinning wheels.



IN THIS ISSUE

The Hidden Folio.....By GEORGE BLUMENTHAL 7
Some secret chapters in the life of Oscar Hammerstein

Those in Peril on the Tee.....By P. G. WODEHOUSE 10
The story of two men who hated to be loved

When I Play a Part.....By GLORIA SWANSON 17
The inside story of a film star's daily grind

Rough-Riding Romance.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 24
The charge up San Juan Hill becomes a movie epic

Trub's Diary.....By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE 29
A dog's day and the tragedy of the painted baby

The Draft—in 1863 and 1917.....By GENERAL HENRY J. REILLY 33
Comparing Lincoln's troubles in raising armies with Wilson's

It's a Tough Life.....By VINA DELMAR 42
A prodigal husband finds he has a prodigal wife

Make Your Will Now and Make It Right....By HUGH FULLERTON 53

Bobby Jones, Super-Champion.....By O. B. KEELER 57
The story of golf's greatest amateur (Part Four)

Foster Children of Famous Folk.....By MABEL ABBOTT 65
Stories of waifs who will inherit wealth

Come to My House.....By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE 76
The story of one mad hour in a girl's true love (Part Five)

Sharpshooting Sheiks.....By O. O. MCINTYRE 83
True tales of cake-eaters in New York's jazz jungles

News of the World (p. 27); Twenty Questions (40); Sam Loyd Puzzle (41); Poem (68); Cross-Word Puzzle (69); For the Love o' Lil (70); Bright Sayings of Children (70); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (71); Story for Children (72); Food (75); Patterns (81); Fashions (81 and 82); Vox Pop (86).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

IS THE STAGE A GREATER CAREER THAN MARRIAGE? A woman who was one of the stage's foremost actresses and is now one of New York's society leaders answers this question in next week's LIBERTY. She is MRS. AUGUST BELMONT, formerly ELEANOR ROBSON of footlight fame. Although happily married, and permanently retired from the stage, she says that the stage is the greater career for a woman, and tells you why she thinks so.

MUSSOLINI'S SECRET POLICE RECORD. Few people know the actual details of the Italian Dictator's early career—of how he was expelled from Switzerland, and arrested and imprisoned many times in Italy as a Red firebrand, battling for the causes which he now is so vigorously opposing. But here they are, taken literally from the Italian criminal archives and smuggled out of Italy.

PHYLLIS DUGANNE has written an entrancing story called THREE DAYS ARE ENOUGH. It tells of an extremely retiring young man from Boston's exclusive Back Bay district who was sent to Paris to do some shopping for his mother and suddenly found himself involved in a whirlwind love affair.

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS comes to bat with another good warbird story entitled AND THE PRISONER WAS CONVICTED. It sets forth the stirring adventures of a young American flyer who singed his wings in Paris—as many another did.

May 21, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 4, No. 3

Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1927, by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Articles, short and long fiction desired. Address Editor, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; William H. Field, Secretary; Ronald Millar, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy; by mail, $2.50 a year in the United States. Ten cents a copy; by mail, $5.00 a year in Canada and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Ave., New York City. Allow four weeks for change of address.

HEAR ELECTRONS JUMP!

Do electrons jump? We talk about quadrillions of them per second leaping across from the filament of the plate of a Radiotron, when you are listening to a lecture. But these particles are so tiny that no microscope could make them visible—not even a thousand of them clustered together!

They cannot be seen. But in one of the Radiotron laboratories there is an interesting device with which they can be heard. A delicate amplifying system and a loudspeaker do for the ear what the microscope cannot do for the eye—they reveal the actual existence of the electron. You hear it hit the chamber.

This device is but one of many fascinating machines built in the laboratories of "pure science" where research carries forward our knowledge of the vacuum tube and its action. When you buy an RCA Radiotron, you have the benefit of this research, in the fine performance of the tube in your set.

There is a Radiotron for every purpose. Look for the RCA mark to be sure it is genuine.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
New York Chicago
San Francisco

The new radio is clearer

try this improvement on your old set

Most people want radio music loud enough to fill a room. But on many sets, this volume of tone cannot get through the last audio stage without getting badly distorted. But you don't hear this blurred music so much today.

Since RCA developed the power Radiotrons, they've been adapted into new sets. Make the same change in your old set. Let the big volume through clear and true-toned—without distortion. Put in one power Radiotron in the last stage, and clear up the tone!

Bring your storage battery set up-to-date with
a *power* RADIOTRON UX-171 or UX-112
a *detector* RADIOTRON UX-200-A
and RADIOTRONS UX-201-A for all-round quality.
Bring your dry battery set up-to-date with
a *power* RADIOTRON UX-120
and RADIOTRONS UX-199 for all-round quality.

RCA Radiotron

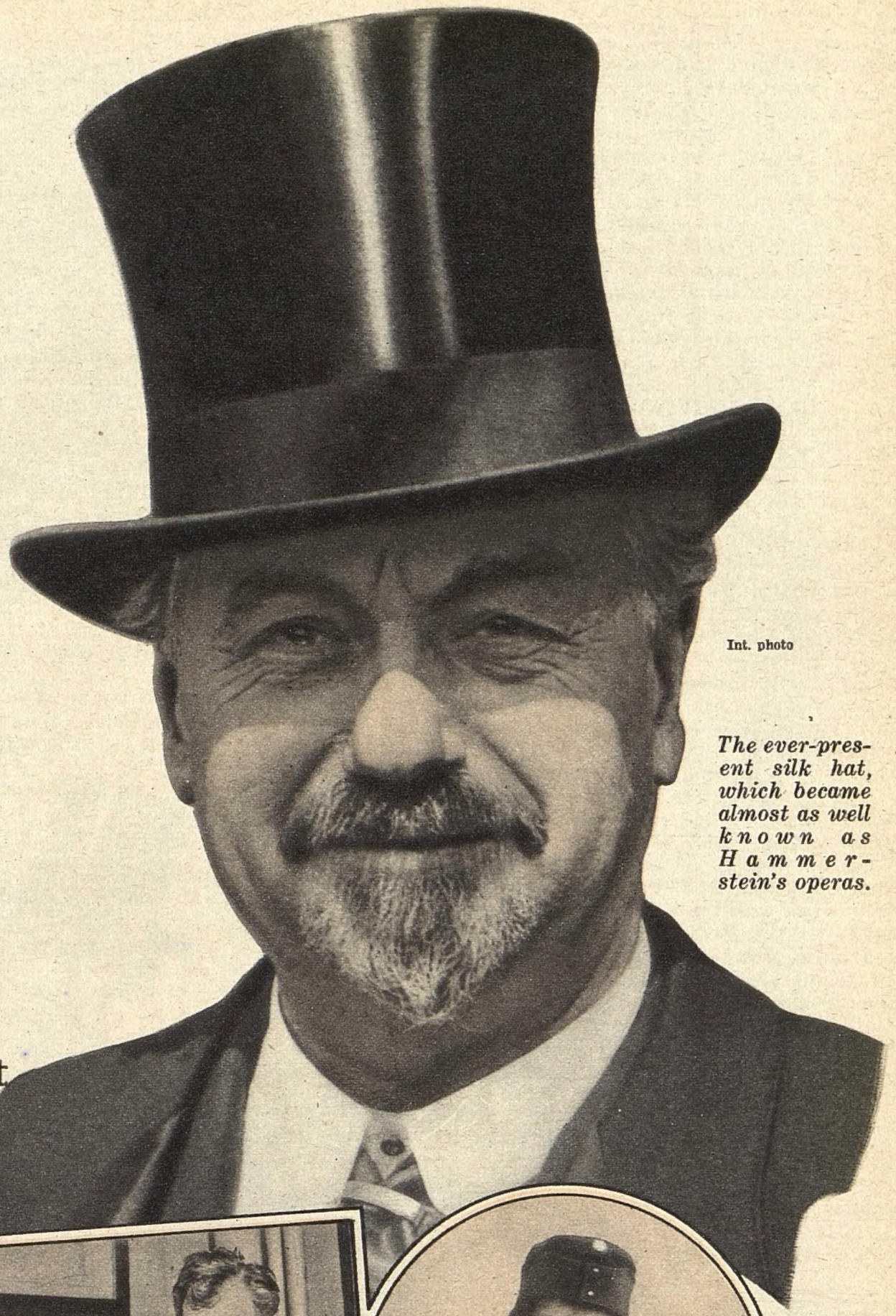
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOLA

The Hidden Folio in the Life of Oscar Hammerstein

Beginning the Story of the Fiery Genius Who Fought Prima Donnas and Stood Broadway on Its Head

As Told By

George Blumenthal to Bruce Grant



Int. photo

The ever-present silk hat, which became almost as well known as Hammerstein's operas.

SINCE Oscar Hammerstein's death his vision has haunted me night and day. I, who knew this man so intimately during thirty years' association, have wanted to unburden myself and give to the world the soul-picture that gradually has been shaping itself in such vivid and fantastic colors in my memory.

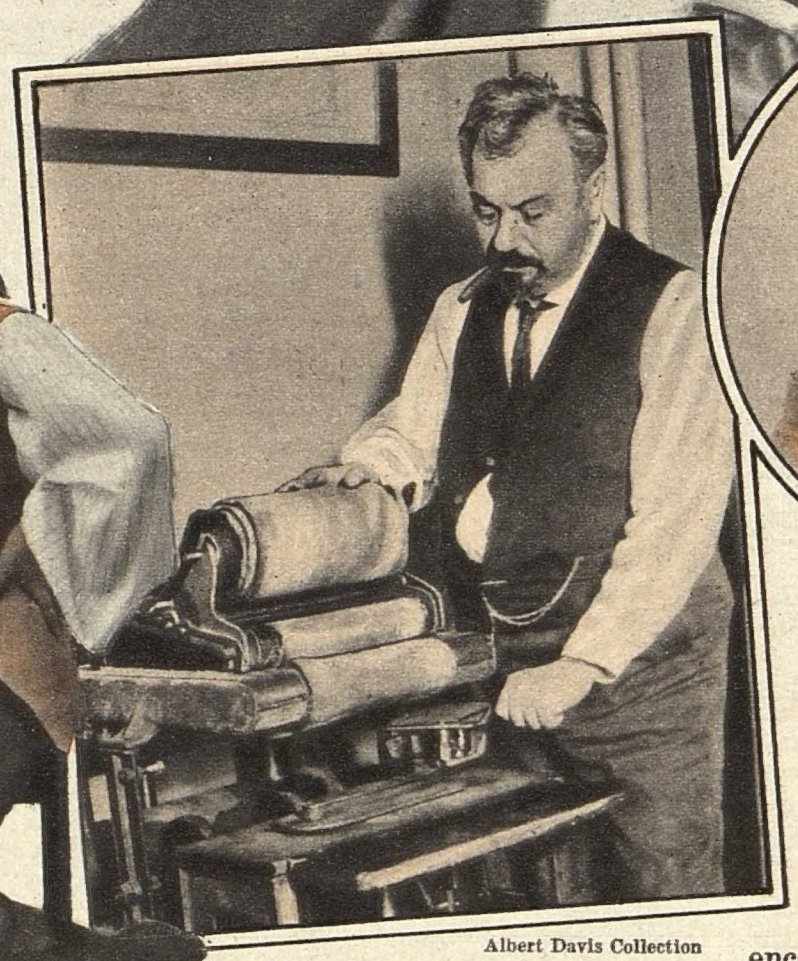
The patchwork of this image, instead of fading gradually into those bluish hazes of the far-distant past, flits into my vision with astonishing clearness.

It is not strange, for during those last few years of his life—those painful years before he died in 1919—I was totally engrossed in problems of the present.

It was only after he was gone that I began to dwell on those thirty years during which Hammerstein made musical and theatrical history for America, erected nearly a score of theaters, and flashed across the operatic sky the fame of singers—years filled with millions gained and lost, stirring battles on the arena of Broadway, epochal events transpiring behind the scenes.

Brown Bros. photo

Emma Trentini, a Hammerstein opera star, as she later appeared in Naughty Marietta.



Albert Davis Collection

Hammerstein with the patented cigar-making machine that supported his operatic dreams.

Photo from Harold Seton

The impresario hissed Mlle. DiDio (left), his own star, while an audience applauded.

Now that he comes back to me, the Oscar Hammerstein of yesteryear, his figure looms bigger and bigger across the blazing horizon of Broadway.

Our century has seen two great showmen—P. T. Barnum and Oscar Hammerstein. Others dwarf into pygmies beside them. Two picturesque characters, these, though there was a difference between them. Barnum would do nothing save for money. Hammerstein cared nothing for money, except to further his operatic ambitions.

Of Barnum much is known. Of Hammerstein much is known—mythologically.

His life was rich in color. Here was a man

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE HIDDEN FOLIO IN THE LIFE OF OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN Continued from Page Seven]

who could play leapfrog with Mary Garden; toss silver dollars down the shivering backs of prima donnas; turn men like Marcus Loew from his office; make his own cigars; remain awake nights inventing such things as three-holed, washable suspenders; be satisfied with a bowl of soup for Christmas dinner; hiss his own singers; write his own music; knock newspapers into a cocked hat; ruin his enemies—and yet allow his own stubbornness to ruin him.

He played with millions, but kept no ledgers; tossed a fortune on the floor of Melba's apartment in Paris and walked out in scorn—ah! a man of hatreds, of hopes, almost childish.

He wore a hat that was famous the world over. He had a funny old chair in which he used to sit watching the erection of his theaters. What a mania he had for building them! And what an uncanny perspicacity he had for finding out the places where communities would later thrive. How people criticized him when he invaded "Thieves' Lair," north of Forty-second Street on Broadway! And Harlem!

But what a stormy petrel he was! He fought with everyone—this man who was yet so loyal to friends and employees.

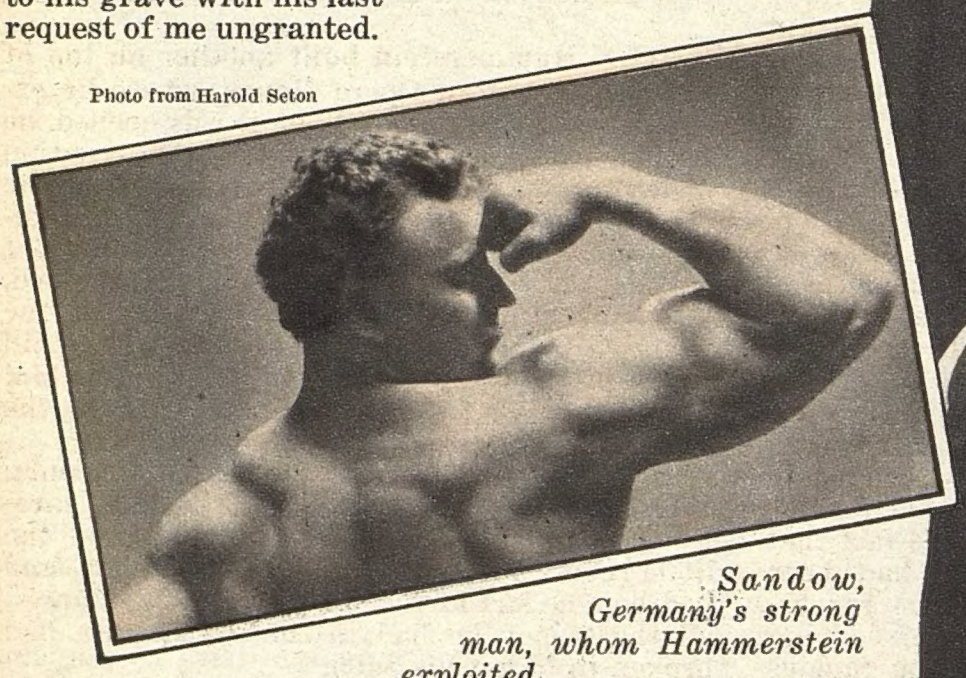
He told me once that Fregoli put the roof on the Manhattan Opera House and Mrs. Clarence Mackay, mother of Mrs. Irving Berlin, took it off. He had a famous battle with Lady Cunard which remains hidden among those mysterious things Time sweeps over with her dust of years.

None knew him so intimately as I. And now I look back and, as one who has drawn away from some gigantic structure to which he has been standing too close, I see this man in perspective. And what a man! The world loved him. The world misunderstood him. It is for me to tell this world of him—this individual of myriad emotions, who created new gradations in temperament, reached new crescendos in anger, and still astonished one by his paradoxical serenity.

YES, his vision haunts me. And there is another reason, too.

Maybe it is because of a duty unfulfilled. For, when the funeral cortège threaded its way to the cemetery, he went to his grave with his last request of me ungranted.

Photo from Harold Seton



Sandow, Germany's strong man, whom Hammerstein exploited.

This man—fiery, temperamental, an intellectual tiger, a "dangerous genius," as one man said of him—had exacted a simple promise of me. He had asked that I see, above all things, to the arrangement of the musical program at his funeral. I had failed. That haunts me.

I can vision him now, standing on the stage, his back to the lowered curtain. Out front the orchestra has struck up the Meditation from Thaïs. This is supposed to be played during the scene-shifting of the entr'acte, and as the last notes die out the curtain rises.

But he made of this piece an intermezzo, and none but I knew why. There he stood, chin lowered, a beatific expression on his face, almost one to inspire pity, listening to this bit of music that so stirred his soul. He was lost to this world. Audience, orchestra, scene-shifting—all were forgotten. No stage hand or singer dared venture on that stage. No one in the wings dared whisper then. The greatest star dared not rustle her silken gown. And—but do I begin my story at the end?

WELL, in the summer of 1919 I went to him in the little room that was his workshop at 151 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York.

This was at the time when Hammerstein was about to go back into grand opera at the Manhattan Opera House, after ten years of exile. He was sending me abroad to begin the formation of a German wing to add to his forthcoming operatic season—in fulfillment of his long desire to produce his own German opera.

Previously the Metropolitan had had all the great German artists and had successfully prevented Hammerstein from going into German opera. Once, at a cost of $30,000, he had even tried to produce Tannhäuser in Italian, starring Zenatello. He presented it twice, and put it in the storehouse. He saw that German opera could not be done in Italian.

I went to say good-by. It was 11 o'clock and the boat sailed at noon. But I found Hammerstein very ill, and even at that late hour I wanted to cancel my passage. But he said:

"No; go on."

Then he hobbled to the door with me, a figure in a faded bathrobe, a wistful expression on his chubby face. As he was slowly closing

Albert Davis Collection

A characteristic pose of the frock-coated producer smoking one of the cigars he made himself.

the door behind me, he whispered in almost inaudible tones:

"You will never see me again, but you will read of me in the newspapers."

I didn't know then what he meant. Or, rather, I did know. For in that instant I had a vague, intangible premonition that I should not sail. But it was noon; there was business at hand; and in the midst of cold, tangible realities, I would not give my premonition credence. As I boarded the steamer I argued with myself that he had had these spells before, and that he would recover this time as he had at other times.

Hammerstein died on Friday evening at 9 o'clock, August 1, 1919, just seventy-two years old. It was not until Sunday morning that I heard the news. I was sitting at breakfast with an army officer. He was reading the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* and I was reading the Paris edition of the Chicago *Tribune*.

Suddenly he said:

"Why, Oscar Hammerstein is dead."

"What?" I cried.

"Here it is." He handed me the newspaper.

My eyes became blurred. I was overcome.

That night I went to the Grand Hotel in Paris, where I asked the orchestra leader, who had been a great friend of Hammerstein's, if he had heard of his death. He said that he had not, and showed deep emotion.

I asked him if he would kindly play, in memoriam, his favorite piece, the Meditation from Thaïs. An announcement was made and the music was given. He also played La Traviata, another of Hammerstein's favorites.

On Monday I went to London. I was not aware at the time that the funeral services were then being held at the Temple Beth-El in New York. I was sitting in Hammerstein's very chair in the London Opera House at 4

Albert Davis Collection © Brown Bros.

Fregoli, whose profitable tour "put the roof on the Manhattan Opera House" (left), and Mrs. Clarence Mackay, who "took it off."

o'clock that afternoon when a cablegram was handed to me stating that he had already been buried. Because of the difference in the time between London and New York, I had not realized that the funeral was over.

It might seem trivial—this slight neglect on my part to have the Meditation from Thaïs played at Hammerstein's funeral. But you did not know the man. It was not trivial, and it has remained in my bosom, an uneasy regret from which I can never free myself.

Why was it not played, you might ask? Well, no one knew that he wanted it, save myself. It was with that as with many things: I had been closest to him, and I alone had known his thoughts.

IT was about a year after Mr. Hammerstein had erected the Harlem Opera House in the prairies of Harlem that I first met him. I was selling tickets at Terrace Garden at Fifty-eighth Street and Third Avenue, which was giving operettas during the summer.

A man wearing a square silk hat such as a boulevardier would wear, appeared and asked:

"Have you a box reserved for Hammerstein?"

As I handed him the tickets, I could not refrain from asking:

"Is this the Mr. Hammerstein who has

built a theater up in Harlem where there are no buildings?"

"There are no buildings there today, but there will be in a few years," he replied pleasantly.

During the first intermission he came out to smoke a cigar, and asked me:

"What do you do in the wintertime?"

"Oh, I have a good job," I replied. "I'm treasurer of the Third Avenue Theater" (Jacobs' Third Avenue, a ten-twenty-thirty-cent house).

"What do you call a good job?"

"Well, I make a good salary—eighteen dollars a week."

"Will you work for me for twenty-five this winter?"

I told him I would, and agreed to meet him the next day at the Harlem Opera House. The deal was closed, and I started on my career with Mr. Hammerstein, the man they say I resembled in personal appearance, if not in turbulent, restless temperament.

I had met him earlier, in 1879, when he was managing the Stadt Theater, on the Bowery near Canal Street, and was giving a Christmas pantomime for children. I was in this pantomime. But I never saw or heard of him again until the Terrace Garden incident fifteen years later.

And I was to be closest to him—his confidant in many matters—closer perhaps than his family.

Yes, there is much to tell of this man. And who but I can tell it?

THE most startling episode I remember of the first years of my connection with Mr. Hammerstein centered in the lovely Mlle. DiDio. But the background of the episode was Mr. Hammerstein's own fiery heart.

Mademoiselle DiDio had been the looloo of the Parisian music halls—a vivacious, petite singer. She was now a big drawing card at Koster & Bial's, the name the first Manhattan Opera House took when Hammerstein, unable to make it pay as an opera house, had leased it over for a long term as a vaudeville house.

On this night the place was crowded, as usual. But there was a special attraction for those in the theater. Oscar Hammerstein was in one of the boxes contiguous to the stage. Not only was he the owner of the theater, but he rarely had been seen after the curtain had gone up, since he was accustomed immediately to repair backstage.

The curtain rose on Mlle. DiDio. Mr. Hammerstein settled back complacently and surveyed the audience with an air of serenity. There was a general handclapping. But from somewhere in the house there came a hiss—a sibilant, ominous hiss.

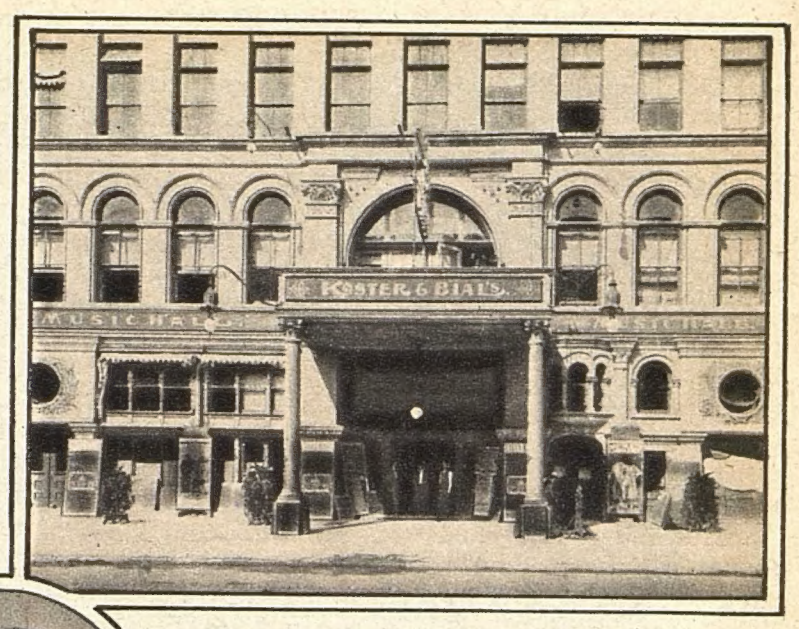
Mr. Hammerstein was still beaming.

Mlle. DiDio had finished her songs about "zee la-la-las."

"Brava! Brava!" went up the cries. But above it all was that hissing—louder than ever, that hissing.

A man sitting alongside the box occupied by Mr. Hammerstein was seen to lean over and touch the impresario on the shoulder.

"Why are you hissing?" he asked.



The old Koster & Bial's Music Hall, since torn down.

P. T. Barnum, the famous showman.

John Koster (left) and Rudolph Bial, who bought the Koster & Bial's Music Hall from Hammerstein.

Photos from Albert Davis Collection

The Manhattan Opera House, built by Hammerstein in 1905.

Mr. Hammerstein turned in a flash. "She's rotten!" he retorted.

"You shouldn't hiss," the other admonished.

"She's my singer—I can do as I please, I guess."

The man who had touched Mr. Hammerstein on the shoulder was George Kessler, a first-nighter and agent for White Seal champagne.

Mr. Hammerstein didn't drink. He didn't care about champagne, and still less did he care about Mr. Kessler. So the two retired to the smoking-room to settle the question of whether a man could hiss a singer in his own theater.

Mr. Hammerstein—who observed few rules, including fire regulations, and who often put firemen out of countenance by saying, "I can and I will smoke in my own theater,"—thought he had a perfect right to hiss his own singer in his own theater if he wanted to.

There was a fight and Hammerstein and Kessler were hustled off to the police station. John Koster and Rudolph Bial followed. They bailed out Mr. Kessler, who had been a patron of their theater and was entitled to some courtesy. They left their partner, Mr. Hammerstein, in the cell overnight.

The fiery little man was not mollified by this treatment. When he got out in the morning, he demanded an accounting. This resulted in Koster and Bial giving him $370,000 for his share in the theater—this despite the fact that the great success of the theater had been largely due to Hammerstein's genius for exploiting notorious characters and introducing novelties. Here he had exploited the famous Sandow, whom he brought from Germany, and Kilyni's idea of "living pictures."

But Hammerstein made a solemn vow to me: "They will be ruined before nine months have passed."

So he started building the Olympia Theater, now Loew's New York Theater, on Broadway. The next day Koster dropped dead. Nine months later Bial died. Their house was torn down.

Mr. Hammerstein's prophecy had come true. They *had* been ruined in nine months.

The Olympia was opened in November of 1896. Here Hammerstein had indulged his idea that the lobby of a theater should be beautiful and spacious. He tried to give it a rustic effect by using palms, rustic bridges, and even a miniature lake with ducks floating in it. And, to complete the effect, he told me to buy two monkeys for his garden-lobby. On the opening night some thoughtful patron fed the monkeys beer. They got so drunk that they fell into the lake and were drowned.

Hammerstein was raving. He told me to get two more monkeys, and then he established the first prohibition of liquor in his theater. He posted a sign:

ANYONE GIVING THESE MONKEYS INTOXICATING LIQUOR WILL BE PROSECUTED.

During the following summer Hammerstein revolutionized roof gardens in New York. Previously there had been one roof garden in the city. On the Olympia roof Hammerstein added a new feature: he glassed in the whole place as a protection from the weather.

The roof was opened on a hot summer night. Everything was ready, when Hammerstein discovered that glass attracts and reflects the heat. The place was sweltering. Hammerstein installed a little refrigerating plant, laid pipes containing running water across the roof, and turned the entire roof into a waterfall! The new garden was a tremendous success.

THEN Hammerstein built another on top of the Manhattan Opera House, where he expended about $50,000. When it was opened, he intended to sell liquor. But the congregation of a church next door stopped him. And the year that this church was torn down, prohibition went into effect. Consequently that roof garden still stands unknown and unheralded.

When the foreclosure suit went on at the Olympia, closed out in 1897, Hammerstein paid no attention to an injunction restraining him from entering the building, but climbed the fire escape and broke through a window.

He was arrested for contempt of court. When questioned, this man who dealt so carelessly with millions confessed that up in the little room that served as office, workshop, and bedroom he had hidden $400 under his pillow—all the money he had in the world. He had broken in to get his $400.

From that day on, although the Victoria was just a block away, he never walked on that side of the street and never noticed the theater until the opening night of Emma Trentini, one of his former grand opera stars, appearing in Naughty Marietta. This covered a period of thirteen years, from 1897 to 1910.

With all his faults and tempers, Hammerstein was a loyal friend, and when he finally got back on his feet and had his theaters running, he deliberately tore up more than $10,000 worth of I. O. U.'s. He didn't care to collect.

The story of Hammerstein's quarrel with Mary Garden, and of her mysterious disappearance for ten days at the height of a tremendously successful season, will be told in next week's LIBERTY.

Those in PERIL

The Story of Two Men Who Hated to Be Loved

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by
WALLACE MORGAN

THE young man with the fresh, ingenuous face turned from the smoking-room window through which he had been gazing out upon the smiling links.

"Nice day, sir," he said.

The Oldest Member looked up with a start. He eyed the young man with a pleased surprise, gratified to find one of the younger generation of his own volition engaging him in conversation.

"A beautiful day," he agreed. "You are a new member here, I think?"

"Just joined. It's a great course."

"None better."

"They give you a good lunch, too."

"Capital."

"In fact, the only drawback to the club, the secretary tells me, is that there is a fearful old bore who hangs about the place, lying in wait to collar people and tell them stories."

The Oldest Member wrinkled his forehead thoughtfully.

"I do not know whom he can have been referring to," he said. "But, speaking of stories, you will be interested in the one I am about to relate. It is the story of John Gooch, Frederick Pilcher, Sidney McMurdo, and Agnes Flack."

A wordless exclamation proceeded from the young man. He looked wistfully at the door.

"John Gooch, Frederick Pilcher, Sidney McMurdo, and Agnes Flack," repeated the Oldest Member firmly.

YOU may have noticed [said the Oldest Member] how frequently it happens that practitioners of the arts are quiet, timid little men, shy in company, and unable to express themselves except through the medium of the pencil or the pen. John Gooch was like that. So was Frederick Pilcher. Gooch was a writer and Pilcher was an artist, and they used to meet a good deal at the house of Agnes Flack, where they were constant callers.

And, every time they met, John Gooch would say to himself, as he watched the other balancing a cup of tea and smiling his weak, propitiatory smile: "I am fond of Pilcher, but his best friend could not deny that he is a pretty dumb brick."

And Pilcher, as he saw Gooch sitting on the edge of his chair and fingering his tie, would reflect: "Nice fellow as Gooch is, he is certainly a total loss in mixed society."

Mark you, if ever men had an excuse for being ill at ease in the presence of the opposite sex, these two had. They both were eighteen-handicap men, and Agnes Flack was exuberantly and dynamically scratch. She stood about five feet ten in her stockings, and had shoulders and forearms that would have excited the envy and admiration of one of those muscular women who good-naturedly allow six brothers, three sisters, and a cousin by marriage to pile themselves on her collar bone while the orchestra plays a long-drawn chord and the audience streams out to the bar. When she laughed, strong men clutched at their temples to keep the tops of their heads from breaking loose.

Even Sidney McMurdo was as a piece of damp blotting-paper in her presence. And he was a man who weighed 211 pounds and had once been a semifinalist in the Amateur Championship. He loved Agnes Flack with an ox-like devotion. And yet—and this will show you what life is—when she laughed, it was nearly always at him. I am told by those in a position to know that on the occasion when he first proposed to her—on the sixth green—distant rumblings of her mirth were heard plainly in the clubhouse locker-room.

Such, then, was Agnes Flack. Such, also, was Sidney McMurdo. And such, while we are on the subject, were Frederick Pilcher and John Gooch.

Now, John Gooch, though of course they had exchanged a word from time to time, was in no sense an intimate of Sidney McMurdo. It was consequently a surprise to him when one night, as he sat polishing up the rough draft of a detective story, the vast bulk of McMurdo lumbered across his threshold and deposited itself in a chair.

THE chair creaked. Gooch stared. McMurdo groaned.

"Are you ill?" asked John Gooch.

Sidney McMurdo had been sitting with his face buried in his hands; but now he looked up, and there was in his eyes a red glare that sent a thrill of horror through John Gooch.

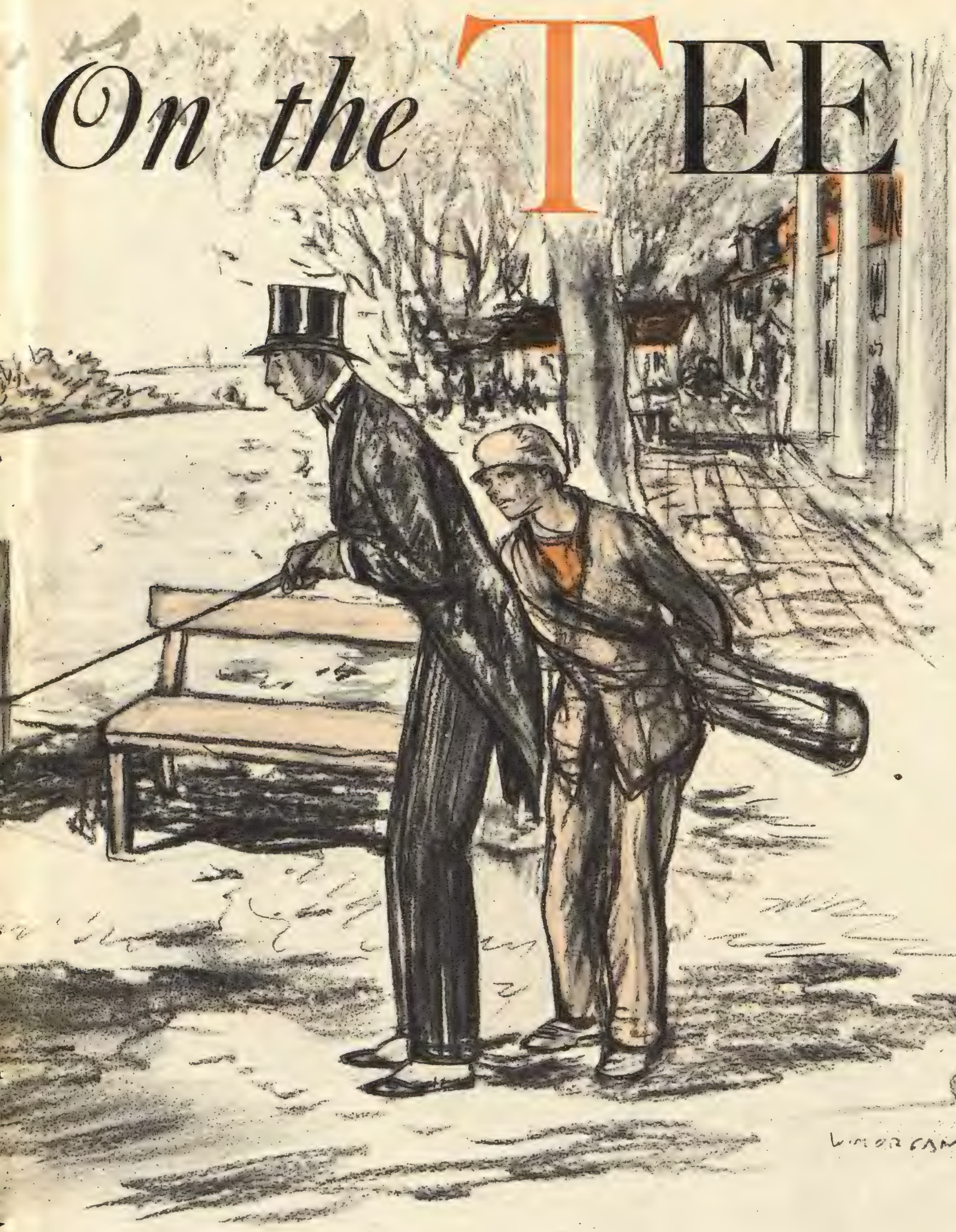
"For two pins," said Sidney McMurdo, "I would tear you into shreds."

"Me?" said John Gooch blankly.

"Yes, you. And that fellow Pilcher, too."

He rose, and, striding to the mantelpiece,

On the TEE



"THIS match is going to be played in the strictest spirit of— What the devil are you dressed like that for?" he demanded, wheeling on Frederick Pilcher.

broke off a corner of it and crumbled it in his fingers.

"You have stolen her from me!"

"Stolen? Whom?"

"My Agnes."

John Gooch stared at him, thoroughly bewildered. The idea of stealing Agnes Flack was rather like the notion of sneaking off with the Albert Memorial. He could make nothing of it.

"She is going to marry you."

"What!" cried John Gooch, aghast.

"Either you or Pilcher." McMurdo paused. "Shall I tear you into little strips and tread you into the carpet?" he murmured meditatively.

"No," said John Gooch.

His mind was blurred, but he was clear on that point.

"Why did you come butting in?" groaned Sidney McMurdo. "I was getting along splendidly until you two pimples broke out. Slowly but surely I was teaching her to love me. I proposed to her for the eleventh time tonight; and, when she had finished laughing, she told me that she could never marry a mere mass of brawn. She said she wanted brain. And she told me to tell you and the pest Pilcher that she had watched you closely and realized that you both loved her but were too shy to speak, and that she understood and would marry one of you."

There was a long silence.

"PILCHER is a splendid fellow," said John Gooch. "She must marry Pilcher."

"She will, if he wins the match."

"What match?"

"The golf match. She read a story in a magazine where two men play a match of golf to decide which is to win the heroine; and about a week later she read another story in another magazine where two men played a match of golf to decide which was to win the heroine. And a couple of days ago she read three more stories in three more magazines where exactly the same thing happened. She has decided to accept it as an omen. So you and the hound Pilcher are to play eighteen holes, and the winner marries Agnes."

He paused and looked at the poker in his hand in a rather yearning sort of way. "No, no," he said; "better not, better not." With a gesture of resignation he flung the thing down. "Good night, weed. The match will be played on Friday morning."

He banged the door, and John Gooch was alone.

BUT not for long. Scarcely half an hour had passed when the door opened once more, to admit Frederick Pilcher. The artist's face was pale and he was breathing heavily. He sat down; and, after a brief interval, contrived to summon a smile. He rose and patted John Gooch on the shoulder.

"John," he said, "I am a man who as a general rule hides his feelings. I mask my affections. But I want to say, straight out, here and now, that I like you, John."

"Yes?" said John Gooch.

Frederick Pilcher patted his other shoulder.

"I have been watching you closely of late, John, and I know your secret. You love Agnes Flack."

"I don't!"

"Yes, you do. Ah, John, John," said Frederick Pilcher, with a gentle smile, "why try to deceive an old friend? You love her, John. You love that girl. And I have good news for you, John—tidings of great joy. I happen to know that she will look favorably on your suit. Go in and win, my boy; go in and win. Take my advice and dash around and propose without a moment's delay."

John Gooch shook his head. He, too, smiled a gentle smile.

"Frederick," he said, "this is like you. Noble. That's what I call it—noble. But it must not be, Frederick. It must not, shall not be. I know that you, too, love Agnes Flack. And I yield my claim. I give her up to you. God bless you, old fellow! God, in fact, bless both of you."

"Look here," said Frederick Pilcher; "have you been having a visit from Sidney McMurdo?"

"He did drop in for a minute."

There was a tense pause.

"What I can't understand," said Frederick Pilcher at length, peevishly, "is why, if you don't love this infernal girl, you kept calling at her house practically every night and sat goggling at her with obvious devotion?"

"It wasn't devotion. And, if it comes to that, why did *you* call on her practically every night and goggle just as much as I did?"

"I had a very good reason," said Frederick Pilcher. "I was studying her face. I am planning a series of humorous drawings on the lines of Felix the Cat, and I wanted her as a model. To goggle at a girl in the interests of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THOSE IN PERIL ON THE TEE
Continued from Page Eleven]

one's art, as I did, is a very different thing from goggling wantonly at her, like you."

"Is that so?" said John Gooch. "Well, let me tell you that I wasn't goggling wantonly. I was studying her psychology for a series of stories which I am preparing, entitled Madeline Monk, Murderess."

Frederick Pilcher held out his hand.

"I wronged you, John," he said. "However, be that as it may, the point is that we both appear to be up against it very hard. An extraordinarily well developed man, that fellow McMurdo."

"A mass of muscle."

"And of a violent disposition."

"Dangerously so."

"You don't think, John, that you might ultimately come to love Agnes Flack?"

"I do not."

"Love frequently comes after marriage, I believe."

"So does suicide."

"Then it looks to me," said Frederick Pilcher, "as if one of us was for it.

"The growing tendency on the part of the modern girl to read trashy magazine stories," continued Frederick Pilcher severely, "is one that I deplore. And I wish to goodness that you authors wouldn't write tales about men who play golf matches for the hand of a woman."

"Authors must live," said John Gooch. "How is your game these days, Frederick?"

"Improved, unfortunately. I am putting better."

"I am steadier off the tee." John Gooch laughed bitterly. "When I think of the hours of practice I have put in, little knowing that a thing of this sort was in store for me, I appreciate the irony of life."

JOHN GOOCH had arrived at the links early on Friday, wishing to get in a little practice. One of his outstanding defects as a golfer was a pronounced slice; and it seemed to him that, if he drove off a few balls before the match began, he might be able to analyze this slice and see just what was the best stance to take up in order that it might have full scope. He was teeing his third ball when Frederick Pilcher appeared.

"What—what—what—" gasped John Gooch.

For Frederick Pilcher, discarding the baggy, mustard-colored plus fours in which it was his usual custom to infest the links, was dressed in a perfectly fitting morning coat—yellow waistcoat, striped trousers, spats, and patent-leather shoes. He wore a high, stiff collar, and on his head was the glossiest top hat ever seen off the Stock Exchange. He looked intensely uncomfortable; and yet there was on his face a smirk that he made no attempt to conceal.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Why are you dressed like that?" John Gooch uttered an exclamation: "I see it all! You think it will put you off your game."

"Some idea of the kind did occur to me," replied Frederick Pilcher airily.

"You fiend!"

"Tut, tut, John. These are hard words to use to a friend."

"You are no friend of mine," replied John.

"A pity," said Frederick Pilcher, "for I was hoping that you would ask me to be your best man at the wedding." He took a club from his bag and swung it. "Amazing what a difference clothes make. You would hardly believe how this coat cramps the shoulders. I feel as if I were a sardine trying to wriggle in its tin."

The world seemed to swim before John Gooch's eyes. Then the mist cleared, and he fixed Frederick Pilcher with a hypnotic gaze.

"You are going to play well," he said, speaking very slowly and distinctly. "You are going to play well. You are going to play well. You—"

"Stop it!" cried Frederick Pilcher.

"You are going to play well. You are going—"

A heavy hand descended on his shoulder. Sidney McMurdo was regarding him with a black scowl.

"We don't want any of your blasted chivalry," said Sidney McMurdo. "This match is going to be played in the strictest spirit of—What the devil are you dressed like that for?" he demanded, wheeling on Frederick Pilcher.

"I—I have to go into the city immediately after the match," said Pilcher. "I shan't have time to change."

"H'm. Well, it's your own affair. Come along," said Sidney McMurdo, gritting his teeth. "I've been told to referee this match, and I don't want to stay here all day. Toss for the honor, worms."

John Gooch spun a coin. Frederick Pilcher called, "Tails." The coin fell heads up.

"Drive off, reptile," said Sidney McMurdo.

AS John Gooch addressed his ball he was aware of a strange sensation which he could not immediately analyze. It was only when, after waggling two or three times, he started to draw his club back that it flashed upon him that this strange sensation was confidence. For the first time in his life, he seemed to have no doubt that the ball, well and truly struck, would travel sweetly down the middle of the fairway. And then the hideous truth dawned on him.

When John Gooch said, "You are going to play well," he was speaking to Frederick Pilcher; but his subconscious self had heard John Gooch say "You are going to play well," and now it was busy seeing that he did so.

John Gooch stood watching with fallen jaw and starting eyes. It had trickled into the hole.

The unfortunate man tried with a despairing jerk to throw his swing out of gear just as the club came above his shoulder. It was a fatal move. You may recall that when Arnaud Massy won the British Open Championship, one of the features of his play was a sort of wiggly-twiggle at the top of the swing, which seemed to have the effect of adding yards to his drive. This wiggly-twiggle John Gooch, in his effort to wreck his shot, achieved to a nicety. The ball soared over the bunker in which he had hoped to waste at least three strokes, and fell so near the green that it was plain only a miracle could save him from getting a four.

There was a sardonic smile on Frederick Pilcher's face as he stepped on to the tee. He drew back the head of his club. His coat, cut by a fashionable tailor who, like all fashionable tailors, resented it if the clothes he made permitted his customers to breathe, was so tight that he could not get the club-head more than halfway up. He brought it to this point, then brought it down in a lifeless semicircle.

"Nice!" said Sidney McMurdo involuntarily. He despised Frederick Pilcher, but he was a golfer.

For the ball, instead of trickling down the hill as Frederick Pilcher had expected, was singing through the air like a shell. It fell near John Gooch's ball and, bounding past it, ran on to the green.

The explanation was, of course, simple. Frederick Pilcher, in his normal golfing costume, habitually overswung. This fault the tightness of his coat had now rendered impossible. And his other pet failing, the raising of the head, had been checked by the fact that he was wearing a top hat. It had been Pilcher's intention to jerk his head till his spine cracked; but the unseen influence of generations of ancestors who had devoted the whole of their intellect to the balancing of top hats on windy days was too much for him.

A minute later the two men had halved the hole in four.

The next hole, the water-hole, they halved in three.

The third, long and over the hill, they halved in five.

And it was as they moved to the fourth tee that a sort of madness came upon Frederick Pilcher and John Gooch simultaneously.

These two, you must remember, were eighteen-handicap men. That is to say, they thought well of themselves if they could get sixes on the first, sevens on the third, and anything from fours to elevens on the second—according to the number of balls they sank in the water. And they had done these three holes in twelve!

"Pretty work," said John Gooch.

"Nice stuff," said Frederick Pilcher.

"GET a move on, blisters," growled Sidney McMurdo. It was at this point that the madness came upon these two men.

Each felt that by continuing to play in this form he was running a deadly risk of having to marry Agnes Flack. Each felt that his opponent could not possibly keep up so hot a pace much longer, and the prudent course, therefore, was for himself to ease off a bit before the crash came. And each, though fully aware of all this, felt that he was dashed if he wasn't going to have a stab at doing the round of his life. It might well be that, having started off at such a clip, he would find himself finishing somewhere in the eighties. And that, surely, would compensate for everything.

After all, felt John Gooch, suppose he did marry Agnes Flack—what of it? He had faith in his star, and it seemed to him that she might quite easily get run over by a truck or fall off a cliff during the honeymoon. Besides, with all the facilities for divorce that modern civilization so beneficently provides, what was there to be afraid of in marriage, even with an Agnes Flack?

Frederick Pilcher's thoughts were equally

optimistic. Agnes Flack, he reflected, was undeniably a pot of poison; but so much the better—just the wife to keep an artist up to the mark. Hitherto he had had a tendency to be a little lazy. He had avoided his studio and loafed around the house. Married to Agnes Flack, his studio would see a lot more of him.

John Gooch's eyes gleamed. Frederick Pilcher's jaw protruded. And neck and neck, fighting grimly for their sixes and sometimes even achieving fives, they came to the ninth green, halved the hole, and were all square at the turn.

It was at this point that they perceived Agnes Flack standing on the clubhouse terrace.

"Yoo-hoo!" cried Agnes in a voice of thunder.

And John Gooch and Frederick Pilcher stopped dead in their tracks.

SHE made a singularly impressive picture, standing there with her tweed-clad form outlined against the white of the clubhouse wall. She had the appearance of one who is about to play Boadicea in a pageant; and John Gooch, as he gazed at her, was conscious of a chill that ran right down his back and oozed out at the soles of his feet.

"How's the match coming along?" she yelled cheerily.

"All square," replied Sidney McMurdo, with a sudden scowl. "Wait where you are for a minute, germs," he said. "I wish to have a word with Miss Flack."

He drew Agnes aside and began to speak to her in a low, rumbling voice. And presently it was made apparent to all within a radius of half a mile that he had been proposing to her once again; for suddenly she threw her head back and there went reverberating over the countryside that old, familiar laugh.

John Gooch shot a glance at his opponent. The artist, pale to the lips, was removing his coat and hat and handing them to his caddie. And, even as John Gooch looked, he unfastened his braces and tied them round his waist.

It was plain that from now on Frederick Pilcher intended to run no risk of not overswinging.

John Gooch could appreciate his feelings. The thought of how that laugh would sound across the bacon and eggs on a rainy Monday morning turned the marrow in his spine to ice and curdled every red corpuscle in his veins. How bitterly he regretted now those raking drives, those crisp flicks of the mashie-niblick of which he had been so proud ten minutes ago. If only he had not played such an infernally good game going out, he reflected, he might at this moment be eight or nine down and without a care in the world.

A shadow fell between him and the sun; and he turned to see Sidney McMurdo standing by his side, glaring with a singular intensity.

"Bah!" said Sidney McMurdo, having regarded him in silence for some minutes.

He turned on his heel and made for the clubhouse.

"Where are you going, Sidney?" asked Agnes Flack.

"I am going home," replied Sidney McMurdo, "before I murder these two miserable harvest bugs. I am only flesh and blood, and the temptation to grind them into powder and scatter them to the four winds will shortly become too strong. Good morning!"

Agnes emitted another laugh.

"Isn't he funny?" she said, addressing John Gooch, who had clutched at his scalp and was holding it down as the vibrations died away. "Well, I suppose I shall have to referee the rest of the match myself. Whose honor? Yours? Then drive off and let's get at it."

The demoralizing effects of his form on the first nine holes had not completely left John Gooch. He drove long and straight, and stepped back, appalled. Only a similar blunder on the part of his opponent could undo the damage.

But Frederick Pilcher had his wits well about him. He overswung as he had never overswung before. His ball shot off into the long grass on the right of the course.

"Lost ball, I fancy," he said. "Too bad!"

"I marked it," said John Gooch grimly. "I will come and help you find it."

"Don't trouble. It's your hole, anyway. It will take me three or four to get out of there."

"It will take me four or five to get a yard from where I am."

"Gooch," said Frederick Pilcher in a cautious whisper, "you are a cad."

"Pilcher," said John Gooch in tones equally hushed, "you are a low bounder. And if I find you kicking that ball under a bush, there will be blood shed—and in large quantities."

"Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha to you!" said John Gooch.

The ball was lying in a leathery tuft; and, as Pilcher had predicted, it took three strokes to move it back to the fairway. By the time Frederick Pilcher had reached the spot where John Gooch's drive had finished, he had played seven.

But there was good stuff in John Gooch. It is often in times of great peril that the artistic temperament shows up best. Missing the ball altogether with his next three swings, he topped it with his fourth, topped it again with his fifth, and, playing the like, sent a low skimming shot well over the green into the bunker beyond.

Frederick Pilcher, aiming for the same bunker, sliced and landed on the green. The six strokes that it took John Gooch to get out of the sand decided the issue. Frederick Pilcher was one up at the tenth.

But John Gooch's advantage was short-lived. On the left as you approach the eleventh green is a deep chasm, spanned by a wooden bridge. Frederick Pilcher, playing twelve, just failed to put his ball into this, and rolled on to within a few feet of the hole. It seemed to John Gooch that the day was his. An easy mashie shot would take him well into the chasm, from which no eighteen-handicap player had ever emerged within the memory of man. This would put him two down—a winning lead. He swung jubilantly, and brought off a nicely lofted shot which seemed to be making for the very center of the pit.

And so, indeed, it was; and it was this fact that undid John Gooch's schemes. The ball, with all the rest of the chasm to choose from, capriciously decided to strike the one spot on the left-hand rail of the wooden bridge that would deflect it toward the flag. It bounded high in the air, fell on the green, and the next moment, while John Gooch stood watching with fallen jaw and starting eyes, it had trickled into the hole.

THERE was a throbbing silence. Then Agnes Flack spoke.

"Important, if true," she said. "All square again. I will say one thing for you two: you make this game very interesting."

And once more she sent the birds shooting out of the tree-tops with her hearty laugh. John Gooch, coming to slowly after the shattering impact of it, found that he was clutching Frederick Pilcher's arm. He flung it from him as if it had been a loathsome snake.

A grimmer struggle than that which took

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

When she laughed, strong men clutched at their temples to keep the tops of their heads from breaking loose.

[THOSE IN PERIL ON THE TEE
Continued from Page Thirteen]

place over the next six holes has probably never been seen on any links. First one, then the other, seemed to be about to lose the hole; but always a well judged slice or a timely top enabled his opponent to rally. At the eighteenth tee the game was still square; and John Gooch, taking advantage of the fact that Agnes had stopped to tie her shoe lace, endeavored to appeal to his one-time friend's better nature.

"Frederick," he said, "this is not like you—playing this low-down game. It is not like the old Frederick Pilcher."

"Well, what sort of game do you think you are playing?"

"A little below my usual, it is true," admitted John Gooch. "But that is due to nervousness. You are deliberately trying to foozle—which is not only painting the lily, but very dishonest. And I can't see what motive you have, either."

"You can't, can't you?"

John Gooch laid a hand persuasively on the other's shoulder.

"Agnes Flack is a most delightful girl."

"Who is?"

"Agnes Flack."

"A delightful girl?"

"Most delightful."

"Agnes Flack is a delightful girl?"

"Yes."

"Oh?"

"She would make you very happy."

"Who would?"

"Agnes Flack."

"Make me happy?"

"Very happy."

"Agnes Flack would make me happy?"

"Yes."

"Oh?"

John Gooch was conscious of a slight discouragement. He did not seem to be making headway.

"Well, then, look here," said John Gooch. "What we'd better do is to have a gentlemen's agreement."

"Who are the gentlemen?"

"You and I."

"Oh?"

JOHN GOOCH did not like the other's manner, nor did he like the tone of voice in which he had just spoken. But Agnes Flack had finished tying her shoe lace, and was making for them across the turf like a mastodon striding over some prehistoric plain. It was no time for wasting words.

"A gentlemen's agreement to halve the match," he said hurriedly.

"What's the good of that? She would only make us play extra holes."

"We would halve those, too."

"Then we would have to play it off another day."

"But before that we could leave the neighborhood."

"Sidney McMurdo would follow us to the ends of the earth."

"Ah, but suppose we didn't go there? Suppose we lay low in the city and grew beards."

"There's something in it," said Frederick Pilcher reflectively.

"You agree?"

"Very well."

"Splendid!"

"What's splendid?" asked Agnes Flack, thudding up.

"Oh—er—the match," said John Gooch. "I was saying to Pilcher that this was a splendid match."

Agnes Flack sniffed. She seemed quieter than she had been at the outset, as if something were on her mind.

"I'm glad you think so," she said. "Do you two always play like this?"

"Oh, yes. Yes. This is about our usual form."

"H'm! Well, push on."

It was with a light heart that John Gooch addressed his ball for the last drive of the match. A great weight had been lifted from his mind, and he told himself that now there was no objection to bringing off a real sweet one. He swung lustily, and the ball, struck on its extreme left side, shot off at right angles, hit the ladies' tee-box, and, whizzing back at a high rate of speed, would have knocked Agnes Flack's ankles from under her, had she not at the psychological moment skipped in a manner extraordinarily reminiscent of the high hills mentioned in Sacred Writ.

"Sorry, old man," said John Gooch hastily, flushing as he encountered Frederick Pilcher's cold look of suspicion. "Frightfully sorry, Frederick, old man. Absolutely unintentional."

"What are you apologizing to *him* for?" demanded Agnes Flack, with a good deal of heat. It had been a near thing, and the girl was ruffled.

Frederick Pilcher's suspicions had plainly not been allayed by John Gooch's words. He drove a cautious thirty yards and waited, with the air of one suspending judgment, for his opponent to play his second. It was with a feeling of relief that John Gooch, smiting vigorously with his brassie, was enabled to establish his bona-fides with a shot that rolled to within mashie-niblick distance of the green.

Frederick Pilcher seemed satisfied that all was well. He played his second to the edge of the green. John Gooch ran his third up into the neighborhood of the pin. Frederick Pilcher stooped and picked up his ball.

"Here!" cried Agnes Flack.

"Hey!" ejaculated John Gooch.

"What on earth do you think you're doing?" said Agnes Flack.

Frederick Pilcher looked at them with mild surprise.

"What's the matter?" he said. "There's a blob of mud on my ball. I just wanted to brush it off."

"Oh, my heavens!" thundered Agnes Flack. "Haven't you ever read the rules? You're disqualified."

"Disqualified?"

"Dis-jolly-well-qualified," said Agnes Flack, her eyes flashing scorn. "This cripple here wins the match."

Frederick Pilcher heaved a sigh.

"So be it," he said. "So be it."

"What do you mean—so be it? Of course it is."

"Exactly. Exactly. I quite understand. I have lost the match. So be it."

And, with drooping shoulders, he shuffled off in the direction of the bar.

John Gooch watched him go with a seething fury that for the moment robbed him of speech. He might, he told himself, have expected something like this. Frederick Pilcher, lost to every sense of good feeling and fair play, had double-crossed him. He shuddered as he realized how inky must be the hue of Frederick Pilcher's soul; and he wished, in a frenzy of regret, that he had thought of picking up his own ball. Too late! Too late!

FOR an instant the world had been blotted out for John Gooch by a sort of red mist. This mist clearing, he now saw Agnes Flack standing looking at him in a speculative sort of way, an odd expression in her eyes. And beyond her, leaning darkly against the clubhouse wall, his bulging muscles swelling beneath his coat and his powerful fingers tearing to pieces what appeared to be a section of lead piping, stood Sidney McMurdo.

John Gooch did not hesitate. Although McMurdo was some distance away, he could see him quite clearly; and with equal clearness he could remember every detail of that recent interview with him. He drew a step nearer to Agnes Flack; and, having gulped once or twice, began to speak.

"Agnes," he said huskily, "there is something I want to say to you. Oh, Agnes, have you not guessed—"

"One moment," said Agnes Flack. "If you're trying to propose to me, sign off. There is nothing doing. The idea is all wet."

"All wet?"

"All absolutely wet. I admit that there was a time when I toyed with the idea of marrying a man with brains. But there are limits. I wouldn't marry a man who played golf as badly as you do if he were the last man in the world.

"Do you think I want to have children who would play left-handed and use their irons off the tee?

"Sid-nee!" she roared, turning and cupping her mouth with her hands; and a nervous golfer down by the lake hole leaped three feet and got his mashie entangled between his legs.

"Hullo?"

"I'm going to marry you, after all."

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

"Three rousing cheers!" bellowed McMurdo.

Agnes Flack turned to John Gooch. There was something like commiseration in her eyes, for she was a woman. Rather on the large side, but still a woman.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"Don't mention it," said John Gooch.

"I hope this won't ruin your life."

"No, no."

"You still have your art."

"Yes, I still have my art."

"Are you working on anything just now?" asked Agnes Flack.

"I'm starting a new story tonight," said John Gooch. "It will be called Saved from the Scaffold."

THE END

MUSSOLINI'S

Secret Police Record

Facts never before published concerning Italy's great Dictator:

An exact copy of the files of the Italian Secret Police, showing how the young Mussolini was shadowed constantly as a dangerous Red; how he hatched plots, led riots, was driven from Switzerland, and arrested and jailed in Italy.

An amazing picture of the man who later became the greatest enemy of radicals—

In Next Week's LIBERTY

ADDING YEARS TO MOTHER'S LIFE!

LIVE LONGER. Live better. That is the spirit of the day. And we have been so wise and so successful in bettering our conditions that since 1900 we have lengthened the average American life *six years*. Six precious years more for those we love! They are the gift of science and invention. They came with the new ideas about health and food and the home. Because of them, mother has been saved countless unnecessary footsteps and much useless drudgery.

* * * *

It is no mere coincidence that during these same years since 1900, Soup has become one of the great popular foods in America. Before people knew as much as they do now about living right, soup was served only occasionally. When mother had to spend so much more time and work and energy in the kitchen, she was often forced to deprive the family of some things we now know they needed. Among them was soup, which was not the daily dish on the family table it is today.

* * * *

Campbell's Soups are to be classed with those inventions and improvements which have made the home better and lessened the work. The moment women could obtain at their stores such delicious condensed soups requiring only a few minutes simmering, it was certain they would be eager to seize the opportunity for their families. At the same time they were learning new facts about the proper foods and the important place of soup in the daily diet. A fascinating variety of tempting flavors not offered by any other food. Health and vigor for the appetite and digestion. The daily wholesome stimulation of the digestive juices. A keener pleasure in the meals and more benefit from them. These advantages have made soup a regular fixture on the modern American dining-table.

* * * *

So the enormous popularity of Campbell's Vegetable Soup is only natural. It is a masterpiece among soups. It is the leading public favorite of all the hearty soups. And think how much unnecessary trouble it saves mother.

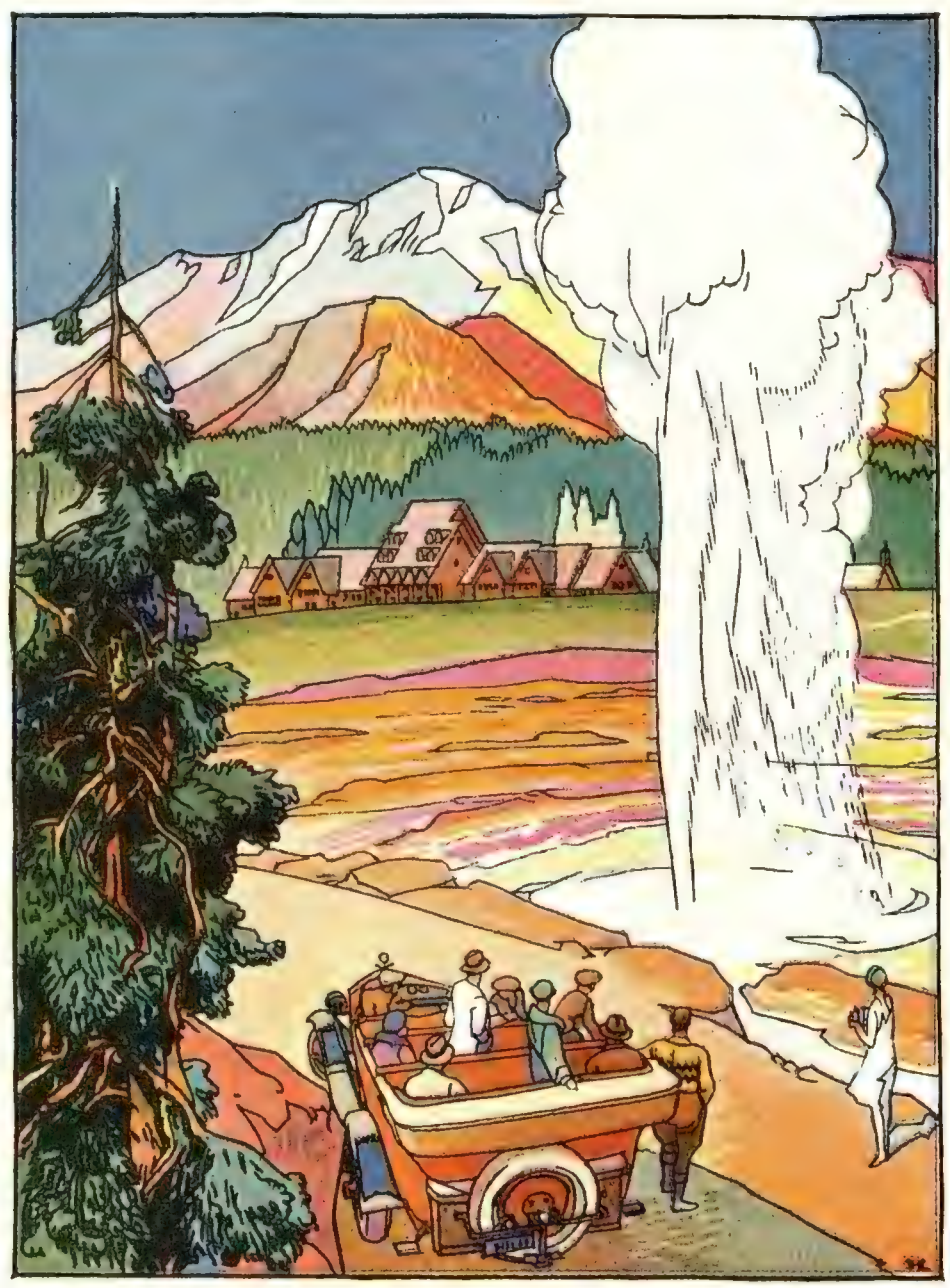
Thirty-two different ingredients are in it. Baby lima beans of the most enticing flavor. Dainty little peas, sweet and nourishing. Fancy sugar corn, aristocrat of the fields. Ruddy, luscious tomatoes, sun-ripened on the vines. Chantenay carrots from the finest gardens in the land. White and sweet potatoes, specially selected to meet the Campbell's standard of quality. Snow-white celery. Choice turnips and cabbage. Okra, sweet red peppers, parsley fresh every day from our own farms, a touch of onion and leek to heighten the flavor.

* * * *

Fine pearl barley and alphabet macaroni. Strength-giving broth of beef. All of these—and more—are in every plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup! Real nourishment. Irresistible flavor. Yet you have but to get Campbell's Vegetable Soup from your store, add the water, let the soup simmer a few minutes and serve it hot and savory on your table! You'll often make it your principal dish at luncheon or supper—it's so substantial. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Here we discovered Gallatin Gateway . . . the new entrance to Yellowstone!



The MILWAUKEE ROAD

RARELY does the thrill of discovery come to a modern traveler—the chance to see a virgin unknown land that few have ever looked upon! *Only a few have yet had the opportunity to pass through Gallatin Gateway!*

Last year the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul discovered this new northern entrance to Yellowstone Park—a trail through wonderland that was converted into a modern smooth-surfaced motor-coach road. This year Gallatin Gateway is the great sensation of vacationlands!

Take the world-famous *Olympian* or the *Columbian* over the transcontinental Milwaukee Road direct! There at the new Gallatin Gateway Inn you will find excellent hotel accommodations. Comfortable motors of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company will carry you, with hardly a change of gears, directly to Old Faithful and the geysers, through gloriously fresh country of startling beauty. Through the rich Gallatin Valley, hemmed in by the Madison and Gallatin Mountain ranges—cathedral-like peaks rising over 11,000 feet. Over the trail of the Covered Wagon. Up the rugged Canyon of the Gallatin River to an elevation of 7000 feet. And into Yellowstone Park.

This year will be the first full season of travel through Gallatin Gateway to Yellowstone. We invite you to enjoy a pre-view of its newly discovered wonders.

Accommodations for your entire trip are of the finest. The *Olympian* takes you *to Yellowstone Park over the world's longest electrified railroad!* Smooth speed—delicious meals—club comfort!

The comfortable Park coaches give you the feeling of whirling through this magnificent country with a few friends in your own private car, and a skilled chauffeur at the wheel.

The tour of the Park is the same as from all other entrances, yet the cost of the entire Gallatin tour is no higher.

Road to vacationland!

Whether you are going near or far—to mountain, ocean, or strange land beyond—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul can take you in delightful comfort on the world-famous *Olympian* or on the *Columbian*.

Gallatin Gateway to Yellowstone. Bitter Root Mountains. Rocky Mountains. Belt Mountains. Columbia River. Cascade Range. The Olympics. Mt. Rainier National Park. Upper Valley and headwaters of the Missouri River. Upper Mississippi. Lake Pepin and the lakes of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Puget Sound. These names are only a hint of the number and variety of interesting places reached by The Milwaukee Road.

On the world-famous *Olympian*, you may glide in the luxury and convenience of a club

TO PUGET SOUND
THE CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY
ELECTRIFIED

SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC AND THE ORIENT

from Chicago to the Coast. The line is *electrified for 660 miles*—sootless, cinderless, smokeless; no oil fumes and no lurching vibrations. Splendid cuisine with food crisp and fresh from farms along the way.

GEO. B. HAYNES, Passenger Traffic Mgr.
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway
Union Station, Chicago, Illinois

I am planning a trip ☐ to Yellowstone Park ☐ to the Pacific Northwest. Please send me your travel literature.

Name_____

Address_____

45

A costly star in a costly costume.

Dressing "fashionably" is her greatest horror.

P. & A. photos

When I Play a Part

The Inside Story of a Film Star's Daily Grind

An Article

By GLORIA SWANSON

BEFORE one can play a part, one must choose a part, and that is the despair and the joy of a motion-picture actress-producer's life. It is a joy because, when you are only a motion-picture actress, bound by contract, your choice is limited; not so much by the law itself (for no one can make you play a part that you absolutely do not wish to play) as by what you feel in your conscience you owe to your employers.

The word comes down from above:

"No, we cannot afford to give you this play [or this novel or this scenario]. We have spent a great deal of money for it, and the play [or the novel or the scenario] is so good by itself that we do not need your name to carry it. We can put in people to whom we will not have to pay so much. That will keep the salary list down, and therefore the cost of production."

It's true. What can you do, then, but shed a few tears over a part you feel was meant for you, and accept something much weaker and much cheaper? It's good business. A high production cost naturally subtracts from the profits of a picture. Your conscience is easy. But how your pride aches when the cheaper and weaker scenario is released as a picture and the critics review it as if they had expected a super-spectacle, and, of course, find it wanting!

Now that I produce my own pictures, I have merely my own judgment—and my own finances—to consult. My conscience needn't be troubled by my employers. That is the joy of it.

But the despair!

In the first place, I cannot have the prerogative of any well known stage actress. She may read plays that are sent to her by unknown authors; by any authors. I must not do so.

I may as well give the reassurance right now that I can read. Really and truly—though it is often brought to my attention that people find it hard to believe this.

THE reason I do not read the hundreds of plays and novels and short stories and original scenarios that are sent to me is that, if a single incident in one of my screen plays should happen to coincide with a single incident in some work submitted to me and read by me, I should be involved in a lawsuit.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A new SENSATION for the *newly shaven face*

A stimulating thrill that will wake it up and liven it, make it react healthily. That's what the newly-shaven face gets from Aqua Velva, Williams new after-shaving liquid. For Aqua Velva has the same tonic effect on the face as a cold shower has on the whole body.

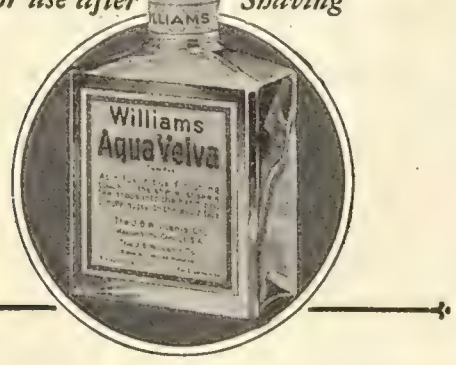
Aqua Velva's 5 after-shaving comforts

1. It tingles delightfully when applied.
2. It gives first aid to little cuts.
3. It delights with its man-style fragrance.
4. It safeguards against sun and wind.
5. It conserves the needed natural moisture in the skin. Aqua Velva *keeps* the skin flexible and smooth all day long—just as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

The large five ounce bottle at your dealer's is 50c in the U. S. A. By mail postpaid in case he is out of it. Send the coupon or a postcard for a generous test bottle FREE.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after Shaving



Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream.

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 65C Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

Name.....

Address.....

Lib. 5-21-27

[WHEN I PLAY A PART Continued from Page Seventeen]

A reader in my office sifts them. The few that are left do not go to me, but to my director. When he gets through, the remainder go to someone near to me—my husband perhaps, or some close friend. He or she tells me the story. Then the director, the close friend, and I get together and take the story to pieces. We find it good. When we are all ready to accept it, then, and then only, do I read the original. I break this rule only when the story is the product of someone known to me, someone who may be counted on not to prove annoying.

I WISH there were some way of *seeing* a story for the screen instead of reading it or hearing it. Language causes more trouble in choosing a story than anything else. An author may describe a character beautifully, so that she becomes alive on the page. But, for the character to be alive on the screen, she must act. And very often an action that seems perfectly logical on the printed page, camouflaged by an exquisite choice of words, or even sufficiently obscured by commonplace words in an ordinary script, becomes impractical, or out of keeping, or awkward, or ridiculous, before the camera.

> She crossed the wide room slowly, trailing her draperies. At the door she paused and bent over a fragrant bowl of roses on a side table. The clear summer sky through the French windows caught her eye and she stood lost in contemplation of one white, fleecy cloud wafted across it. After a moment she sighed and went wearily from the room.

So says the writer. In a few sentences he sets his scene. Think what it would mean on the screen—the elegance of the wide room costing several thousand dollars, the furnishings and the draperies, not to speak of the clear summer sky and that white, fleecy cloud, which might drive some cameraman crazy. And "crossing the wide room slowly"! That sounds very simple, doesn't it?

Yet, to cross a wide room slowly, trailing draperies, to sniff roses and look at the sky, might take up several hundred feet of film and leave a blank, actionless space at an important point in the story. The screen audience would shuffle its feet, sneeze, cough, change positions, get bored, and lose a great deal of interest in what has happened and what will happen to the rose-sniffing lady. Then everyone would say that the book or the play was faithfully transmitted to the screen; but, after all, was it really a story suitable to the screen?

It's so easy to fool with and to be fooled by language.

There is a fortune waiting for some Edison who invents a way to prepare a scenario without words. Perhaps the scenarist of the future will have marionettes to act out his plot for the prospective buyer. Or perhaps he will photograph them by means of a miniature camera, and *show*—not merely tell or write—the screen drama. Why not?

A magazine editor reads a short story submitted to him. He can judge it in the medium in which it will be transmitted to his subscribers. A producer of stage plays can have people go through the scenes of a drama, and so get a chance to see it more or less as it will be seen by the audience. Why shouldn't screen producers see pictures submitted to them in the same medium that movie-goers will see them? After the invention of the radio, the transmission of photographs by wireless, and the telephone across the ocean, this does not seem such a far-fetched idea.

P. & A. photo

Albert Parker directing one of the four parts Miss Swanson plays in her latest picture.

SHOULD such an invention be perfected, it will eliminate the exasperating advice from persons who say: "I really don't see why you can't have the action of every scene written out in black and white, and then just follow the outline." And it will eliminate all the ignorant jokes of persons who don't see why some directors throw away their scripts, and why nearly every scenario, and certainly every short story, novel, or play, gets changed in the process of translating it from words into action.

Well, eventually, the part is chosen, or perhaps it is two parts, as in The Coast of Folly, or even four parts, as in The Loves of Sunya. With luck, the director and a suitable cast are finally collected. On the stage the cast includes only the actors in the drama. In the movies the cast includes not only the players on the screen, but also the indispensable people behind the screen: the cameraman—a personage, very justly, in his own right—the chief electrician, the cutter, the title writer. A good picture is the product of many cooks working in harmony.

If the cameraman, for instance, doesn't fit in, dreadful things may happen. A screen actress is wise to stand a bit in awe of him. As a matter of fact they do, and they admit it. I heard a story the other day of a newspaperman who tried to get a number of actresses to name their favorite cameramen for publication.

"Why," they all cried with various manifestations of horror, "if I were to tell you who my favorite cameraman is, I should never survive it! Suppose I were to be transferred to another cameraman. What wouldn't he do! What couldn't he do?"

And the same might be said of the electrician, and of the others. They have to be known and singled out by the producer exactly as the public knows and singles out the players in the cast.

WHEN we have our plans made, after a great deal of hair-pulling (one's own hair, I mean) at the office, at the studio, at my home, over the telephone, across desks and tea tables, and dinner and breakfast tables, too; when we have the cast chosen and designs for the sets made, the thing seems very neat and whole and pretty. It looks like the beautifully drawn plans and printed figures that architects show to one who is building a house. Everything seems so finished and stable. You know exactly where you're at, how many rooms you will have, how much things will cost, what sort of windows—even just where you mean to put the dining-room table. Then you start building.

"Oh, but I didn't want that window 'way off in the corner like that. Oh, that's terrible!"

"But it's that way in the blue print."

"Oh, but I didn't know it would look like that!"

Dressing the cast is as important as furnishing a house. The wrong color scheme can upset your room, your disposition, even your life. And the wrong clothes may eliminate you as an actress. I don't mean so much that they can spoil one's looks. But to me, any-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Margot Asquith writes on

Woman's Instinct to make herself Attractive

The famous MARGOT, *now* COUNTESS of OXFORD and ASQUITH *has written with her own hand and in her own sparkling style this article on a subject of universal interest to women.*

"AS long as human nature exists, men and women will want to make themselves physically attractive.

"Self-improvement—whether moral, intellectual or physical—is the first, and I might say, the last lesson of life. It is part of the work-day of life. To love and be loved is its holiday.

"The intention to be at your best, to feel brilliant, responsive, and triumphant, is part of your equipment for that day, is prompted by a desire to love and be loved.

"THE French talk of '*la beauté inutile*,' for which we have no English equivalent. It means that even beauty—poor in setting, and devoid of charm—can lose its uses. But we have all known women who have more than made up for their lack of features and general homeliness by the play of their expression, the grace of their carriage or the beauty of their complexion.

"Those of you who have hunted, mountaineered, or been as much exposed to our inhospitable climate as I have, will know it is almost impossible to prevent your face from becoming like leather, or your chest like a gong, unless you take a great deal of trouble to protect and to preserve them.

"You do not want to apply creams and lotions that will make your skin soft and susceptible, but something that will make it fresh and impervious.

"I have used Pond's Creams for my skin more years than I can remember; and though I have never been beautiful and I am not young, I have not got a wrinkle in my forehead. When I came in from hunting, I always rubbed the Cold Cream over my face, neck and hands.

"Nothing in my life has changed so much as the estimate people place upon a woman's age. You were considered a failure if you did not marry before you were twenty-five—when I came out.

"And to suggest that a woman of thirty could retain sufficient physical attraction to upset a man's heart would have been looked upon as a paradox.

"Now you see proficiency at golf, tennis, skating, riding, fishing and shooting in women past the age of forty; and they have preserved not only their youth but their complexions. Guard against the dangers of the unavoidable exposure that accompanies all modern pursuits. For even if you like it—which I do not—you cannot rouge or use make up upon a rough skin. I have used Pond's Creams for years and even if I had been beautiful I could not have found healthier or more cooling preparations.

"My advice is, save your skin—with Pond's—and cheat the devil that lurks in soot, dust, wind—and birthdays!"

Margot Oxford

This quaint Elizabethan barn on her country estate is used by Lady Oxford as a study

The COUNTESS *of* OXFORD *and* ASQUITH

"Margot," daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant, is the wife of the distinguished statesman and former Prime Minister of Great Britain. She is one of the most vivid and interesting figures of English society, famous for her daring wit and her intimate acquaintance with the brilliant personalities of every land

A CORNER OF THE DRAWING ROOM

The Countess of Oxford and Asquith has a very dignified town house at No. 44 Bedford Square, London. This photograph shows a view of the drawing room with its high ceiling, its chandelier of crystal and ormolu, and its classic mantel

HOW Pond's Creams should be used: *Apply Pond's Cold Cream generously at night* and often during the day. In a few moments its fine oils bring up from the pores all dust and powder. Wipe off and repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. A little cream left on overnight keeps a dry skin supple.

Pond's Vanishing Cream, used after every daytime cleansing, gives your skin a new freshness, holds your powder smoothly and is protection from sun and wind.

Buy your own jars of Pond's Creams and as Lady Oxford suggests, "cheat the devil that lurks in soot, dust, wind."

Free Offer: Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

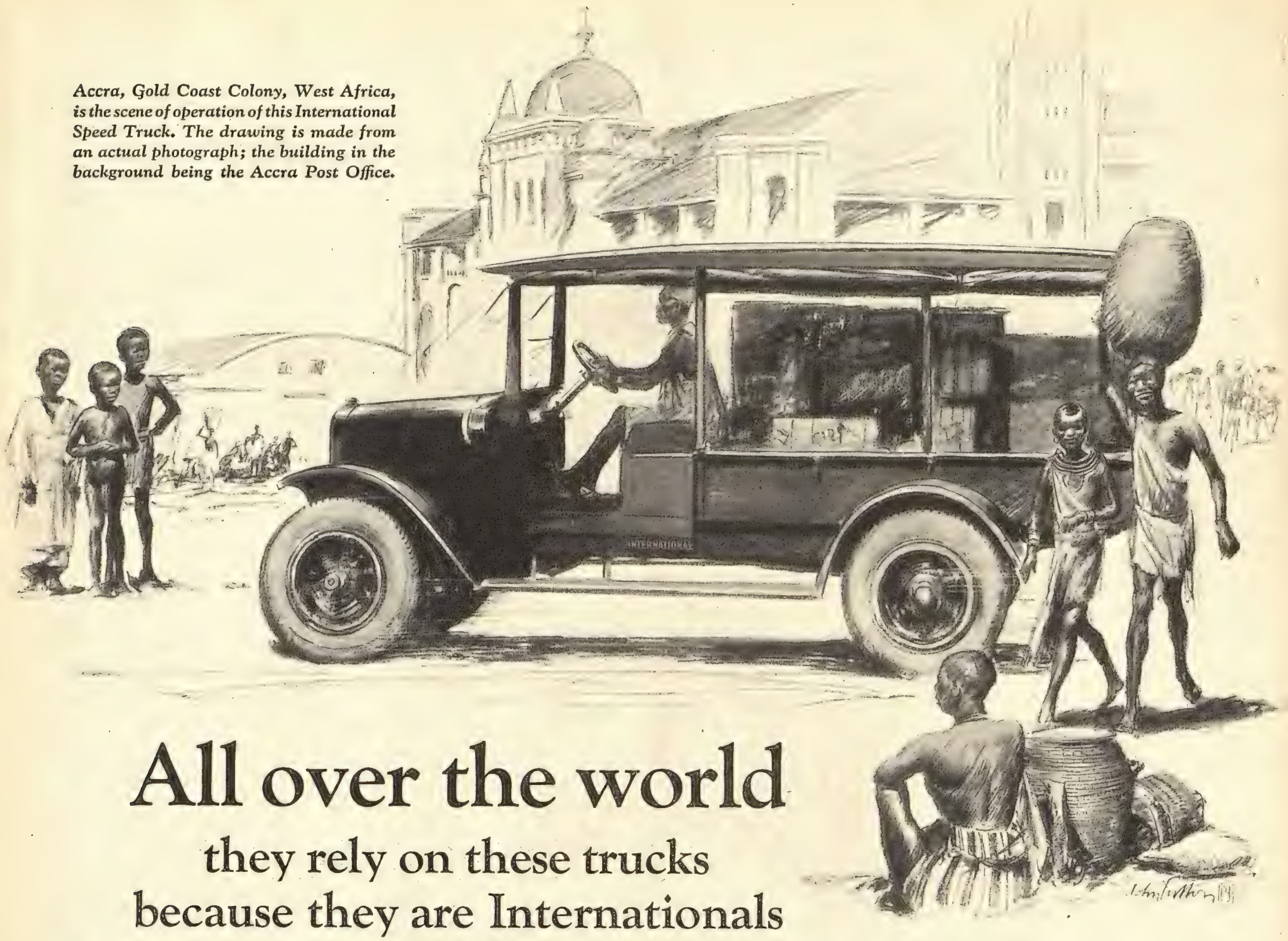
The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. S
119 Hudson Street, New York City

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Lady Oxford's dressing table—unusual perfume bottles and jade green jars of Pond's Creams bear witness to her distinguished taste



Accra, Gold Coast Colony, West Africa, is the scene of operation of this International Speed Truck. The drawing is made from an actual photograph; the building in the background being the Accra Post Office.

All over the world

they rely on these trucks because they are Internationals

WHEN you are thinking of buying a truck or several of them, know all you can about the trucks but above all know their maker.

If you know a lot about truck mechanism you will be interested in the design of the engine, the style of the clutch, the type of the drive, and other mechanical features. And the more you know about these things the better you will like International Trucks. Their individual features of construction make these trucks stand out in any comparison and stand up on any job.

And even if you know nothing at all about trucks you can buy Internationals with all the confidence of an expert. You are perfectly safe in judging these trucks by their maker, for International Trucks are built by an organization that has been building good trucks for twenty-three years—an organization whose history goes back almost a century.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
606 So. Michigan Ave. (incorporated) Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL
TRUCKS

The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¾-ton, 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼-ton and 1½-ton sizes, Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 1½-ton to 5-ton sizes, Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Company-owned branches in different countries throughout the world and in principal cities all over America.

Our 128 branch houses in the United States are located in the cities listed here; and in addition there are dealers from one end of the country to the other.

Aberdeen, S. D.
Akron, Ohio
Albany, N. Y.
Amarillo, Tex.
Atlanta, Ga.
Auburn, N.Y.
Aurora, Ill.
Baltimore, Md.
Billings, Mont.
Binghamton, N. Y.
Birmingham, Ala.
Bismarck, N. D.
Boston, Mass.
Bronx, N. Y.
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Cairo, Ill.
Camden, N. J.
Cedar Falls, Iowa
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Charlotte, N. C.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Cheyenne, Wyo.
Chicago, Ill. (3)
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbia, S. C.
Columbus, Ohio
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Dallas, Texas
Davenport, Iowa
Dayton, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.
Dubuque, Iowa
Duluth, Minn.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Eau Claire, Wis.
Elmira, N. Y.
El Paso, Tex.
Erie, Pa.
Evansville, Ind.
Fargo, N. D.
Fort Dodge, Iowa
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Fort Worth, Tex.
Gary, Ind.
Grand Forks, N. D.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Green Bay, Wis.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Helena, Mont.
Houston, Tex.
Hutchinson, Kan.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jackson, Mich.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Jersey City, N. J.
Kankakee, Ill.
Kansas City, Mo.
Knoxville, Tenn.
Lincoln, Neb.
Little Rock, Ark.
Long Island City, N.Y.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Louisville, Ky
Madison, Wis.
Mankato, Minn.
Mason City, Iowa
Memphis, Tenn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Minot, N. D.
Nashville, Tenn.
Newark, N. J.
New Haven, Conn.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N. Y. (3)
Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Omaha, Neb.
Parkersburg, W. Va.
Parsons, Kan.
Peoria, Ill.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Phoenix, Ariz.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Me.
Portland, Ore.
Providence, R. I.
Quincy, Ill.
Richmond, Ind.
Richmond, Va.
Rochester, N. Y.
Rockford, Ill.
Saginaw, Mich.
St. Cloud, Minn.
St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo. (2)
Salina, Kan.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Antonio, Tex.
San Diego, Calif.
San Francisco, Calif.
Scranton, Pa.
Shreveport, La.
Sioux City, Iowa
Sioux Falls, S. D.
South Bend, Ind.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Ill.
Springfield, Mass.
Springfield, Mo.
Springfield, O.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Terre Haute, Ind.
Toledo, Ohio
Topeka, Kan.
Utica, N. Y.
Waterloo, Ia.
Watertown, S. D.
Wichita, Kan.
Williamsport, Pa.
Winona, Minn.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

way, there is a subtle connection between clothes and acting. We all know the new pride, the new bearing, the new outlook on the world that a new dress, which may be no more becoming than an old one, can give. We fall into a certain character with the clothes that character should wear.

Charlie Chaplin came to dinner with us one evening lately. Afterward, he began to tell us about his new picture, and illustrated it by acting out certain scenes. He wasn't quite the Charlie Chaplin you see on the screen. He went through the same motions — if described in writing, they would seem the same — but some little thing was psychologically changed.

I said: "Charlie, you can't play it in evening clothes, can you?"

He said: "No."

They say that many actresses just play themselves, no matter what the character is. Why, the hardest part in the world to act is yourself! If you have the part of an average American girl of a certain class to play, dressing like her, moving and talking like her, it's a feat of real skill to make her seem just the character she is.

P. & A. photo

If the cameraman doesn't like his star, dreadful things may happen. Gloria confers with Director Parker and Dudley Murphy, special cinematographer.

The hardest part I ever had was the girl in The Untamed Lady. Here was just an ordinary girl with a lot of money. She had a bad temper—but so have lots of ordinary girls. I couldn't have her stamping and raging around. I had to show this bad temper inside of her; show her trying to control it. She had to appear to be just any charming, wealthy girl one might see walking up Park Avenue, and yet possessed of a temper that involved her in unusual circumstances.

THE young girl in The Coast of Folly was a great deal more difficult to do than the mother, which part I also played. And they had to be two different characters. When I have a certain part to do I usually model myself on some similar person whom I know or have watched.

Sometimes I combine the little personal actions—a way of walking, of holding the head and hands—of various people of one type. The mother and daughter in The Coast of Folly were exact duplicates of people I knew. I even copied their clothes! I should never have felt so like them if I hadn't copied their clothes.

In my latest picture, The Loves of Sunya, I had four parts to play, and four people to dress, as well as the costumes of the rest of my cast to supervise. Choosing clothes for myself off screen is a difficult enough task, for I will not meet myself coming and going on the street, in restaurants, and at the theater. Dressing "fashionably" is my greatest horror; it means wearing the same sort of things that everyone else is wearing.

Of course, one can avoid the popular styles too completely and become a freak. When I was sixteen I got the foolish idea of all girls in their teens that they must make themselves over. The eyebrows God gave me seemed perfectly useless then. I didn't want that particular set of eyebrows, so I tried to make them into a different kind. I didn't like the shape of my mouth, and I tried to outline it differently.

When I was an extra girl I still persisted in this determination—not only not to be like myself, but not to be like anyone else. This made me perfect for the De Mille pictures I began to work in. But it always amuses me to read or hear that I wasn't acting then at all—just being myself, Gloria Swanson, a girl who wore extreme and gorgeous clothes. As a matter of fact I was acting very hard—and the character I played was Gloria Swanson, clotheshorse.

Off screen I will not wear knee-length dresses, because I think they are hideous and unsuitable for me. Everybody from Alaska to the Antipodes may be wearing them, but I won't. Nor will I wear low-waisted dresses, for I believe that one's waistline should be where one's waistline naturally is, and not distorted to suit the waistlines of one's neighbors.

So on the screen I have a double problem: I have to wear the clothes the character would wear, and yet the clothes must suit my figure too. The hours I have spent in the fitting-room! I count them over, and each one is by no means a pearl! Also, the camera is such a fiend at recording clothes. A seam or a wrinkle in the cloth that no one would notice in real life becomes a flaw discernible by every woman of taste when I appear on the screen.

I remember an evening dress in my last picture that I had to be sewn into every time I wore it, to eliminate what the camera would have recorded as an ugly seam if it had been fastened in the ordinary way. I had to stand for three and a half hours while they draped some strips of beaded stuff around the bottom. It was the sort of dress that must fit as the skin of an apple fits the fruit. My stockings had to be sewn to my tights to avoid the least appearance of dissymmetry.

I CAN imagine women who see the dress on the screen lying awake nights as they try to figure out how I could have worn it. Of course it would have been impossible in real life. But no trouble is too much to take for the screen.

In a stage play, after the tryouts and the dress rehearsal, things begin to fall into grooves, to run more or less smoothly; and they continue in a certain routine during the run of the play. But the most orderly screen production is like a grab bag, or an ill-packed trunk: you put in your hand for one thing, and a dozen other troubles, duties, demands, and necessities tumble out.

A day spent in a busy studio leaves the newcomer, who tries to digest everything, distraught. The jumble of lights overhead, moving hither and thither; their whir and flicker; the wooden labyrinth of partitions; complete and incomplete sets; the endless interlacing of pieces of wood; the noise of the carpenters; the crash of furniture; the megaphoned shouts of the director; the orchestra rising gayly and bravely to the occasion; and the actors falling, it seems so lightly, into and out of their parts.

An experienced screen player is spared the stage fright that seizes even experienced stage players time and again. After a while, your motions become fluent and natural before any camera. I feel uneasy now only when I am having tests made of clothes, or of a new hair arrangement, to see how they will photograph. Then, if I can't clown, I feel all the hypnotic influence of the camera that binds

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

IF—

you are interested in investing your funds safely—

if you want to know the difference between stocks, bonds, mortgages, debentures and other securities—

if you would like to have defined the technical terms met with in the financial world—diversification, marketability, equities, amortization, segregation of funds, and many more—

if you would be able to distinguish between the purchase which is purely speculative and that which is prime investment—

if you want to discover for yourself the reasons why one particular type of security is recognized by banks, insurance companies, corporations, trusts and individual investors as a sound investment channel for almost one billion dollars a year—

Write for a copy of the newest publication of this House—Investing for Safety. Simply ask for

BOOKLET E-1723

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 Incorporated

INVESTMENT BONDS

STRAUS BUILDING
565 Fifth Avenue
at 46th St.
NEW YORK

STRAUS BUILDING
Michigan Ave.
at Jackson Blvd.
CHICAGO

STRAUS BUILDING
79 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO

The Straus Hallmark on a bond stamps it at once as *the premier real estate security*

Announcing The "Challenger" Models

SAFETY STUTZ

¶ Speed capabilities beyond those of any other stock car.

¶ Over 100 actual horsepower in the hands of the owner.

¶ A longer-lived car assured by absence of stress and strain.

THE Challenger Models of the Safety Stutz mark the culmination of the most important movement of a decade in the mechanical advancement of the motor car.

Their new peaks of performance crown the achievements of this all-surpassing automobile.

In the hands of our engineers, the Challenger Models show well over 110 horsepower — assuring the owner of more than 100 horsepower.

Their speed capabilities are well beyond those of any other American stock car. Actual guaranteed top-speeds of each model, by precise stop-watch timing, are conservatively stated below.

The greatest significance of these top-speeds is found in the incomparably smooth and easy performance of the cars at customary road-speeds. This is due to enormous margin of reserve power in the highly perfected engine of the Challenger Models.

This over-ample power also lengthens the life of the car and adds to its safety, because of the elimination of stress and strain—*a stressed piece of machinery is a dangerous piece of machinery.*

A Challenger Model Safety Stutz is a car more delightful to drive because it so easily copes with any hill; because it virtually floats along at any road-speed you may elect—to 50, 60, or 70 miles per hour; because it accelerates as readily from such speeds as do other cars from 30 or 40.

It is a car more satisfying to drive because its owner is assured that no other car can pass him, save by his leave—a sensation as gratifying to the conservative driver as to the speed-lover.

The Challenger Models Safety Stutz are the first cars to carry guaranteed speed capabilities, these speeds measured by exact stop-watch timing — not by purposely fast speedometers.

The Symbol *of Safety*

GUARANTEED SPEED CAPABILITIES OF CHALLENGER MODELS SAFETY STUTZ

Stop-watch timing, at the rate of:

78½ miles per hour for 5-passenger "Challenger" Sedan.
80½ miles per hour for 2-passenger "Challenger" Speedster.

(*Even higher speeds for Black Hawk Speedster and Weymann Bodies.*)

We, the undersigned, guarantee to reproduce the indicated speed on the Indianapolis Speedway with any Challenger Model Safety Stutz, at any time after the car has been driven 5000 miles or more, provided the owner will deliver the car to our factory at Indianapolis and pay the actual cost of having us put the car in first class condition, if, in our judgment, such reconditioning be necessary.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, Inc.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

many newcomers in their first screen test.

When I am working I get up at 7:30 o'clock. Often I don't stop for breakfast, and the only fresh air I get is during the fifteen minutes it takes for my car to reach the studio.

At the studio I start on my make-up. The director pops in. "We'll have to change this scene. The girl should not do thus and so; she should do so and thus."

We discuss what to change. The door opens. Some papers to sign. Bank business. Miss Morgan, my fitter:

"You remember, you promised me a fitting today."

"All right, after work."

"Why haven't the hats been bought?"

"Why, the hats haven't arrived yet!"

A new design for the jewelry. I must O. K. it. A new design for a set. I must stop to look at it.

"Oh, no, we won't need that set any more; we decided to do that scene on the porch."

Miss M., who works with me in one scene, has her new dress. I must see whether it isn't too much like mine in color. All this time I am trying to make up. The telephone rings and keeps on ringing. I feel that I should wear one of those detachable headpieces that the telephone operators use. My secretary: Do I remember that I promised to have So and So for dinner tonight? A motion-picture magazine: When am I going to make the photographs I promised them? The publicity man: An interviewer to lunch today.

The hairdresser comes in. She has another appointment. If I want her I must use her right away.

"I don't want my hair this way today. I know I didn't get a shampoo last night as I should have done, but maybe you can wave it anyway." I always dress my own hair.

The director: "Gee, we're getting a late start this morning, Gloria."

It is 11 o'clock when I finally reach the set. Three interviewers are waiting optimistically. An hour and a half's work, and three interviews.

Then lunch; people to talk business; a consultation with the laboratory man; new scenes to discuss. All this between the soup and the dessert courses. After lunch a change of costume. More work and more interruptions. Finally the last scene of the day is shot.

Then, dead tired, we see the "rushes"—the finished product of the day's work—and are happy, or unhappy, or disgusted, as the case may be.

"I told you that wouldn't go."

"Don't think I quite understood."

"Well, I'll put it in writing next time—"

P. & A. photo

Miss Swanson was sewn into one evening dress. She stood still for three and one-half hours while some beaded stuff was draped around the bottom.

ALL ready to go home—with my make-up on. Miss Morgan, the fitter: "Don't you remember"—reproachfully—"that you promised me a fitting tonight?" The fitting may take from fifteen minutes to two hours.

The rush for home. Jump into the tub; take the make-up off; relax and feel so nice and stupid and clean. And then you remember that two weeks ago you asked some people to dinner tonight.

"Oh, how dull they'll think me!" you mourn. But there's no help for it. And dull they do think you.

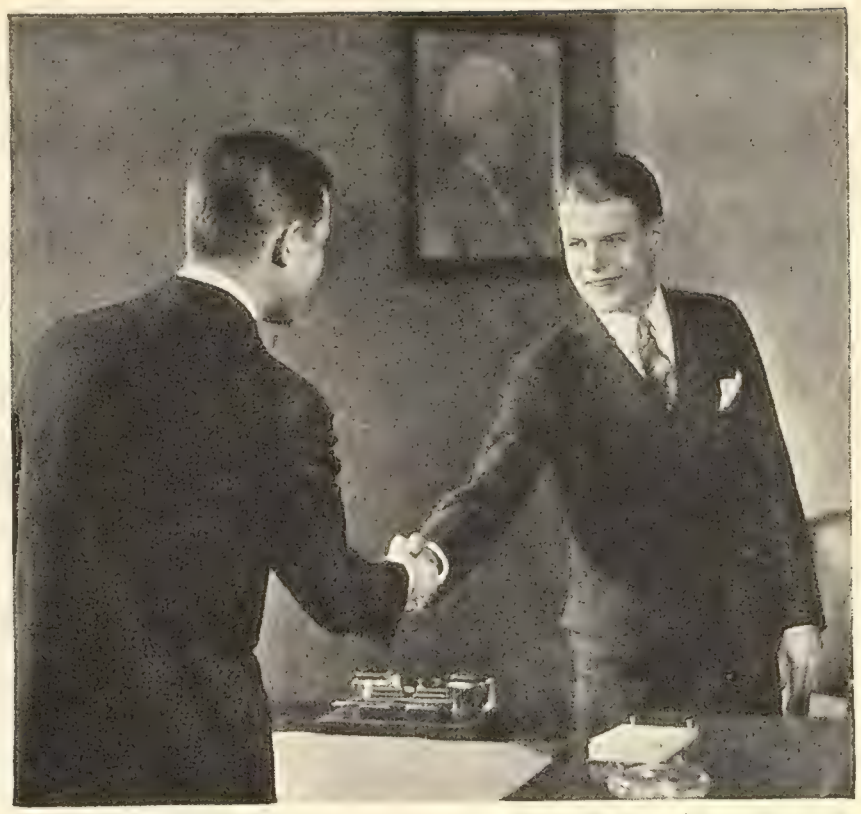
This lasts for three months. I rarely go out in the evening when I am in the midst of a picture. Once in a while the director may say, "You don't have to work tomorrow morning. I've a scene I can do without you."

Late in the afternoon he pauses to remind me, however, of the entire change of costume and character in the next episode. So I spend my idle morning between the fitter and the hairdresser, preparing to play this next episode.

Then, after three months of hard work, and several weeks of worrying about the titling and the cutting, and of racking one's brains for a title that is at once simple and telling, completely understandable and distinctive, comes the opening night.

And—finis! I've done playing a part—till we choose the next one.

THE END



For that clean-cut look of success

try this invigorating massage after shaving

SUCCESSFUL men look the part. They are clean shaven, clean cut, and well groomed. They have that glowing look of health and vitality.

A muddy, half clean, blackhead-dotted skin can never be a partner of the successful man. Yet you can have the clean look of success. It takes no extra time. It can be acquired easily and pleasantly in your own home.

After you shave, use Pompeian Massage Cream. You usually use something after shaving—hot towel, lotion or cream—to remove the dirt and clinging soap particles that become imbedded in the skin. Water, lotions, soaps—all reach the surface only. They do not remove imbedded dirt and secretions. Pompeian Massage Cream does.

Use this pleasant, gentle cream after shaving. See how your skin takes on the glow of life and action. See how imbedded dirt, even blackheads, rolls out under the mild but efficient urge of this quickly applied massage. You will like its restful, zestful "feel." Above all, you will like it for the feeling it gives you that—by gosh! you really are clean.

Make this convincing hand test free! Wash your hands thoroughly. Rub a little Pompeian Massage Cream into the back of your hand until the cream first disappears, then comes out again. Notice this—*the cream goes in pink and comes out black!* The black is dirt that you could not remove by washing. You can make this simple but convincing test today. Get a jar of Pompeian Massage Cream in any drug store for sixty cents. If you prefer to make the test before you buy, merely mail the coupon below.

POMPEIAN
MASSAGE CREAM
Increases Your Face Value

FREE ·· TO MEN ONLY

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 304E(a), 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Please send me free, the sample tube of Pompeian Massage Cream, with enough cream to make the hand test, and to give me several massages.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Movie Rough Riders with Charles Emmett Mack and Charles Farrell (fifth and sixth from left).

Rough-Riding Romance

The Charge of San Juan Hill Becomes a Movie Epic

An Article by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

GOOD-BY, Dolly Gray . . . Remember the Maine . . . There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight . . . Bloomers and bicycle scorchers . . . Nit . . Just Break the News to Mother . . . Mr. Dooley . . . A Bicycle Built for Two . . . Teddy.

Mark Sullivan touched upon these things in his Turn of the Century; but the new film, The Rough Riders, presents this nationally adolescent period graphically and movingly. The picture shows the career of Theodore Roosevelt from Assistant Secretary of the Navy to the White House, via the short cut up San Juan Hill, although sometimes Teddy is lost in the usual boy-and-girl romance.

Famous Players spent seven months on this production and for weeks a small army lived near San Antonio, where the original Rough Riders were assembled. Herman Hagedorn, the Roosevelt expert, supervised the entire film.

The hardest part of the whole job was getting the *Theodore Roosevelt.* Famous Players was besieged with "Roosevelt doubles," but none of them hit the mark.

Then one evening a woman who had read of the search saw a man on the street in Los Angeles who looked astonishingly like Teddy. He was Frank Hopper, a book agent.

Encouraged by the unknown woman, Hopper applied at the Famous Players studios. He got the job.

Hopper was thirty pounds overweight and was shy and retiring. Famous Players took off Hopper's weight and put on his ego. This last, I am told, was done by having stars pal around with him, always deferentially calling him Mister Hopper.

Hopper plays *Roosevelt* with but little posing, and the resemblance is amazing.

In The Rough Riders you see the battleship Maine destroyed in Havana Harbor. In Texas, *Roosevelt* and *Leonard Wood* assemble their outfit—dudes and cowboys, roughnecks and collegians. They are whipped into shape and shipped to Cuba, to combat fever, bad food, red tape, and snipers.

Mary Astor scolds Charles Farrell for trying to kiss her—but that was thirty years ago.

The foreground is occupied by two boys and a girl. One of the boys, a weakling, proves himself and dies a hero at San Juan Hill. The other returns to get the girl they left behind them.

There is a sequence of high emotional power, when one of these two Rough Riders carries his desperately wounded rival through the jungle to a dressing station, stumbling, falling, hysterically singing to keep up the dying boy's courage.

Its effectiveness is due to Charles Farrell

FRANK HOPPER, who stopped selling books to play Roosevelt on the screen.

and Charles Emmett Mack, the latter killed later in a Hollywood automobile accident. Mack was a breaker boy in the coal mines at Scranton, Pennsylvania, before he drifted to New York. His first job was as program boy for D. W. Griffith's Hearts of the World.

Griffith was his idol and he managed to get a job as prop boy in the director's Mamaroneck studio.

Mack was an odd sort of dreamer and Griffith began using him fot rehearsals. Mack walked through a part until Griffith found the right actor for the role.

When the director started work on Dream Street, Mack filled in during rehearsals. Finally, Griffith gave the part to him—and he was started on his brief career.

Charles Farrell's father is an exhibitor in a small Massachusetts town. Following his graduation from Boston University, Farrell, who is twenty-five, went to Hollywood armed with a letter of introduction. This got him a job on the Fox lot. Director James Cruze borrowed him for the hero of Old Ironsides. That led to his opportunity in The Rough Riders. He will be a star by another year.

I have room for but passing comment upon George Bancroft's hard-riding *Happy Joe* and Noah Beery's *Hell's Bells,* along with Victor Fleming's spirited direction. However, there's glory enough for everyone.

Do you know that—

Dolores del Rio is to be starred by United Artists? . . . Her first film is to be Ramona and Edwin Carewe will direct? . . . Mary Astor is likely to play the *Nun* in First National's production of The Miracle? . . . Fred Thompson, the cowboy star, is joining Famous Players?

Paramount lights Broadway

—and the Broadways of the World!

"Broadway welcomes you to New York." In Times Square, gateway to the great white way, a giant electric sign welcomes you to the most famous street in the world. The Paramount Theatre, luxurious home of Paramount Pictures, echoes "welcome" and four times more in this lane of pleasure the great lights of a theatre showing Paramount Pictures *only* blazon their message of cheer — "Abandon care all ye who enter here." Paramount lights Broadway!

Like moths to a flame come thousands, drawn to these theatres by the lure of the Paramount name and the great Paramount stars whose names shine over them. But for these thousands there are *millions* who never see Broadway who thrill to the same pictures and the same names without even leaving home.

Wherever you see a Paramount Picture, you see it exactly as it is shown on Broadway—"with the original New York cast."

"Broadway welcomes you to New York." But even if you never come, its pleasures are yours to enjoy no matter where you are because Paramount—the name that lights Broadway, lights the Broadways of the world!

In August you will see the complete 100% Paramount Program —Paramount Features, Paramount News and Paramount Comedies. Ask your Theatre Manager to book it now.

Paramount
The Trade Mark of Pictures of Romance

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., New York

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Bad Air Drives Good Customers Away

These stores might as well be QUARANTINED

Like a bit of gossip it travels from lip to lip, wherever women talk shopping. And with every telling the evil grows.

"Rather stuffy," says one woman to another, speaking of your store. "Awfully close, I hear," says the other to a third. "Not very clean," exaggerates the third to a fourth, and "Oh, I wouldn't trade there," broadcasts the fourth to the world at large.

And so the unjust story spreads, distorted, damaging—branding your place of business as a "second rate store."

Yet Good Air costs little, if any, more than Good Light. Any store—large or small—can be equipped with American Blower Electric Ventilation and the evil that retards its growth corrected *immediately*. Your store layout need not be altered—and in most cases installation is extremely simple.

Let us lay the facts before you. Simply mail the coupon—no obligation at all. For 46 years the American Blower Company has been helping other merchants make their stores more attractive to patrons, and this experience is at your disposal.

AMERICAN BLOWER COMPANY, DETROIT
BRANCH OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES
CANADIAN SIROCCO COMPANY, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

Frequency of Air Changes Necessary for Various Applications *

Offices	5 to 10 minutes
Toilets	3 to 5 minutes
Bakeries	3 minutes
Cabins	5 minutes
Tunnels	1 to 10 minutes
Projecting Booths	2 minutes
Laboratories	3 to 10 minutes
Conduits	1 to 10 minutes
Ship Holds	10 minutes
Kitchens (Home)	2 to 3 minutes
Laundries	5 minutes
Theatres	5 to 10 minutes
Assembly Halls	5 to 10 minutes
Garages	5 minutes
Dining Rooms	5 to 15 minutes
Machine Shops	15 minutes
Lodge Rooms	10 minutes
Foundries	5 to 10 minutes
Retail Stores	5 to 15 minutes

*This table based on climatic conditions in Central United States. Other tables for specific localities are available.

C O U P O N

AMERICAN BLOWER CO., DETROIT, MICH.
Send details relative to the application of 0
American Blower Electric Ventilation to

(Business) _____

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

© A. B. Co., 1927 (600)

American Blower

"Sirocco" VENTILATING, HEATING, AIR CONDITIONING, DRYING, MECHANICAL DRAFT

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL TYPES OF AIR HANDLING EQUIPMENT SINCE 1881

GOOD VENTILATION IS ONLY GOOD BUSINESS

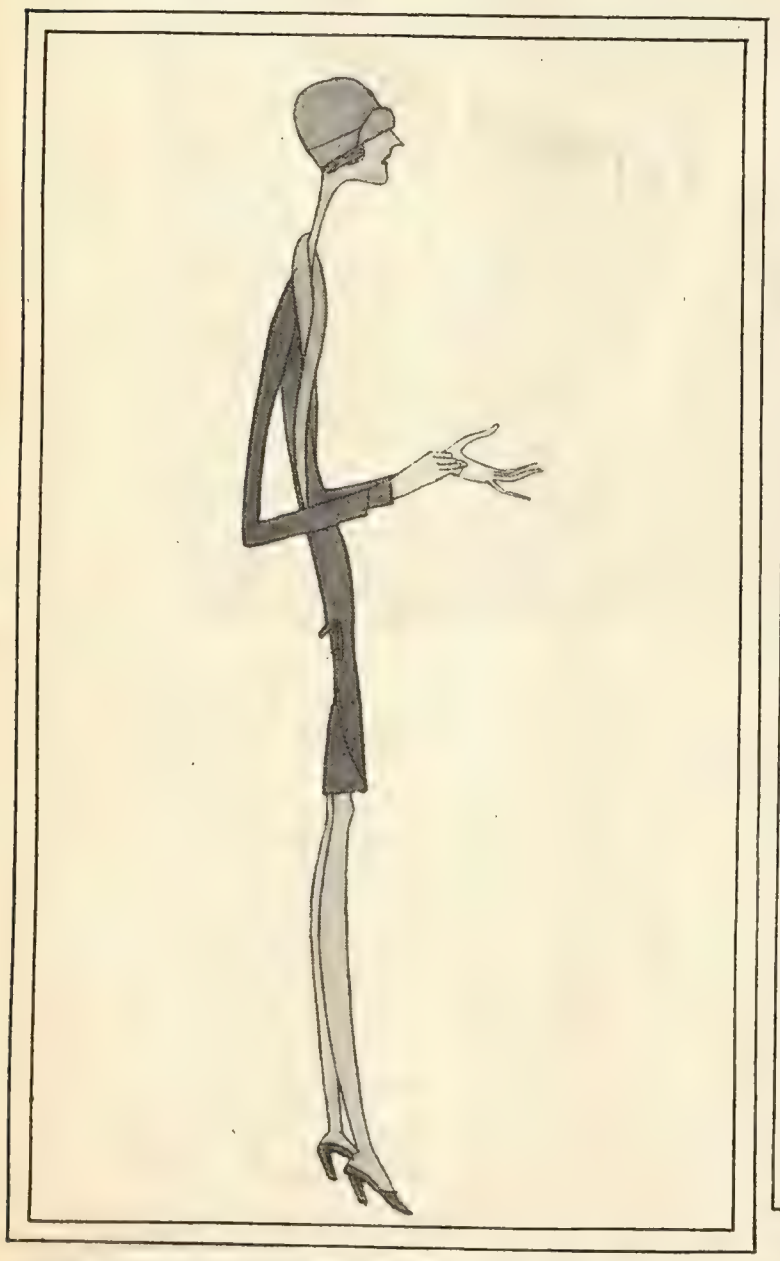
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

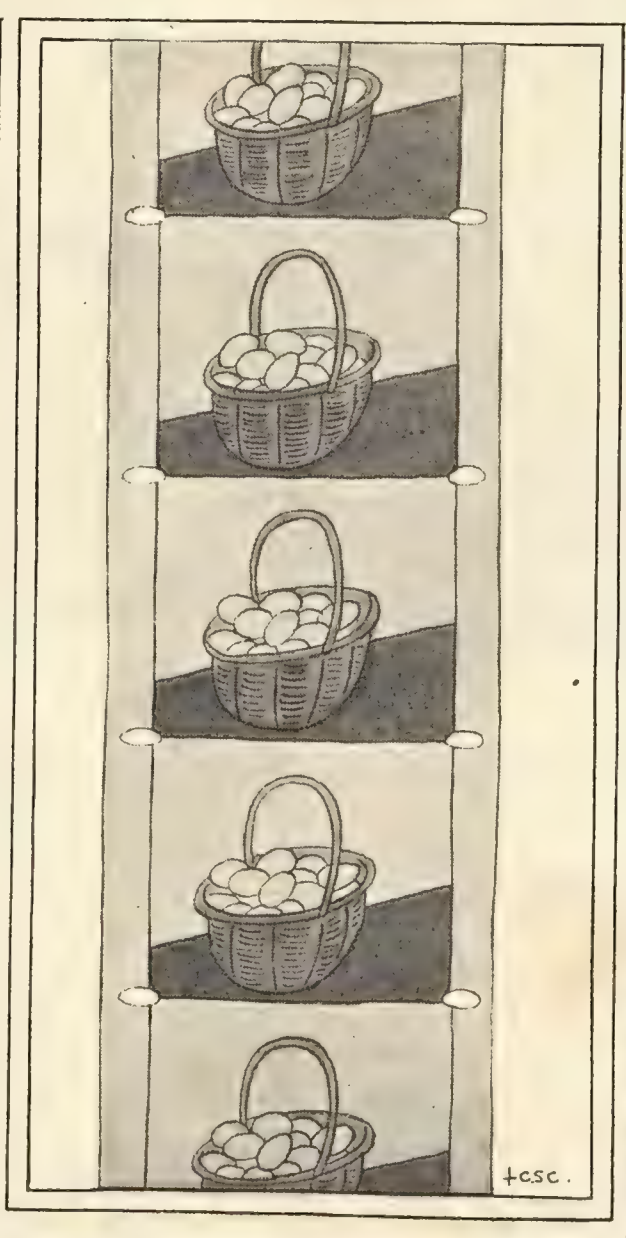
By RALPH BARTON

THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS. The champion heavyweight prize fighter of the world stops his ears to the dreadful language of Percival de Vanderstuyve on the Mugawugamus Golf Course.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE TEN YEARS MAKE! Scene on the lovely English countryside as the new Berlin-London passenger and freight air service gets under way.



THE NEW FASHIONABLE SILHOUETTE: Smart bloused lines of marine-blue flamenga coat, with georgette lining to match, and a crêpe vest, extra-wide skirt, and full dyed rhinoceros fur collar.



BASKET OF EGGS shown in moving-picture film and deleted by the Pennsylvania Board of Censors as violating the ruling against exhibiting anything of a pre-natal nature.

PRINCESS HERMINE OF REUSS, bride of the former Kaiser, comes out against the fashions of today. Princess Hermine prefers the simple beauty of the classic Greek line in dress.

Youth and the revealed knee demand a wide range of *hosiery colors* that is best supplied by our No. 736 in "*Ser-fon*" weight, retailing at $1.95.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

TRUB'S Diary

A Dog's Day and the Tragedy of a Painted Baby

By
JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

Pictures by F. D. STROTHMANN

I gave it a face-lick. It began to wave its arms.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Once again we have with us the household at Gray Gables, with Aunt Caroline; The Molecule (who is a young man expelled from college for his irrepressible antics); Flips, his sister; Saki, the butler; Billie, the chauffeur, who is Flips' sweetheart; Ginger, the neighbor's Airedale; and Trub Trescott himself, a young bull terrier whose droll discourses on the actions of the human beings he comes in contact with form the pages of his Diary. Start the story anywhere—each chapter is complete in itself.]

August 6.

I HAVE met a new thing. It is called a baby. It makes strange noises. It smells like people, but isn't. I heard about it first at breakfast.

Aunt Caroline mentioned it. She said: "Robert, I want you to be here for luncheon."

The Molecule said: "Why, Light of my Life?"

Aunt Caroline said: "Your cousin Jane is coming over from White Plains to show us the baby."

Flips said: "That will be sweet."

The Molecule said: "The following information is yours without the asking: I shall be far away o'er hill and dale when Jane and infant arrive. I shall continue to lurk in the wildwood until mother and child have departed. Pass the muffins, Flips!"

Flips said: "Meaning he'd rather hang around the Country Club than see Cousin Jane's baby."

The Molecule said: "Countess, you said a faceful."

Flips said: "I call that mean."

The Molecule said: "You go too far—human is the word. May I again call your attention to my crying need of muffins?"

Flips gave The Molecule a plate. It was full of brown-and-yellow things. I gave him a paw-poke. He gave me half of a brown-and-yellow thing. Delicious!

Aunt Caroline said: "I shall expect you here for luncheon. You will remain as long as she stays."

The Molecule said: "Admire little Pink-Toes all afternoon? You're simply brutal, Caroline. Now, listen—"

Aunt Caroline said: "We won't discuss it. A young mother is driving thirty miles to show her first-born to those who *should* be most interested. I won't have her hurt by your indifference."

The Molecule said: "He seen his duty and he done it. Why do you say first-born?"

Aunt Caroline said: "Because it happens to be a fact."

The Molecule said: "Despite my youth and innocence, I have wise-cracked, now and then, with the modern matron. If you wish to stick to facts, say first, last, and only born."

Aunt Caroline said: "You're disgusting!"

The Molecule got up from his chair. He picked up Aunt Caroline's eyeglasses from the table. He put them on the end of his nose. He looked down over the top of them. He said: "Aren't we all?" He went away from there.

Flips made giggling noises.

Aunt Caroline said: "You think him funny?"

Flips said: "I can't help it—he's *such* a fool."

Aunt Caroline said: "True; but why laugh? If my brother were a jackanapes I should grieve."

I began to feel wild. When a wild spell comes on, I can't keep still. I gave three barks and a spin-around. Then I ran round and round the breakfast table. Aunt Caroline had dropped her napkin. I pounced on it. I ran round and round the table with the napkin.

Saki came in. He said: "Bed dog, hi, hi, whoa!"

I ran out in the hall. Saki chased me. I played sliding-rugs going down the hall. A rug and I ended at the front door. I stood on the rug and played helpless-prey with the napkin.

Saki came down the hall. He tried to grab me. I dodged him. He grabbed the napkin. I pulled. He played sliding-rugs. He sat down in a quick way. He said: "Darn, damn, oh, my!"

I went away from there.

I went through the long window to the porch. I was still feeling wild. I ran round and round the house some more. I played helpless-prey with the napkin till there wasn't any napkin. I lay down and panted.

GUESS what? A rat came from under the garage! I went for the rat in a very quick way. It ran down the cellar steps in an even quicker way. It ran into the cellar. I was just behind it. I thought: "Good-by, Mr. Rat"—but it wasn't so. Before you could wink, it jumped into the coal bin. I jumped in too. I thought: "This is soft"—but it wasn't. The rat went down between the coal and the side of the bin.

There was only one thing to do—dig. I dug. I dug the coal all away from that side of the bin. The rat wasn't there! I dug the coal all away from the other side of the bin. The rat wasn't there! Can you beat it?

It seemed best to let the rat go. I did. I went up into the yard. It was past noon already. I could hardly believe it. I had been in the coal bin since right after breakfast. It's funny how the time goes when you're interested.

I went in the house. I saw The Molecule go in the dining-room. I went to the dining-room door. Aunt Caroline was in the dining-room. Flips was in the dining-room. A strange lady was in the dining-room.

The Molecule kissed the strange lady. He said: "Great to see you, Jane, old thing. Where's the bouncing baby boy?"

The strange lady said: "You'll see him

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

The Sole that saves you money

THE next time your work shoes need resoling ask your repairman to put on USKIDE. He will tell you that USKIDE will outwear any other sole that was ever made. *It will cut your shoe bills.* It's comfortable and easy on the feet. USKIDE is the material to tie to.

Here's what Jno. H. Krampf, a postman of Pittsburgh, has to say about this "Wonder Sole for Wear":

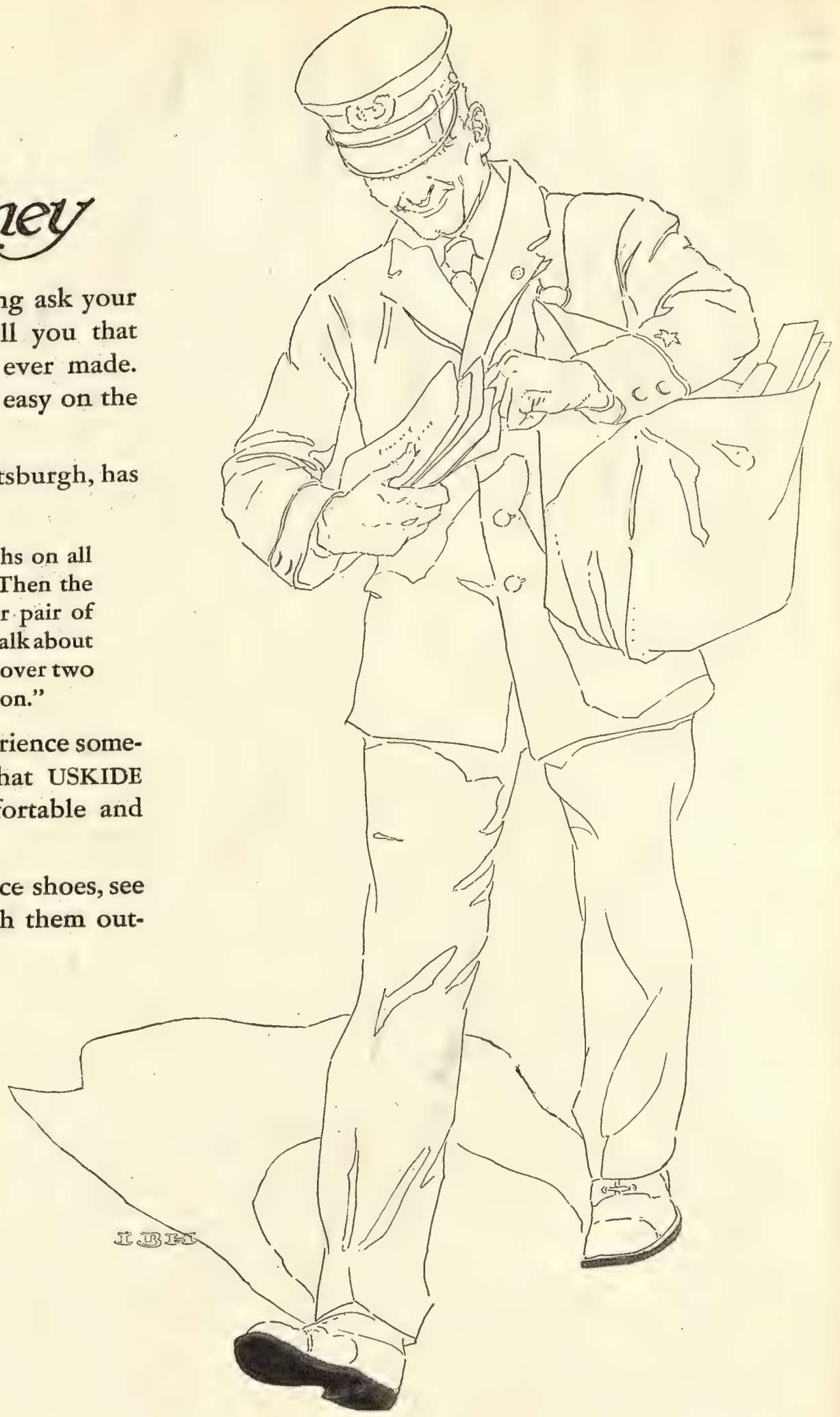
> "I wore a pair of USKIDE Soles for over six months on all kinds of pavements and in all kinds of weather. Then the uppers wore out and I put the soles on another pair of shoes and have now worn them another month. I walk about fifteen miles a day, so these soles have now gone over two thousand miles and they are still in good condition."

If money means anything to you, isn't this experience something to think about? And remember, too, that USKIDE Soles are non-slipping, waterproof, neat, comfortable and good-looking.

When you buy your next pair of heavy service shoes, see that they are soled with USKIDE—then watch them outlast the uppers.

USKIDE *outwore 3 leather soles*

One after the other, the three leather soles shown above at the right wore out while *one* USKIDE Sole on the shoe at the left, worn on the other foot, remained almost as good as new. From an actual wearing test by a hard walker of Boston.



United States Rubber Company
Room 404, 1790 Broadway,
New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me the free booklet "How to cut your shoe bill."

Name _____

Address _____

USKIDE *SOLES*

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

United States Rubber Company

1790 Broadway Trade Mark New York

Makers of the famous "U.S." Spring-Step Rubber Heels

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

after luncheon, Bobby. He's having a nap in the library."

The Molecule said: "Couldn't I just steal in for a peek at the little darling?"

Aunt Caroline gave The Molecule a look. It was not a kind look. She said: "Sit down and eat your luncheon, Robert!"

I wondered what a baby was. I wondered why there was so much talk about it. I wondered why The Molecule wanted to see it. I thought I would find out.

I started for the library. I saw black marks along the hall floor where I had come in. I looked behind me. I saw black marks from the dining-room door to where I was. Everywhere I went, black marks happened. It was strange.

I went in the library. There was something on the library couch. It had on a white dress. It had on white shoes. It had on white stockings. It had on a white cap with white ribbons. It was very still. It looked like one of the pretend-people little girls carry. I thought: "So this is a baby! It smells alive. Why doesn't it move?"

I gave the baby a nose-poke. Nothing happened. I gave it a face-lick. Its fingers began to go. I thought: "It can move, all right—but not much." I gave it another face-lick. I was surprised at what happened.

It began to wave its arms. It began to kick its feet. It said: "Wug gluggle da." It put its fingers around my nose.

WHEN The Molecule wants to play he grabs me by the nose. I thought: "It wants to play. I suppose I'd better play with it." I did.

I gave the baby paw-pokes. It waved its arms harder. I gave it nose-pokes and fun-bites and pretend-shakes. It made giggling sounds and noises like a rooster.

I jumped back to make a pounce. I didn't pounce. I was too surprised. I was never so surprised in my life.

The baby had turned black! Face, cap, ribbons, dress, shoes, stockings—all black. I could hardly believe it. I thought: "There's something wrong somewhere. I know it."

I sat down to think. I thought a long time. It came to me. *Coal bin!* I started to go away from there. Too late! The strange lady was coming in the library door. So was Aunt Caroline. So was Flips. So was The Molecule.

THE strange lady said: "Here's the Lambkin of the Skies, Bobby. Isn't he a pretty fine—"

She gave a shriek. So did Aunt Caroline. So did Flips. The strange lady went to the couch. She picked up the baby. She said, "My God! My child!"

The Molecule looked at the baby. He looked at me. He said: "Bless his little heart—he's been having a romp with Trouble."

I went away from there. I went out the front door. There is a hole under the front porch. I went in the hole. I lay down under the front porch. I thought I would stay there for a while and rest.

A motor car came round the house. The strange lady got in the motor car with the baby. Aunt Caroline stood on the porch. So did Flips. So did The Molecule.

Aunt Caroline said: "But just a little while, Jane dear. It won't hurt him."

The strange lady said: "Do you think I'd let a child of mine look like this one second longer than was necessary?" The motor car went away from there.

Aunt Caroline said: "And now, where's that dog? Call him this instant!"

The Molecule whistled. I came out from under the porch.

Aunt Caroline said: "Take him round the house and give him what he deserves!"

The Molecule said: "Leave it to me. Come, Snowdrift!"

The Molecule went to the back of the house. He went to the ice box. He got out a lamb chop. He said: "Take that, Foul Fiend!"

I ate the lamb chop. He said: "And that!" He gave me another lamb chop. I ate it. He said: "And that!" He gave me another lamb chop. He said: "I guess *that* will teach you a lesson!"

He went away from there.

I THOUGHT: "Good-by, Mr. Rat"—but it wasn't so.

Another page from the Diary of the impressionable Trub will be printed in an early issue of LIBERTY.

To Satisfy Yourself

Let us show you that the claims men make for this unique shaving cream are true—accept 10-day tube to try

GENTLEMEN:

You've heard men advance some pretty broad claims for Palmolive Shaving Cream. Claims which make your present favorite take second place.

Let us show you that the claims men make for this unique shaving cream are true—accept 10-day tube to try.

Palmolive Shaving Cream embodies the expressed desires of 1000 men who were asked to name their supreme desires in a shaving cream.

It is different in 5 major ways from any other shaving preparation you have ever used. Made by the makers of Palmolive, the world's leading toilet soap, 60 years of soap study stand behind it.

These 5 advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

Price 35¢

10 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1324, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

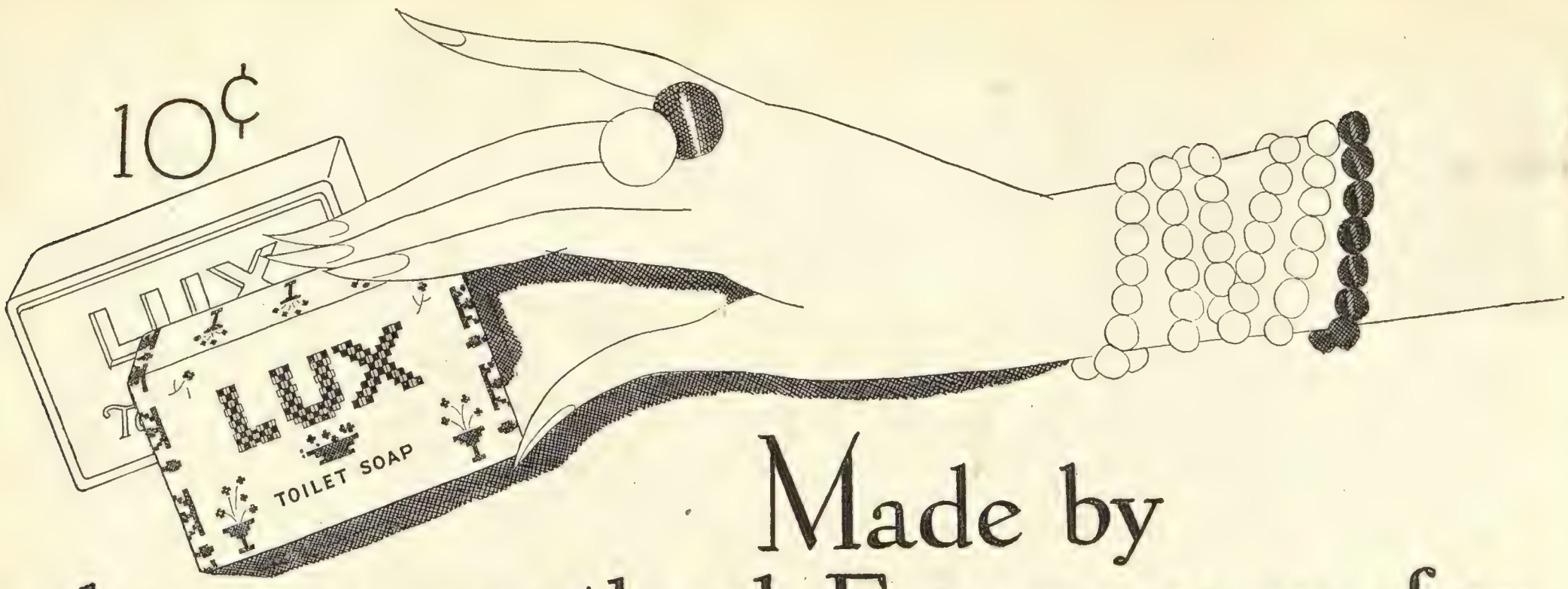
Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

3511



Made by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps

The Gift of a Smooth Skin *comes from beauty-wise France . . .*

THE country that understands women—France! For centuries the whole world has looked to that beauty-wise land for fine toilet soaps!

Small wonder that women wrote us, "Oh please make a soap as exquisite for our skin as fine French soap but not nearly, nearly as costly."

It was because France knew that her incomparable powders, perfumes, cosmetics, lose their magic if the skin itself is not *smooth* and exquisite, that years ago she developed her famous method of making fine toilet soap. And —because the makers of Lux are the world's largest makers of soap—we *were* able to make "a soap as adorable as French soap but not so costly."

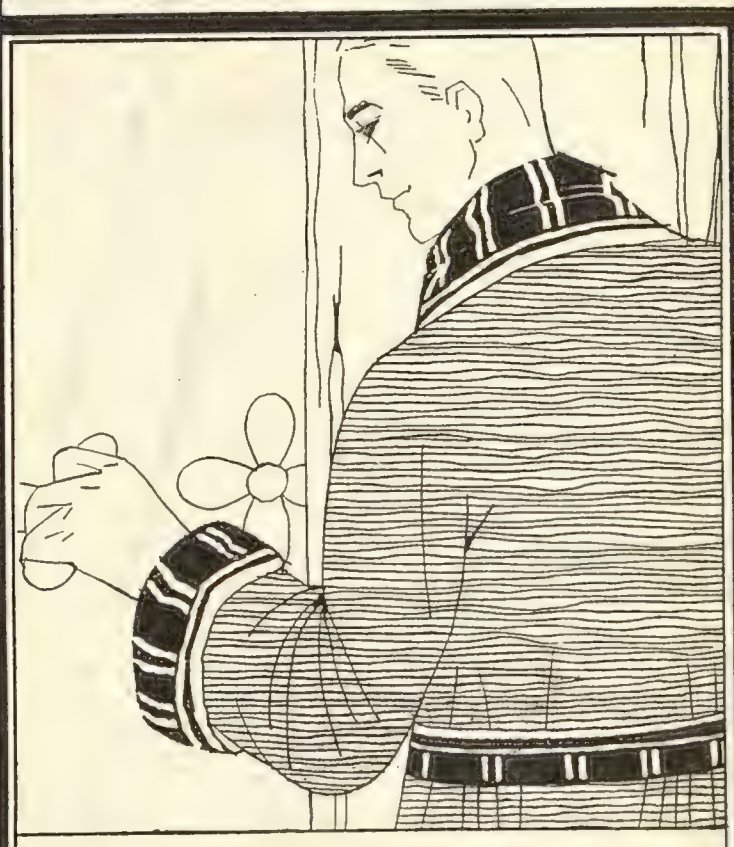
We made Lux Toilet Soap—*we made it by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps.* Quite differently from the white soaps you are used to.

The famous French method makes Lux Toilet Soap the firm fine-textured cake that your fingers recognize as true *savon de toilette.* Makes the creamy, bubbling lather, that even hard water can't quell, caress your skin—giving it the same satin-smooth feeling you used to adore after costly imported soap. Lux Toilet Soap tends your skin the true French way!

France with her passion for perfection—America with her genius for achievement! Ten cents for a cake of Lux Toilet Soap—generous, long lasting, delicately fragrant! Wherever toilet soap is sold you will find this *savon de toilette* for all the family. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Yesterday 50c for a fine French soap—Today the same luxury for just 10c.

Safe and gentle—such fragrant cleansing



Instant dancing lather—ample, refreshing

LUX
TOILET SOAP

From Leslie's Weekly

A CIVIL WAR draft riot in New York City, in which many were killed and wounded.

The DRAFT *in* 1863 *and* 1917

The Story of Lincoln's Troubles in Raising Armies and Why Wilson's Task Was Easy

An Article by BRIGADIER GENERAL

HENRY J. REILLY

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The Selective Service Act, or draft law, was passed by Congress ten years ago this week, on May 18, 1917.]

A WILD mob armed with sticks, crowbars, stones, and firearms of every description surges against the closed doors of the Cooper Street Armory in Boston. Extemporized battering-rams and the blows from a number of human bodies hurled together are used in an effort to break them down.

Shots from the windows of the armory, answered by those of the mob who have firearms, take effect here and there, killing and wounding, but the mob persists. Finally the doors yield with a crash, accompanied by a yell of exultation from the mob. Many of the mob leaders are thrown down by the rush of the eager crowd behind.

At the moment of the crash, as the mob surges in, four streaks of flame, accompanied by billowing clouds of smoke, belch from the armory, while four loud explosions enable even the wildest and most distant member of the crowd to realize that four field guns just within the broken door have fired into them.

The instantly killed crumple in their own blood where they are; the mortally wounded stagger a few steps and fall or are knocked down by the crowd struggling to get away from the unexpected inferno. The less seriously wounded and the uninjured flee madly in all directions, many of them screaming with terror.

At the same hour, New York City is in wild confusion. A mob, as savage as the Boston one, attacks the State Arsenal. Fortunately for them, but unhappily for the forty soldiers stationed inside, this small garrison has no field guns.

With their muskets they do the best they can, killing about twenty-five and wounding a greater number. At first the fire checks the mob. Then, infuriated by their loss, they storm and capture the arsenal. They beat or stab to death the forty soldiers and throw their bodies into the neighboring streets and alleyways.

While this is going on, the flames destroying the New York Provost Marshal's office, previously set on fire by the mob, are spreading to adjacent buildings. Firemen promptly arrive, but are kept off by the mob, which does not hesitate to engage in a serious battle with the police. Despite the latter's use of firearms, the mob, in a furious attack, subdues them.

Following the capture and sacking of the arsenal, several hotels, a colored orphan asylum, and a new armory building are burnt to the ground.

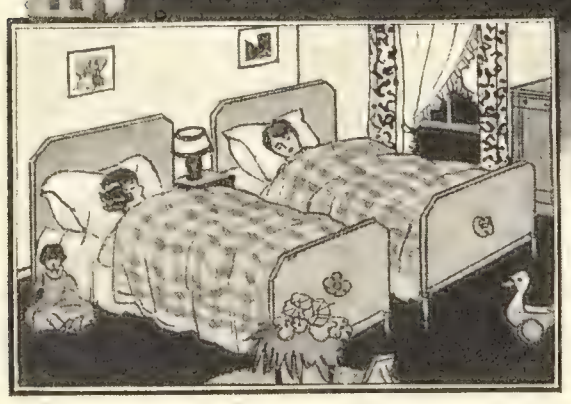
[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

Brown Brothers photo

NEW YORK CITY'S response to the draft in 1917. These men, parading down Fifth Avenue between the cheering crowds on the sidewalks, showed the development of the national spirit since the Civil War.

Hot Days and Nights are Coming

Make Your Home more comfortably Cool---
Shut Out the Heat with Flax-li-num



REMEMBER *last* summer—those hot days—and those *nights* when the upstairs rooms were so hot that rest was impossible? Why suffer with such discomfort when it is so easy to *shut out* the heat that pours through ordinary roofs and makes an oven of your home?

Correct construction provides a heat-stopping material that shuts out the heat in summer and keeps it in during the winter. This *insulation* is not expensive—in fact, *it is a most profitable investment.* It enables you to keep warm in winter at one-third less cost for fuel. If you are about to build or buy a home, see that it is insulated in accordance with the standard FLAX-LI-NUM specification, which calls for ½-inch in the side walls and 1-inch in the ceiling. A full one-third saving in fuel can be secured in your home when this FLAX-LI-NUM specification is followed.

If your home is not insulated, 1-inch FLAX-LI-NUM can be installed in your roof or attic. Send for samples and complete information.

Flax-li-num Lasts as Long as the Building

Flax fibre has to be raked from the fields because it will not rot. It is from this tough, long-lived material that FLAX-LI-NUM is made. The flax fibre is completely purified, then made into semi-rigid sheets. No binder is used, hence there can be no deterioration. FLAX-LI-NUM will stay in place, in perfect condition, so long as the building stands. Coming in semi-rigid sheets, FLAX-LI-NUM is easy to handle and install. It never cracks, warps or buckles. Fifteen or twenty years after it is installed, FLAX-LI-NUM is just as efficient as the day the house was completed.

Flax-li-num Excels as a Method and Material

Being half-way between inner and outer walls, FLAX-LI-NUM gives six surface resistances instead of four, and two air spaces instead of one. As every surface in a wall acts as a heat stop, the FLAX-LI-NUM "six-surface-drop" method is highest in efficiency.

FLAX-LI-NUM contains millions of tiny dead air cells in and between its fibres. Its excellence has been proved for nearly 17 years in all kinds of buildings and all kinds of climates. For years it has been the preferred material for refrigerator car insulation.

FLAX-LI-NUM INSULATING COMPANY, *St. Paul, Minnesota*

Flax-li-num

THE CORRECT BUILDING INSULATION AND SOUND CONTROL MATERIAL

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

That night, and for the next three days and nights, mobs appear all over the city, destroying what they please. Private residences are looted by force, innocent citizens robbed on the street, and every Negro foolish enough to venture out is hanged to a lamppost or beaten to death.

Finally New York troops arrive from Gettysburg, where, after three days of bloody fighting, Lee's last invasion of the North has been stopped. Using the rough tactics of combat troops in battle, and not the gentler methods of police, these regiments subdue the mob and restore order.

In Troy, New York, and in a number of counties of Wisconsin and Pennsylvania, scenes of violence, differing only in intensity, are taking place.

All this disorder occurred in July, 1863, as the result of the Federal Government's first effort to enforce the draft during the Civil War—the war that determined whether this country would be one nation, peacefully stretching from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico and the Gulf; or two nations, with an armed frontier similar to that of France and Germany, and, like those two nations, periodically engaged in war.

FIFTY - FOUR years later.

A Boston city street, with flags flying over every building and from most of the windows; red, white, and blue bunting everywhere; the sidewalks lined with crowds of people, some in a holiday mood, some quiet and reserved, but all friendly and interested. The police perform their duties pleasantly, knowing that they and the crowd are one in sentiment with respect to the occasion. Soon martial music is heard, and the crowd twists and stares, pushing against the good-natured policemen in order to see better.

Then comes a brass band, followed by a column of men, not armed and not in uniform, but in every conceivable type of civilian clothes, from the high-priced clothing of the rich and high-salaried to the more modest and ready-made suits of the less fortunate. Many carry parcels of various kinds. The march order they keep is far from good, but it is evident that every man is willingly moving toward his destination.

The crowd on the sidewalk cheers, calls out to friends, and waves farewell; some women weep. The veriest stranger, unacquainted with the reason for the scene, but watching it, could not fail to understand that the people on the sidewalks and in the windows are honoring the men in the column, who, in their turn, feel proud of the mission on which they are bound, and satisfied and pleased with the farewell given.

In New York and everywhere else throughout the nation similar scenes are taking place.

THIS picture is familiar to all who were in the United States at the time the men called into service by the Selective Service Act of 1917 left their homes for the training camps, from which a large proportion of them subsequently went to Europe to fight in a war which, while of great importance to us, carried no threat of disaster to the country, as did our Civil War.

Why this tremendous difference in the attitude of the men whom our government needed for service?

This great contrast was not limited to the men liable for service. It was reflected in the attitude and actions of state officials and other leaders of public opinion. In August, 1863, after the draft riots had been suppressed, the Governor of New York wanted the draft suspended until its constitutionality could be determined by the courts.

On another occasion he complained to President Lincoln that the enrollments in several districts were made neither accurately nor honestly. The Governor of New Jersey wanted a considerable delay in putting the draft into effect. Toward the end of the war, Vermont claimed that the quota assigned her was unjust and made in bad faith. The 1863 State Democratic conventions of New York and Ohio passed resolutions condemning the draft as unconstitutional.

Many leaders of public opinion throughout the North took the same point of view. One of the most famous cases was that of Mr. Vallandigham, a member of Congress, and the Democratic nominee for Governor of Ohio. The extent to which he carried his opposition is shown by quotations from Mr. Lincoln's reply to a committee that sought his release from custody:

> We all know that combinations armed in some instances to resist the arrest of deserters began several months ago; that more recently the like has appeared in resistance to the enrollment preparatory to a draft; and that quite a number of assassinations have occurred from the same animus. These had to be met by military force and this again has led to bloodshed and death. . . . With perfect knowledge of this he [Mr. Vallandigham] has frequently if not constantly made speeches in Congress and before popular assemblies. . . . The whole burden of his speeches has been to stir up men against the prosecution of the war. . . .
>
> Your nominee for Governor in whose behalf you appeal is known to you and to the world to declare against the use of an army to suppress the rebellion. Your own attitude, therefore, encourages desertion, resistance to the draft, and the like because it teaches those who incline to desert and to escape the draft to believe it is your purpose to protect them and to hope that you will become strong enough to do so.

THE heavy cash bounties offered men to enlist in the Union Army in the Civil War are shown in this drawing of the New York City Hall recruiting station from Leslie's Weekly.

HOW different a situation from the one obtaining in 1917 and 1918, when every Governor, every public official and leader—with such minor exceptions as generally to escape notice—supported the Selective Service Act, which called our manhood to service in the army!

The danger to the country that existed at the time the Civil War Draft Act became law, and the absence of it when the Selective Service Act was passed, would lead anyone unacquainted with the facts to believe that the Civil War draft was the one gladly responded to, and the World War draft the one that was resisted.

The first year of the Civil War, volunteering in the North was enthusiastic. The North was determined to bring the Confederacy to terms.

Undoubtedly the results produced at this time were what later gave Mr. William Jennings Bryan his idea that a million men would spring to arms overnight.

By the spring of 1862, the Union armies in the field actually numbered 637,000. By the time the draft was determined upon, 1,356,593 men had already volunteered. This, as shown by the 1860 census.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

A digestive aid that quits when its task is done

GASTROGEN Tablets are good —very good—for the prompt relief of indigestion, gas and other after-dinner discomfort. So are bicarbonate of soda and preparations containing it.

But there's one objection to alkalies like "bicarb"—one respect in which they go too far. Unless you measure your dose to a nicety, your stomach is left with an alkaline residue which interferes with normal digestion.

Gastrogen Tablets do not disturb normal digestion

The stomach, you know, should be *slightly* acid (1/5 of one percent). And until nature restores this delicate balance of acidity, normal digestion cannot proceed.

The interesting thing about Gastrogen Tablets is that the moment they overcome the hyperacidity that makes you uncomfortable, they stop their work. Your stomach remains "in neutral." Any excess of Gastrogen Tablets simply passes along through your system without further effect. You might eat a pound of them, and they would have no power to alkalize the contents of your stomach.

So, next time your dinner brings you discomfort, try Gastrogen Tablets. They are mild, safe, effective. They will quickly drive away your indigestion, heartburn and gas. They are aromatic and pleasant to the taste, and they are extraordinarily good for sweetening the breath.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you wish to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

GASTROGEN *Tablets*

© Bristol-Myers Co., 1926

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-57
73 West Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets

Name _____

Address _____

Shorten the days and the distance with —

"U.S." SPRING-STEP RUBBER HEELS

The only heel made of SPRAYED RUBBER

LIFE'S most frequent knocks come from the sidewalk. The best way to avoid them is to wear "U.S." Spring-Step Heels. These durable shock absorbers start the day right—put pep in your stride—save your energy—help you to finish strong. Combine business with pleasure. Step out with "U.S." Spring-Steps. That's *real* walking. Notice the velvety smoothness that soothes the nerves and stores up energy. Ask your repairman for "U.S." Spring-Step Heels ~ ~ ~ then notice the difference.

United States Rubber Company
Trade Mark

Creators of the famous USKIDE soles—"The wonder sole for wear"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

out of a total male population of the loyal States of 10,795,422.

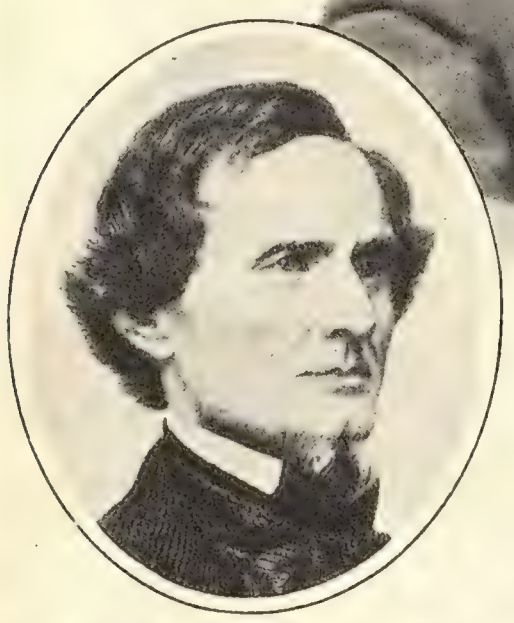
However, as is always the case in a war of any magnitude between peoples determined not to yield, the number of adventurous men who want to go, coupled with the number whose sense of duty and patriotism causes them to put to one side every selfish, personal consideration, is never sufficient. The time always arises, so well described in the words of Mr. Lincoln, when:

"We must have more men or relinquish the original object of the contest, together with all the blood and treasure already expended in the effort to secure it."

McCLELLAN'S Peninsular Campaign, which took him nearer to Richmond than the Union army was again to be for two years, failed. Shortly after, General Pope was beaten in the second battle of Bull Run. General Lee, as the result of these successes, had started to invade the North. The Union army succeeded in stopping him by the bloody battle of Antietam. However, the resulting losses served still further to diminish the steadily decreasing strength of the army.

What was worse, Mr. Lincoln's call for 300,000 volunteers to fill the ranks met with a decidedly inadequate response. An effort to gain time by calling out 300,000 militiamen for nine months, each State to draft the number needed to complete its quota after volunteering stopped, also failed.

The winter of 1862-63 saw the unsuccessful campaign in which General Lee beat General Burnside at Fredericksburg. Meanwhile the Confederate draft law of April 16, 1862, was in successful operation and producing a steadily increasing number of men. Thus, in the spring of 1863, Lee found himself victorious and with a man power sufficient both to make good his casualties and to increase his total strength. When the draft act became a law on March 3, 1863, it must have been apparent to the North that if the Confederates were to be beaten, men for the army must be had.

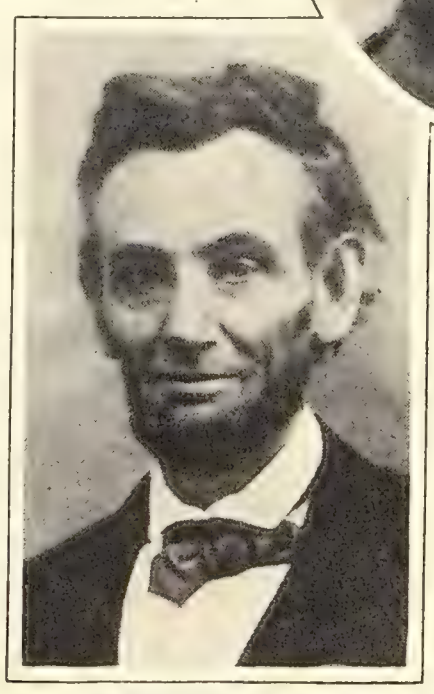


President Jefferson Davis of the Confederacy.

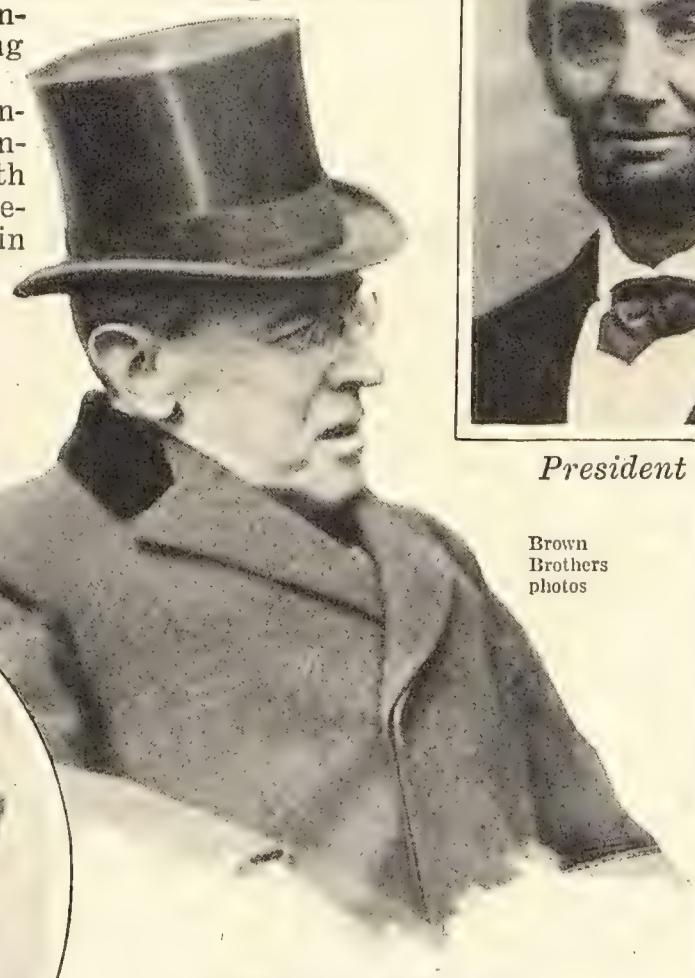
It is true that when our Selective Service Act was passed in 1917 the Allies were in a precarious position. There can be no doubt that the morale of the British and French peoples in particular, and that of their armies to a lesser extent, was low. They had come to the conclusion that the Germans were unbeatable. They knew Russia's dropping out inevitably meant the increase of German forces on the Western Front by the divisions from the Russian Front.

However, most of our people were not acquainted with this desperate situation. Persistent propaganda, which made the Germans always unsuccessful and the Allies always successful, deceived them. In fact, our country so little understood how critical was the situation that the British and French sent over an uninvited joint mission to tell the desperateness of their plight and the consequent necessity to hurry our arrival in Europe.

Thus, there can be little doubt that our people, while entering the war



President Lincoln.



Brown Brothers photos

Woodrow Wilson, World War President.

to fight for abstract principles, such as "Making the World Safe for Democracy" and "the Right of Self-Determination," were primarily influenced by the desire to show Germany that she could not insult this country and "get away with it." While here and there an individual believed Germany would invade us next, should the Allies lose, the majority considered such an idea "bunk." In other words, the average American did not believe that the safety of the United States was threatened.

At the time of the Civil War our people were predominantly Anglo-Saxon-Celts, claimed by themselves to be the most ready in the world to fight to uphold principles in which they believed. At the time of the World War much of our population had come from central and southern Europe. Yet we were readier to fight than during the Civil War.

President Lincoln was elected by a new party that had come into existence primarily to insure the preservation of this Union. Mr. Wilson was re-elected President on a number of issues, but predominant among them was the slogan, "He Kept Us Out of War."

Why do all the circumstances of

Major General E. H. Crowder, framer of the 1917 draft law.

the two wars apparently indicate that what might reasonably have been expected to happen in the case of each actually happened the other way around?

The Civil War draft relied upon a purely Federal organization. The unit of this organization was the Federal Congressional District. Every one of these districts was subdivided into units, the number of which depended upon its size and density of population. In Washington, at the head of this organization, was a Provost Marshal General. The draft in each State was controlled by an Assistant Provost Marshal General; that in each Congressional district by a Provost Marshal; and in each division of the district by an Assistant Provost Marshal. All of these were Federal Army officers.

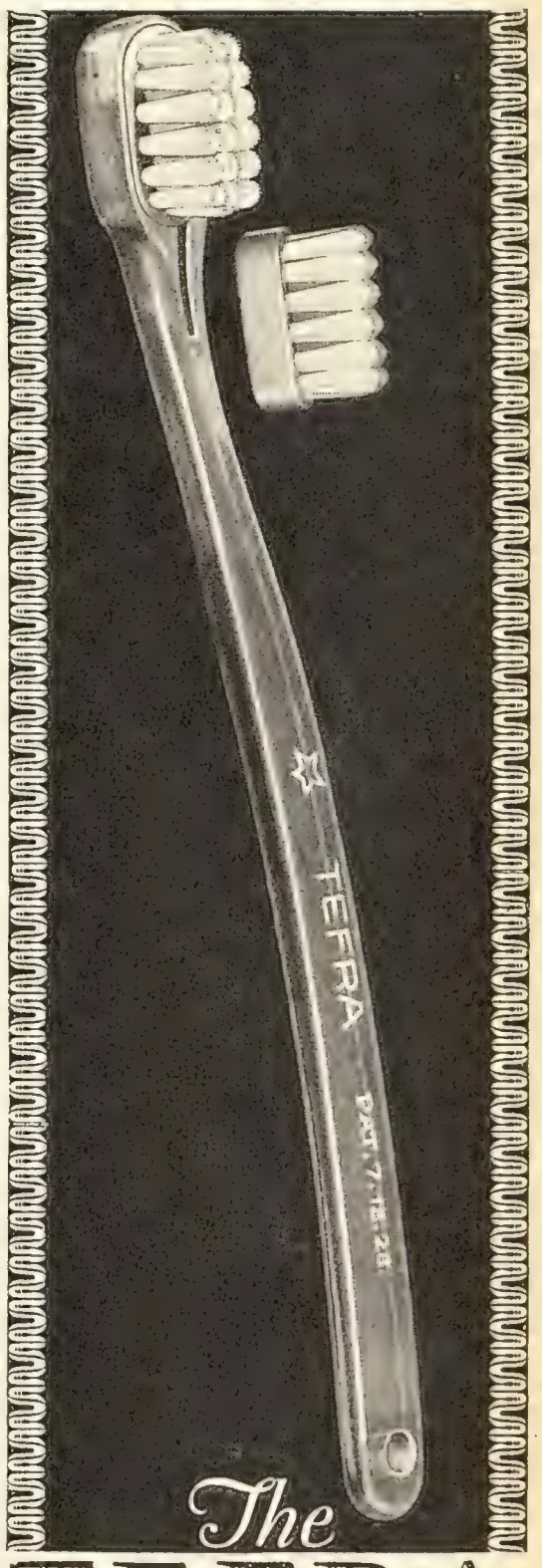
For each Congressional district there was an enrollment board, made up of the District Provost Marshal, an army surgeon, and a Federal commissioner. Thus, the whole machinery of the draft was directly controlled from Washington, without in any way relying upon State or local officials or public opinion.

The first step was to enroll the men of draft age. The draft officers went from house to house, listing the men. Where there was any resistance, troops were used to overcome it by force. Ninety-eight registrars were killed or wounded during the enrollment. When men were needed, the President issued a call for so many volunteers, and stated in his proclamation that if the number apportioned to each State was not filled by a given date, the Federal Government would draft the difference. A drafted man, if rich

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A new tooth brush—
SMALLER, *refillable*

Two new features the Tefra offers. A smaller brush, such as dentists everywhere are recommending, to get where ordinary tooth brushes won't go, in deepest crevices, remotest angles. A refillable brush, that you may have as many new brushes as dentists insist upon, for much less than usual tooth brush cost. Tefra brush, with extra refill, only $1. Fresh, hygienic refills are 2 for 50c, 5 for $1. Buy them by the box. Bristles are of the very highest grade.



The next best thing to your dentist

If your druggist hasn't received his supply of Tefra Tooth Brushes, write his name below, enclosing $1. We will mail a Tefra Brush and one extra refill.

.....MAIL THIS COUPON.....

The TEFRA Co., Dayton, Ohio, Dept. 11-G
Gentlemen: I am enclosing $1 for Tefra Tooth Brush and extra refill. Bristles: Medium☐ Hard☐

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... *State*.....

Druggist's Name.....

Your Face Deserves The Best

THE self-stropping Valet AutoStrop Razor gives you this face insurance. Day after day you will enjoy smooth, correct shaves that soothe and protect your skin, keeping your face young.

Here's a complete shaving service. A razor and stropper ingeniously combined. Nothing to take apart or assemble. It provides a freshly-stropped, keen blade for slick, rapid shaves that *SAVE YOUR FACE.*

GUARANTEE

We wish that every user of a Valet AutoStrop Razor be constantly enthusiastic. Should anything happen to yours affecting its perfect service, send it to us and we will restore it to perfect condition, without charge.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 656 First Ave., New York, N. Y.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

The STANDARD

$5.00

Sharpens its own blades

[THE DRAFT—IN 1863 AND 1917 Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

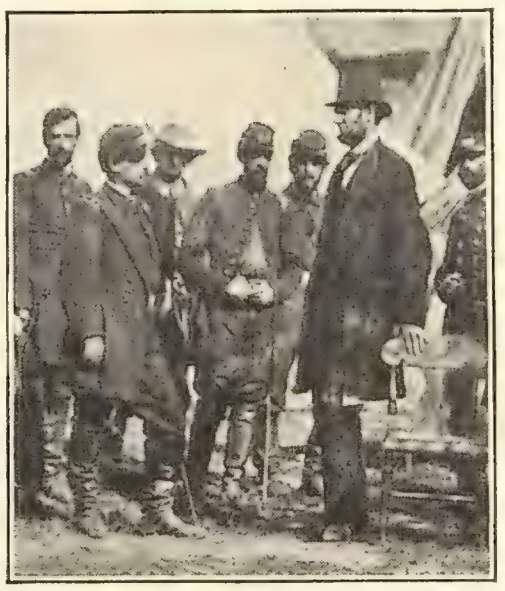
enough, could escape service by payment of $300, or by buying a substitute; that is, by persuading some man not drafted to serve for him as the result of a money consideration.

The result of this method is best described in the words of Major General E. H. Crowder, who, as Provost Marshal General, so successfully administered the Selective Service Act during the World War. He says:

"So, when a call for men was made, each State and subdivision entered upon a mad race to fill its allotment with volunteers. Pride and fear combined to make the contest bitter. Larger and larger became the bounties offered with the hope of inducing a sufficient number of volunteers to come forward and thus to escape the ignominy and dread of conscription. So it came about that the wealthy communities, reaching out into the poorer districts, bought up their man power and applied it to their own credit.

"Thus it also resulted that the citizens in the wealthy districts staved off the draft, while the citizens in the poorer districts found that the volunteer who might have offered in his own locality had gone to the fields of larger bounty and there enlisted.

"Failing in their volunteers, bought by richer neighbor localities, the poorer districts found the draft drawing on them with a double severity."



Albert Davis Collection

President Lincoln visiting General McClellan (second from left) at Antietam.

The extremes to which some draft officers went is best illustrated by a letter from President Lincoln to a Kentucky draft officer:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, D. C.
February 7, 1865.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL ——
Commanding Post at ——,
Kentucky.

Complaint is made to me that you are forcing negroes into the military service, and even torturing them—riding them on rails and the like—to extort their consent. I hope this may be a mistake. The like must not be done by you, or anyone under you. You must not force negroes more than white men. Answer me on this. A. LINCOLN.

The draft in the Civil War was used as a club in the hands of the Federal Government to make the States produce the number of men needed by the volunteer system. Failing that, it took those too poor to buy themselves off, in very much the same way that the police gather in a "suspect."

Under it the army gained 1,300,000 men. However, only 46,347 were actually drafted, the balance being those who preferred to volunteer or were bought substitutes.

The Confederate Congress passed its first draft law April 16, 1862, nearly a year before the Union law. It was contrary to the theory of the sovereignty of each State as laid down in the preamble of the provisional Constitution. However, the Confederate President, Jefferson Davis, was insistent upon its necessity. His military experience in the army and as Secretary of War had taught him that only by conscription can the necessary man power be obtained to fight a first-class war to a finish.

THE Union forces were successful in the West; New Orleans was falling into Farragut's hands; McClellan with a large force was advancing up the Peninsula on Richmond. In another month the year's enlistment of 148 regiments would be up. Volunteering, which was not meeting the existing demands, could not make good any such loss as this.

The law declared every able-bodied white man between eighteen and thirty-five, with certain exemptions, to be subject to draft; this not by the States, but by the Confederate Government. The term of service was for three years. The men then serving in the army were included in its provisions.

While this act provided men as needed, the greatest military benefit came, first, from the retention in service of the veterans of the first year of the war, and, second, from the use of the conscripted men to keep the existing units at full strength. This meant that the Confederate regiments steadily increased in battle efficiency.

The general Federal practice was to organize new regiments at each call of the President for men. Thus, the old experienced regiments at the front dwindled away from lack of replacements.

The Confederate preservation of the original regiments, and their use, from the very beginning, of every trained officer available, instead of following the general Union practice of considering leadership or political influence in civil life as the primary qualification for a commission, undoubtedly were the principal reasons why the Confederacy was able to hold out as long as it did.

The use of substitutes was permitted. The resultant escape of the rich at the cost of greater service by the poor caused many scandals. Some newspapers and political leaders insisted that the law was unconstitutional, as it undoubtedly was. In the fall of 1863 the Confederate Congress passed a second act, extending the age limit to forty-five.

Due to inaccurate and lost records the estimates of how many men were enrolled for service under the law vary from 600,000 to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

1,100,000. At least 300,000 of these actually reached the first-line combat regiments.

In the last six months of the war conscription utterly broke down. The Union forces occupied a large proportion of the South, thus cutting off the man power of that section. The rapidly spreading belief that the war was lost, coupled with the breakdown of the Confederate government's power of compulsion, encouraged evasion on the part of those within reach of the army.

Brown Brothers photo

Congressman Clement Vallandigham of Ohio, censured by Lincoln for opposing the draft.

THE Selective Service Act in the Great War came into existence when President Wilson asked General Crowder, then Judge Advocate General, to frame a law permitting him to draft an army of 500,000 men.

The President's advisers insisted it was unsafe to send such a law to Congress, as it would never pass. Disregarding them, Mr. Wilson submitted it, with the result that it *was* passed. Thus the Selective Service Act became law on May 18, 1917.

The officers who drafted the law, familiar with the mistakes of the Civil War draft, made every effort to avoid them. One officer in particular, Brigadier General Hugh S. Johnson, showed himself to be unusually adept in devising steps that would produce the most favorable public reaction.

Every attempt was made to avoid military dominance and violation of State and individual rights. To quote one officer: "A law that so deeply affects the liberties of the people, and requires a portion of them to jeopardize their lives in the protection of the government, must insure that the burden be equitably borne throughout the country."

The law required the organization of approximately 4,600 local boards and 150 district boards, with legal and medical auxiliaries. The appointment of these boards was put in the hands of the States.

Every effort was made to get away from the military aspect, and to have the people of each community understand that the question of who should go and who not was really in their hands. The system of drawing numbers to establish priority in being called was so obviously just, and so far above suspicion in the method used, that the country accepted it enthusiastically.

But two exemptions were allowed: domestic, when a man was married; and industrial, when a man was needed for certain occupations essential to the successful prosecution of the war. When it was found that the law had overlooked the fact that exempted men or men not yet called might be idle while others were taken from their occupations, the Provost Marshal General's office drafted the "Work or Fight" order. This provided that, regardless of where a man's number put him in the "call," unless usefully employed his time had come to serve in the army.

The draft of this order was taken to the Council of National Defense, where the criticisms were made that there was no shortage of labor, that the order was an insult to labor, and that it would never get by the White House. The order, after reaching the White House, apparently disappeared. Finally "Uncle" Joe Cannon, who was very much interested, found out where it was. He proceeded to operate through Mr. Burleson. The order came back to the Provost Marshal General's office, but "disapproved" in red ink.

Shortly afterward a newspaper reporter got possession of it, and published it. The important newspapers in the country immediately took it up enthusiastically. The politicians soon saw that, as usual, they had underestimated the right-mindedness of the American people. Labor was not insulted. Everyone saw the fairness of the order.

The demand for its inclusion in the law became so strong that the President had it returned to him. Within twenty-four hours it was law. There could be no better indication than this of the enthusiasm and understanding of our people.

ANOTHER indication is the fact that in not one of the cases brought before courts of final resort was the Selective Service Act decided to be unconstitutional or illegal.

The principle of the act was sound. Its operation was successful, in that it furnished the men needed in such numbers and at such times and places as were desired. Our people were so satisfied with it that public opinion rapidly crystallized in its favor.

© Brown Brothers

The Civil War recruiting station at Broadway and Park Row, New York.

The contrast between what happened during the Civil War and the Great War may be summed up as one caused primarily by the difference between a draft including unfair distinction based on wealth, ruthlessly administered by the Federal authorities, and selective service democratically applied to all and administered in each community by a group of its inhabitants, backed up and checked up in their actions by the public opinion of their neighbors.

The reason for the reluctance of many to fight in the Civil War and the readiness of all to fight in the World War is due to the steady growth of nationalism as opposed to the sectionalism of State rights.

During the Revolutionary War the people of the thirteen colonies fought less to found a nation than to escape the tyranny of Great Britain. From then until the Civil War settled the question forever by making the Union "one and inseparable," our people were divided between those who believed the States supreme and those who insisted the Union came first. While in general the believers in State rights lived in the South, the North contained many either opposed to or lukewarm toward the Northern cause.

The majority of these, together with the weak and the selfish who wished to escape service, like the French and British "Defeatists" in the World War, took advantage of every defeat and other difficulty to hinder the government, in the hope of bringing about peace.

From the Civil War on, there has been no question that loyalty is owed to the Federal Government, with the consequence that the sense of nationalism, of being an American, has steadily increased.

After the outbreak of the World War, most Europeans and a number of Americans made the mistake of looking at the conflict primarily from the point of view of the various European contestants and not from that of America. Groups of rabid European sympathizers, gladly joined by Europeans domiciled in but not citizens of this country, did not hesitate to accuse any American of disloyalty who did not join them in their cry for immediate intervention.

EUROPE, eager for our help, naturally did not fail fully to exploit such an opportunity to discredit those Americans—the majority—who wanted to understand what was really being fought for and to be sure the Czar was on the side of democracy before they disobeyed Washington's repeated injunction to keep away from Europe.

So far was this carried that some Americans forgot what the average European still fails to realize, that the people of this country are a nation united in their Americanism by principles that transcend the call of blood as much as British nationalism overrides Saxon, Danish, Norman, and other bloods, or as French nationalism subdues the call of their Flemish, Germanic, Norse, Breton, Savoyard, Basque, and other bloods.

The proof that we are a united nation lies in the names of the long list in the Civil War, and in the much shorter but more diversified list of the World War, of those who sacrificed their lives at their country's call.

THE END

ASK . . . ANY . . . RADIO . . . ENGINEER

The "Mountie" isn't lonely any more

WHEN the supply ship steams south from the last outpost of northern civilization in September, not to return until the following July, loneliness will never again beset the lives of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who patrol that vast, wild area.

Radio is now brightening the long winter nights with music, special programs, messages and greetings from their "home folks."

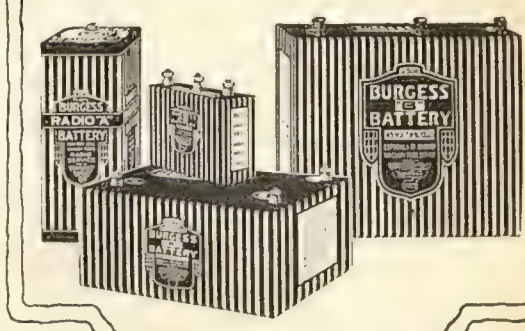
And in the receiving sets of the "Mounties" is the best equipment obtainable. The batteries they use *must* be dependable. They *must* serve until new supplies are brought in a year later.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO

Canadian Factories and Offices: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg



BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

"Mum" is the word!

"Mum" is the effective deodorant cream for neutralizing the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

"Mum" is an essential part of the daily toilette. Particular women insist upon their personal daintiness being above reproach.

In the morning a touch of "Mum" to the underarm, and wherever perspiration is closely confined, is a positive guarantee of freedom from body odors—for all day and evening.

The widespread use of "Mum" with the sanitary napkin is proof not only of its effectiveness but also of its entire safety.

"Mum" is 25c and 50c at all stores. Or from us postpaid. Also special size of "Mum"—10c postpaid.

Mum Mfg. Co. 1123 Chestnut St., Phila. Pa.

"Mum" prevents all body odors

Get Ready for Summer Driving!

Summer heat—fiery blast of countless rapid explosions in the cylinders will soon combine to subject your radiator to a test of its utmost efficiency. Your radiator must work perfectly to protect your motor. Without it your motor would burn up! Now is the time to assure yourself of perfect radiation for the whole summer. Flush your radiator thoroughly with plenty of clean water. Then shut off the drain, pour in a can of SEAL FAST and refill with clean water. Bowes Seal Fast Radiator Liquid prevents rust and scale formation, and mends all leaks the moment they develop. Your radiator will work at its best all summer.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE!

"Sold the World Over"

BOWES SEAL FAST RADIATOR LIQUID

75c AT YOUR DEALERS OR POSTPAID

BOWES SEAL FAST CORPORATION
Bowes Bldg. Indianapolis

Twenty Questions

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions will be republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—Who were the twelve Apostles?

2—What is the most densely populated State? The sparsest?

3—Which size of incomes paid the largest proportion of Federal Income Tax revenue last year?

4—What is the chief cause of airplane accidents?

5—Where did the "Pittsburgh stogie" gets its name?

6—Why was the English sparrow brought to America?

7—How many ships pass through the Panama Canal in a year?

8—What two European nations have signed a treaty agreeing never to make war upon each other for any reason?

9—Who said: "I would rather be right than be President"?

10—What was the longest item of news ever telegraphed to a newspaper?

11—What Revolutionary general's grave could not be found when Congress wished to put a monument over it?

12—How fast does a wild goose fly?

13—What American discovered the principle of the telegraph and built the first electric bell?

14—Who was the first Negro to hold a Federal office in the United States?

15—When and by whom was the first movie studio in Hollywood built?

16—How long does the average American live?

17—What big league baseball manager disbanded his team because it won too many pennants?

18—What nation leads the world in commercial aviation?

19—How did the name Potter's Field originate?

20—Through what bodies of water must a traveler pass sailing from New York to San Francisco?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What piece of furniture is the cause of the greatest number of accidents in the home?
A.—The bathtub, according to the records of a large insurance company.

2—How many members of the Roosevelt family have held the post of Assistant Secretary of the Navy?
A.—Four: Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and T. D. Robinson, nephew of the first.

3—Who started Arbor Day?
A.—Ex-Gov. J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska. At his suggestion the State Agricultural Society appointed April 20 as the day, and the first one was celebrated in 1872.

4—From what are kid gloves made and why are they so called?
A.—Originally they were made from kidskin. Now only the finest are of this material, and the ordinary kid glove is made from lambskin.

5—What is caviar?
A.—The eggs of the sturgeon.

6—What public utility in the United States has the greatest number of employees?
A.—The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, with 293,000 employees, according to a recent survey.

7—Why are left-handed baseball pitchers called southpaws?
A.—Because nearly all baseball diamonds are laid out so that the home plate is southwest of the pitcher's box. The southpaws are so called because they swing their arms to the south when pitching.

8—Why are lead pencils so called, when their core is actually made of graphite?
A.—Metallic lead was used for pencil cores as late as the nineteenth century, when graphite came into favor. The original name was retained.

9—Who were the first white men to cross the United States?
A.—Captain Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, who left Washington with an exploration party in 1803 and reached the Pacific Ocean in November, 1805.

10—Why is some hair naturally more curly than others?
A.—Generally speaking, hair curls in proportion to its flatness. The rounder it is, the straighter.

11—What insect helps to produce writing ink?
A.—Gallflies of many species deposit their eggs in the tissues of plants, causing wartlike growths called galls. These galls, particularly oak galls, containing tannin, are used in the manufacture of black writing ink.

12—Did the potato originate in Ireland?
A.—No. It was indigenous to America. It was introduced into Cork, Ireland, by Sir Walter Raleigh in the sixteenth century.

13—When were forks first used?
A.—In Italy in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Queen Elizabeth was the first English sovereign to use one, which was considered a great affectation. A celebrated divine even preached a sermon against them as an insult to the Almighty, who gave us fingers for the purpose.

14—When was an antiseptic first used in surgery?
A.—In May, 1866, Lord Lister used German creosote, a crude form of carbolic acid, in treating a patient in the Royal Infirmary at Glasgow.

15—What tree sends down roots from its branches to form additional trunks?
A.—The banyan tree of India.

16—Where does sole leather come from?
A.—From the cheeks and shoulders of ox hides.

17—What French dramatist aided the American colonies during the Revolutionary War?
A.—Pierre Augustin Beaumarchais, author of The Barber of Seville, from 1776 to 1778 headed a group of gun smugglers, who brought 25,000 rifles, 200 cannons, ammunition, and supplies to Washington's army.

18—How many passenger cars were junked in the United States during 1926?
A.—About 1,750,000, according to figures of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.

19—Who first used the expression "Solid South"?
A.—Col. John S. Mosby in a letter to the New York *Herald* advocating the election of Rutherford B. Hayes in 1876.

20—What is the highest and lowest salary paid to governors of States in the United States?
A.—Pennsylvania pays highest, with $18,000 a year and residence. Nebraska, lowest, with $2,500 a year and residence.

ZIPP-O-GRIP

A NEW Light-weight Bag for EVERYONE!

NOW, for the first time, light-weight ZIPP-O-GRIPS that open or close in a flash with the Hookless Fastener are offered at popular prices.

Ideally suited to the needs of the golfer, sportsman, traveler or shopper, this smart, roomy bag is durably made of triple-ply, waterproof material in gray or tan plaid. It folds flat to fit into a club locker or side pocket of a car.

Prices, 16-inch, $4.50; 18-inch, $5.00; 20-inch, $5.50; at all good luggage and department stores.

A request will bring descriptive folder, illustrating a full line of these popular bags, and name of dealer nearest you.

MAX DAMM CO., Inc.

88 St. Francis Street Newark, N. J.

Revives Tired Feet

cooling soothing healing

IF your feet are tender, any unusual stress, such as walking, dancing, golfing, shopping, long hours of standing, or a lengthy walk, tires them and makes them ache, swell or burn.

Use Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm and you will be able to start out fresh again immediately. One application drives out all discomfort. It stimulates circulation, ends the pain, reduces the swelling, opens the pores and leaves the feet delightfully cooled and refreshed.

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm is powerfully penetrating and analgesic. The pores quickly absorb its healing, soothing properties. It is equally beneficial for stiffened joints, muscular soreness and neuralgic-like pains in any part of the body.

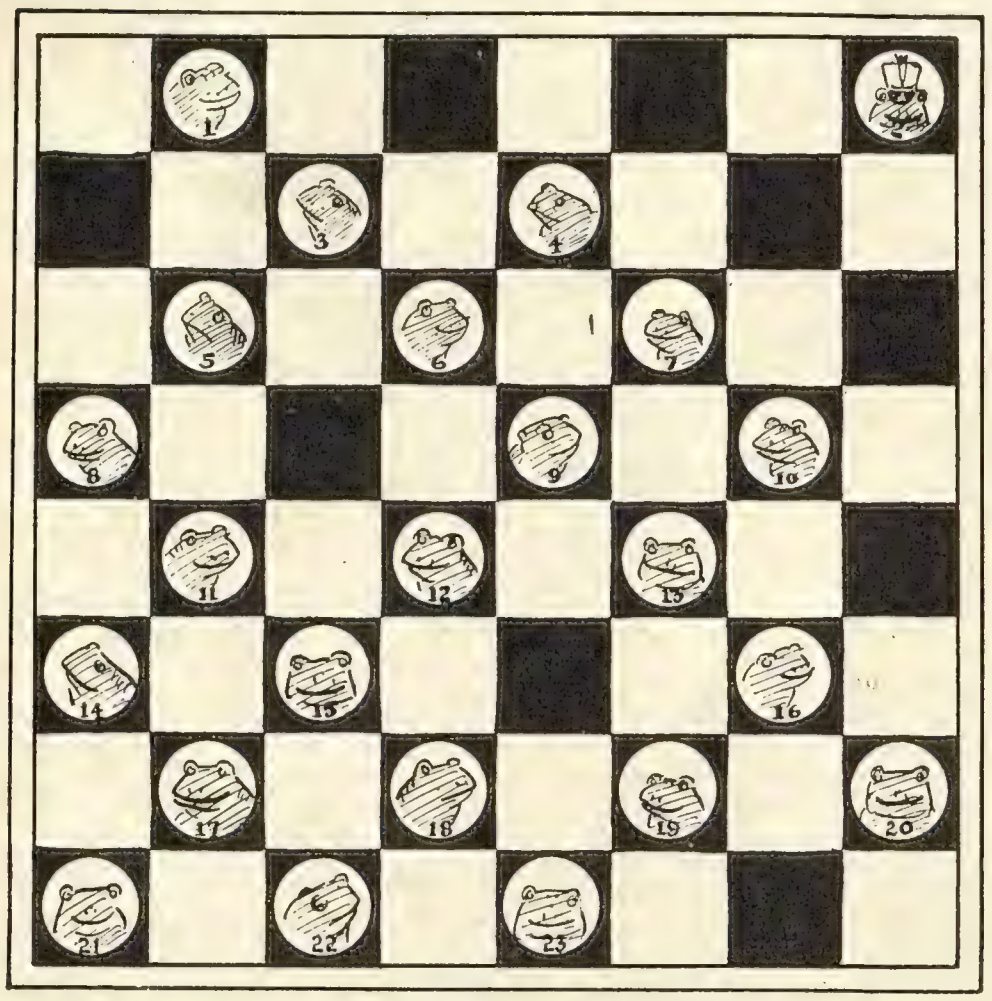
Get a jar today at your druggist's or shoe dealer's—35c.

For Free Sample write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

Dr Scholl's Foot Balm

Try This on Your CHECKERBOARD

A SAM LOYD PUZZLE



"ATTENTION!" croaked Captain Frog.

His men rolled their big round eyes and waited.

"Now, boys," boomed the fat fellow, "jump one at a time in any order. All jumps diagonally, and *no moves.* Jump backward and forward like checker kings. And each man jumped must retire from the field."

So the rookies jumped until Captain Frog suddenly roared: *"Halt!"*

Then, to the astonishment of all, in an unbroken series of graceful leaps, starting at his corner square, he hopped over every single member of his brave band still left, and stood triumphantly on the field, the sole survivor of his original 23!

Now, who else is tactician enough to put the bullfrogs through their paces? I admit it took me exactly three days and two hours to devise this puzzle, but it ought to be solved by any clever checker player in twenty minutes.

To try it, place 23 checkers or buttons on the numbered frogs. Then, by jumping, eliminate *the least possible number necessary to leave an arrangement of men that the captain can hop over completely in one unbroken series of jumps.*

Keep a record of your final answer like this: 7 jumps 4; 13 jumps 10; etc. Then compare it with my answer in next week's LIBERTY.

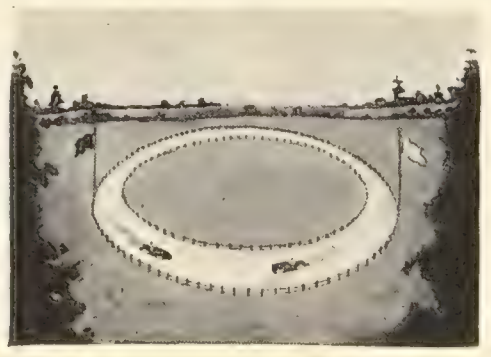
Sam Loyd

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

AT the first meeting the combined distances covered by the two equaled half the circumference of the track. At the second meeting the combined distances from the start equaled one and one-half times the circumference, or three times the distance covered at the first meeting. Since the slower car had gone 421 yards at the first meeting, it must have traveled three times that distance, or 1,263 yards, at the second meeting.

Assuming from the position of the cars in the picture that the second meeting must have taken place in the upper half of the circle beyond the white flag, then the slower car must have traveled half the circumference of the track, plus 221 yards. Subtracting 221 yards from the total distance it covered (1,263), we find that half the circumference is 1,042, and the whole circumference 2,084.

If we disregard the picture and assume that the second meeting took place in the lower half of the track, we would have to *add* 221 yards to the distance traveled by the slower car and this would make the track more than 1½ miles around, the maximum stipulated in the puzzle.



Removing Cold Cream As Experts Urge

To Correct a Grave Mistake in Skin Care

Cheaper to Use than Ruining and Laundering Towels

NOW REDUCED IN PRICE

Due to volume production, the price of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs has been greatly reduced. With *30% more 'Kerchiefs in each box* as well, the present price of Kleenex is scarcely more than half what you paid before.

230 LARGE HANDKERCHIEF SHEETS . . . 50c

(Big size—90 sq. in. each)

SPECIALLY POSED FOR KLEENEX KERCHIEFS BY IRENE RICH, CHARMING WARNER BROS. STAR

Ends—Oily skin and nose conditions amazingly.
—The expense of ruining and laundering towels.

Keeps—Your make-up fresh hours longer than before.
—Lightens skin several shades—quickly.

PLEASE ACCEPT

a 7-day supply of this new and utterly different way to try.

NOW it has been discovered that by removing cleansing cream *thoroughly* from your skin, the cleansing power of cold cream can be multiplied from *four to six times.*

That's because it has been learned that towels, cloths, etc., being insufficiently absorbent, largely rub the dirt back in, and thus foster many skin disorders.

To meet that condition, a new and utterly different way of removing cleansing cream has been developed. Results on your skin will amaze you. Send the coupon and a 7-day supply will be sent you.

Ends two beauty mistakes

This new way ends the soiled towel method, judged dangerous to skin beauty. To use cold cream effectively, you must remove it *all* from the skin. Towels, cotton cloths, paper substitutes, won't do it. And it is far cheaper to use than spoiling and laundering towels.

It ends, too, the mistaken use of too harsh paper makeshifts; not sufficiently absorbent to thoroughly cleanse, too harsh for delicate skin fabric. End those mistakes, and you'll note an amazing difference *quickly* in your skin.

Send coupon

A few days' use will prove the results of the Kleenex 'Kerchief beyond all question or doubt. Mail the coupon. A full 7-day supply will be sent you.

KLEENEX ABSORBENT 'KERCHIEFS

To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

For COLDS

Never again use a Handkerchief

They Re-infect—Spread Germ Contagion

MANY doctors advise that KLEENEX 'KERCHIEFS be substituted for ordinary handkerchiefs when one has a cold. For damp handkerchiefs are germ carriers. They actually re-infect the user. And colds, hay fever and influenza contagions thus are often spread—aggravated.

You use a fresh Kleenex 'Kerchief every time and *discard AT ONCE* germ breeding excretions. Being dry and absorbent, they largely end chapped and irritated nostrils. Next cold, carry Kleenex with you.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes to fit your dressing table drawer.

Professional size: Sheets 9 x 10 inches . . 50c

7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO., LIB.-5
Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Big Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—as offered.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Dan glared at Richard Craig. "And you—I could murder you, you damn wife - stealer."

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

It's a TOUGH Life

A Story of a Prodigal Husband Who Found He Had a Prodigal Wife

By VIÑA DELMAR

HE was in Jerry's garage when the call came. Damn it, why had he said where he was going? An interruption just when the dice were running his way. Eleven dollars ahead and Pinky, all smiles, telling him that he was wanted on the telephone. Pinky knew he was superstitious about interruptions.

"Hello." His voice was sharp and suggested that the party at the other end of the wire would state his business hurriedly if he knew what was good for him.

"Hello," said a woman's voice. "Mr. Russell?"

"Yeah."

"This is Mrs. Klein."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Klein. I got the apartment next door to you."

"Well, what about it?"

"Say, who you yelling at? I'm doing you a favor. I called to tell you your wife's got a bad pain."

"My wife's got a bad pain? Well?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

No matter how good your appetite may be, Heinz Tomato Ketchup will make it even better.

No matter how good the food may be, Heinz Tomato Ketchup will greatly improve its flavor.

This appetite-friendliness starts with seed specially cultivated by Heinz, tomatoes grown under Heinz supervision, spices procured by Heinz where they actually grow, pure granulated sugar, and Heinz cooking, perfected through fifty-eight years.

No wonder that Heinz Tomato Ketchup makes you so friendly toward other food. And no wonder it has won so many friends unto itself and *for* itself the world over • *New salad–making recipe book sent for four cents in stamps* • *H. J. HEINZ CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Your Appetite's
BEST FRIEND

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

SMART

The Krasny Rouge Compact is 50c
Krasny Face Powder—light and very adherent—$1.00
Krasny Lipstick, 75c Bath Powder, 50c
Cold Cream, 50c

PARIS GIVES US Gorgeous New Russian Shades of Rouge

KRASNY

A VOGUE CREATED BY THE IMPERIAL EXILES OF THE CZAR'S COURT ~ THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MAKE-UP IN THE WORLD

THERE is a saying in Paris—"there is nothing in the world as smart as a Russian woman who has chic!" And today the Chic of Russia, the Romanoffs, the Tchermechieffs, the glory of the Czar's Court, are all in Paris. Lending their own note to the world of Parisian fashion.

Living in splendor in palaces on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, starving in attics by the Porte Maillot—but received everywhere, admired everywhere, sought after for their barbaric beauty, their infinite allure!

Of course they have brought with them their native sense of warm rich color—the Russian woman's gift—and this sense they express in their vivid make-up, the shades of their rouge, their lipstick, their powder. This is the make-up that has captivated chic Paris, and that chic Paris has now made her own! And how beautifully the American girl will wear Krasny! For she too has a proud poise, like the gorgeous women of Russia; the same splendid bearing and carriage, that come from glorious bodily health.

Krasny belongs in America! And here it is, Krasny Rouge, those same gorgeous shades, the rouge itself refined to the silkiest of textures—the most chic, the most beautiful make-up in the world!

You will find Krasny Rouge exquisitely *plastic*, refined as no other rouge is refined, a caress to the skin, delicate as your most delicate face powder. Ask for Krasny Rouge when you buy your next rouge compact. It will give the most lovely effects you have ever imagined. Yes, if you use it once, you are lost—you will always wear Krasny!

LUXOR *Limited, Paris, New York, Chicago*

$3

Slightly Higher in Far West and Canada

Patents Pending

You'll say "*Why didn't they think of this before!*"

A small stopper in the big cap! Just pull out the small stopper to pour ice cold or piping hot liquid from *Therm-a-Jug*. You need unscrew the big sanitary aluminum cap only for foods, filling and cleaning *Therm-a-Jug*.

What a great convenience! No splashing or spilling—just a steady round stream, so different from the big splashing stream that comes from all ordinary one-cap jugs. The ice can not come tumbling out! And there is no inrush of outside air to change the temperature inside *Therm-a-Jug*. Here is the perfect jug. It is unconditionally guaranteed because it is practically indestructible. You'll be happily surprised to know that, for all its superiority, *Therm-a-Jug* costs so little. Get it at department stores, sporting goods, accessory, hardware and drug stores.

THE MONARCH COMPANY, INC., Webster City, Iowa

Exclusive Sales Distributors: A. S. KNAPP & CO., St. Louis, Mo.
Sent direct upon receipt of $3 and your dealer's name —if he cannot supply you.

An Amazing Improvement!

Monarch Triple Reserve Tank

Gas — Oil — Water, 1½ gallon each. More necessary than a spare tire. Easily attached to running board. Rust-proof, rattle-proof and thief-proof. Handsome enamel finish. Price $5.00. (Slightly higher west of Rocky Mountains.) Ask your accessory dealer or write us.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Therm-a-Jug

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Monarch Outing Ice-Box

Keeps food and liquids cold and fresh for twenty-four hours. 12-pound ice-chamber. Leak-proof. Easy to clean and easy to carry. Price $5.00. (Slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains.) Ask your dealer or write us.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

"Well, the doctor's there and he says it'll be all over in an hour. Maybe you'd like me to call and tell you whether it's a boy or a girl, you loafer, you!"

"Who are you calling a loafer, you damn meddler? It's a false alarm. Nothing'll happen for about two months yet."

"Oh, you're so smart, you Mr. Russell."

"And tell my wife to let me alone for a minute."

Dan hung up the receiver and strolled back to the boys.

"Make you sick," he mumbled. "If she complains of a toothache the whole dog-gone neighborhood's excited."

"What's the matter? Wife sick?" Jerry Sloane looked up from the dice with a kind, solicitous glance.

"Aw, I don't know. Maybe she's not feeling just right. But, hell, they think the kid's gonna be born right away and it can't happen before October."

Jerry Sloane smiled. "You got a contract to that effect?" he asked.

"No, but I can count."

JERRY'S smile broadened to a good-natured laugh. "Gee, you're young, Dan," he said. "We got four kids and two of them were two months before their time."

"No kidding?" said Dan, astonished.

"So was my sister's kid," spoke up Pinky. "Gosh, I'll never forget it. I had her to a ball game when it started. I had her to a hospital and the kid was there before the game was over."

Dan thoughtfully lighted a cigarette.

Phil Harris, picking up the dice, rattled them impatiently. "You oughta go home," he said. "But if you're not the sort that goes home when your wife is having a baby, then for Pete's sake let the game go on."

"You think I oughta go, Jerry? Think it's really possible that—"

"Of course it's possible. Even if she only thinks it's her time, you oughta be there. Gee, Dan, don't nothing make you feel like going home?" Jerry's blue eyes were not accusing—merely curious.

Dan fled before that honest curiosity in Jerry's glance, the contempt in Phil's, and the uneasiness in Pinky's. He didn't want to go home. Colleen had a doctor, a nurse, and her mother. What help would he be? Besides, he was eleven dollars ahead.

But home he went, with a sulky frown on his good-looking face. Why the devil did women have babies the first year they were married? Here he was only twenty-three years old and a father—or would be shortly. Colleen was only twenty, but she was more settled. She wouldn't mind having to stay home nights. But he'd probably have to stay, too. Twenty-three years old and cooped up already! Dan Russell shook his head and his tawny mass of wavy hair.

DAN stood still, watching Colleen's smile. "What's the matter, Dannie?" she asked.

At home, all was confusion. The nurse, starched and crinkling, hurried past him without a word. He heard the rumble of Dr. Porter's voice behind a closed door. Once he heard Colleen moan. An hour passed. Dan rose from his chair and walked to the window. An hour sitting still, doing nothing, and he had been eleven dollars ahead!

Colleen's mother rushed into the room. She was a small, frail woman with black bobbed hair.

"It's a boy," she said, wiping her eyes with a little important flutter.

"A boy?" said Dan. "How is Colleen?"

"Oh, she came through it beautifully."

"That's fine," said Dan.

He hoped he was saying the right things. He was a bit afraid of Colleen's mother. She paid the rent and furnished a twenty-dollar bill each Monday morning. He called her Mrs. Mayo and never swore in her presence.

"Would you like to see the baby?"

"Sure."

Dan followed her down the hall to Colleen's room. He wished Jerry were there to give him a few pointers on how to act with the kid. Colleen wouldn't know whether or not his technique was wrong; but there was Mrs. Mayo with her sharp, darting eyes and her twenty dollars every Monday morning.

Would they stick the kid right in his arms? Did you try to make it laugh, or did you look solemn and sort of impressed with the greatness of nature? Of course he could drop on his knees at Colleen's side and gaze at her adoringly, as he had seen it done in the movies; but that would be a little hard to put over convincingly. He didn't feel like dropping to his knees; he felt like running back to Jerry's garage.

Mrs. Mayo opened the bedroom door. A whiff of medicated air took his breath from him. Lengths of cotton were coiled in their blue paper skins on the table. Bottles stood around the room. A cotton pad hung over the window sill. Drying? Already?

Colleen smiled up at him from the bed. Dan said nothing. Could you speak to your wife so soon afterward? He stood still, watching Colleen's smile broaden into a little laugh.

"What's the matter, Dannie?" she asked.

"Nothing. How do you feel?"

"Fine. How do you feel?"

"Oh, I'm fine."

Mrs. Mayo sent him a look that would have shriveled an obelisk.

"Fine nothing," she informed Colleen. "The poor boy's been worried to death about you."

"Oh, of course," said Dan.

He managed a rather sickly smile. Could he mention the baby now? Was the baby a taboo subject? He supposed not. Mrs. Mayo herself had admitted that there was a baby.

"Where's the kid—er—the baby?"

Dr. Porter drew himself out of a conference with Colleen's nurse. The smile he turned on Dan was hardly heart-warming.

"The kid—er—the baby," he said, "is usually exhibited by the tactful nurse after the kiss that the happy father spontaneously and instinctively gives the young mother."

Dan felt a little sick. Doctors said such things and you just didn't ask them how they got that way. Dan remembered that Mrs. Mayo had said that Dr. Porter was gruff, but "such a darling."

"Such a darling" strapped his bag and departed.

Miss Connor moved starchily across the floor with a new blue blanket held with absurd carefulness in her arms. Oh, the baby was inside!

It was red and small and had its eyes closed. When blanket and contents had returned whence they had come, these were the only impressions retained by Dan—these and one other. It was red and small and had its eyes closed—and something else.

"Isn't he a darling?" asked Mrs. Mayo rapturously.

Just to answer "yes" seemed inadequate.

To say he was red would bring disaster.

To say he had his eyes closed would bring laughter, even from the prostrate Colleen.

To say that the baby looked as if it might at any minute remark on the fact that Dan had not yet kissed Colleen would bring the ambulance from the insane asylum.

"Yes," said Dan.

And the rolls of cotton rustled disapprovingly and the bottles clinked their scorn at the figure of young Dan Russell running down the hall away from his wife and her new-born babe.

WELL, anyhow, on bright, sunny mornings, once a fellow got outside the house, it wasn't so bad. Inside, of course, it was terrible. If Colleen wasn't diapering the baby she was sterilizing his bottles. If she wasn't doing that, she was fixing his food—a mystic ritual that in some strange way upset the whole apartment.

It seemed to Dan that, regardless of what Colleen was doing, the brat was howling. Dan knew a guy whose wife had had a kid the same week little Bobbie was born, and now, after eight months, the poor guy was still paying the doctor. Dan had never even seen the doctor's bill. He wondered idly just how much money Colleen's mother had. Enough, anyhow, to keep Colleen and the kid in clothes and to pay the rent and come across with the weekly assurance that, in any case, the Russell family wouldn't starve.

Dan wondered if he ought to be ashamed of taking Mrs. Mayo's money. Well, Colleen was her daughter, wasn't she? And if the old lady hadn't come through with a heavy coat that winter, daughter Colleen would have had to freeze.

Dan had had a hard time getting a job. People had to allow for those things. If his father had lived they'd all have been on Easy Street. His father had been a very important man in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[IT'S A TOUGH LIFE
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

politics. Repeatedly Dan's father had told him so. Dan hadn't had to work. There'd always been decent clothes and a ten-spot now and again.

But the old man had died, and Dan, wearing his last decent suit, had met Colleen in a dance hall on 110th Street. She was beautiful—no doubt about that. Even guys who trailed around town in big cars took a second look at Colleen.

Dan had been thrilled when she had returned his experimental kiss with unexpected warmth. He'd been a little crazy to speak of marriage, perhaps, when he hadn't a job and was living "off" his sister, who taught school. But Colleen was a nice girl—affectionate, but nice. When you thought of borrowing ten bucks from your sister for a night at a hotel, you thought of a wedding ring, too, where Colleen was concerned. Colleen took care of that.

Within two days he had married her. She wouldn't take promises. He'd had to marry her, and had to look for an apartment, and had to look for a job, and had to listen to Mrs. Mayo describe what a generous soul she was going to be, and how she'd support Colleen grandly as long as Colleen's husband continued to be of absolutely no account.

And, after all that, what had he got? A baby the first year. And had Colleen broken the news to him gently with a half-finished bootie dangling from a knitting-needle? She had not. She had been violently sick at her stomach one morning, and had called him a fool because he hadn't been married before and didn't know from her actions that they were going to have a precious little baby.

Dan had found a job quickly enough after that. There isn't much fun around a house where a precious little baby is expected. Less fun after it arrives, thought Dan grimly as he turned the smart yellow roadster one door east of Fifth Avenue and stopped in front of a huge apartment house.

He had managed to get a job demonstrating Gillem-Prime roadsters. A straight commission job. Tough luck on the old lady. If Dan's success held out she'd still be supporting his grandchildren.

He had himself announced to a new prospect, and waited politely, hat in hand, for the prospect to arrive. The old lady had had to kick in last week with a suit of clothes for papa Dannie. A shabby demonstrator couldn't last in his firm, she had at length been made to understand.

Dannie smiled; and Dannie's smile, when it was a mixture of wicked glee and pleasant reminiscence, was a wonderful thing to behold. That smile of Dannie's was the first thing the new prospect saw.

She came toward him wearing a lovely shadow of Dannie's infectious smile.

"How do you do?"

DANNIE said, "Miss Gordon?" and looked properly dazzled by Miss Gordon's oriental beauty. Of course, to some people, oriental beauty and a blaze of diamonds totaling somewhere in the neighborhood of forty-four carats seem a bit out of place at 10:30 o'clock in the morning. But Dannie's soul did not cringe, even at a smart sports outfit topped off with high-heeled satin pumps and a diamond anklet.

Dannie lifted Miss Gordon into the Gillem-Prime roadster. No, there wasn't any place she'd like to drive particularly. Yes, it was a beautiful day. Morning, had he said? No, she didn't remember having seen a morning before.

She took deep, appalling drags on a cigarette and sat back in the roadster.

"We've just made a car like this for Princess Valechevelli," said Dannie. "It is particularly adaptable for young ladies to drive because of—"

Miss Gordon turned huge, burning black eyes on Dannie's face.

"Don't do your act," she said. "My buying or not buying doesn't depend on the car. It depends entirely upon what mood I'm in."

Dannie laughed and plunged into the park.

"Anyhow, it's a good car," he said.

Miss Gordon closed her eyes, and even then didn't fail to wave back a cheery salute to a very chic and ugly girl who passed in a foreign car.

"I never miss anything," she remarked idly.

"Then you'll surely not miss the excellence of the Gillem-Prime roadster," Dannie answered, like a figure in a program advertisement.

"All the girls who walk back from automobile rides are sensible, self-respecting girls who won't permit themselves the boredom of listening to a demonstrator praising his car," said Miss Gordon warningly.

"Is that the only thing that would make you walk back?" asked Dannie.

"The only thing," replied Miss Gordon. "And I'm also a heavy drinker, in case it's my habits you're inquiring into."

They got along swiftly after that. Miss Gordon found out his first name and heard about Colleen and the baby.

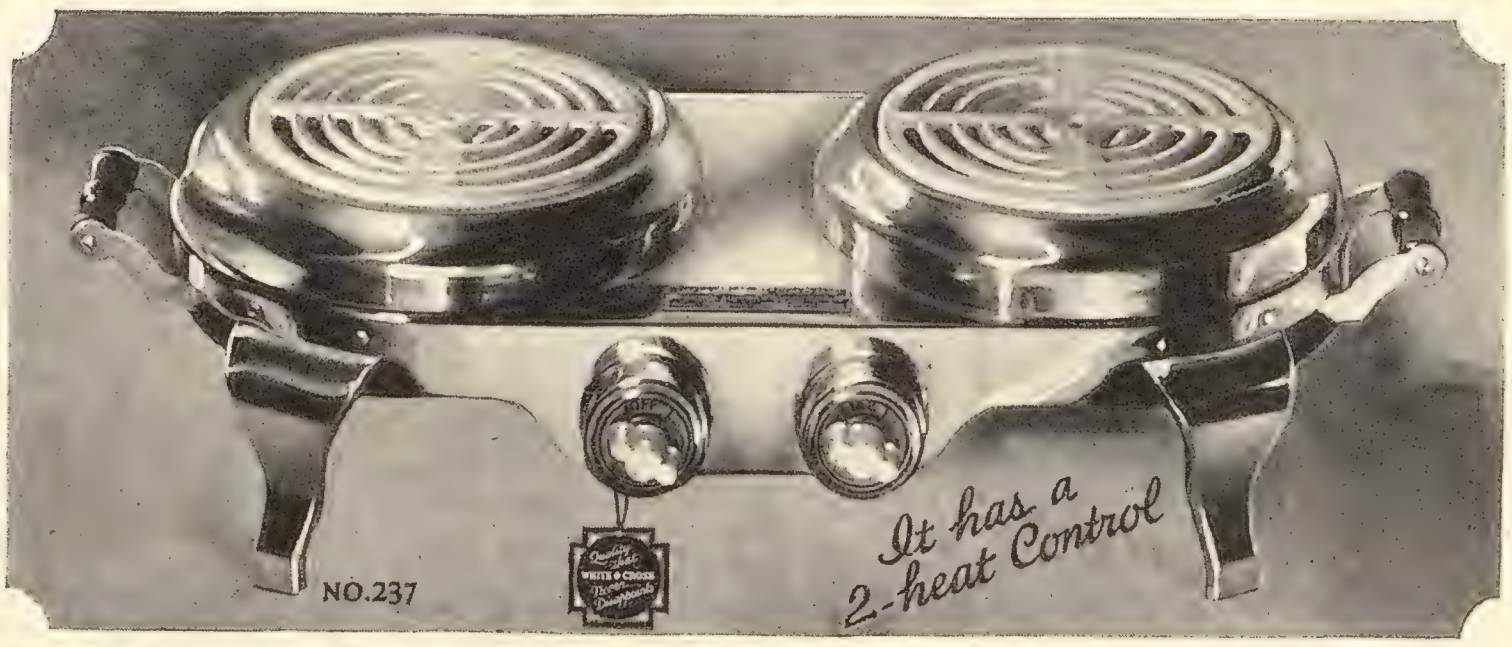
"Such a model young American," she said mockingly. "A wife and a baby and an apartment uptown. Goodness, don't tell me you're not forging rapidly ahead through a correspondence course!"

"Did anybody ever forge rapidly ahead with a wife and baby hanging on his neck?" asked Dan.

Miss Gordon's eyes sought the topmost point

Cook Electrically...at the table...

An Amazing Convenience
for Breakfasts..Luncheons
Teas..Buffet Suppers—



No. 281, Sanitary Percolator, with the new patented Spray Type Fountain Pump, 4-cup size..... $4.40

No. 156 Waffle Iron. Makes full sized waffles without grease or smoke, $9

2-Burner, 2-Heat Electric Stove ... All Nickel ... *Only* $9.00

This luxurious table accessory is the newest of White-Cross electric stoves and appliances, and in a most emphatic way it affirms the White-Cross policy of making the utmost in quality and giving the utmost in value. Where else can you buy such a superb electric stove for anything like $9? Selective, 2-heat control, with each burner operating independently. The finest heating elements known, guaranteed for one year. Rigid, lifetime strength and exquisite, all over mirrored nickel finish. See this jewel of electric stoves. 20,000 dealers carry it. There is one near you.

National Stamping and Electric Works
3212-50 W. Lake Street, Chicago

DEALERS
20,000 dealers have found the White-Cross franchise a business-building move. Now values are even greater, advertising is more extensive. Write your jobber or direct for bulletin.

WHITE TRADE MARK CROSS

of a far-away tree. She was older than Dannie. She had just remembered something that must have happened about the time when Dannie was getting into long trousers. She laughed the memory away.

Dannie had luncheon with Miss Gordon. Her apartment was tinted an exquisite pale green, and seemed at first glance to be furnished with ash trays and parrakeets. After a few minutes your bewilderment died away and you saw a golden divan, a chair with a back that reached its delicate carvings halfway to the ceiling, a marble nymph. Over puzzling edibles that a silent beige-colored woman served, Miss Gordon announced that she would buy the car if Dannie would teach her to drive.

"COLLEEN, I swear if that damn kid lets one more yip out of him, I'm going to choke him. I gotta go to work tomorrow. I can't lie here all night and listen to him shout."

"Honey, he's sick. That tooth—"

"Well, if he's sick, get Doc Porter or a dose of arsenic or something."

"Dr. Porter is in midocean with his wife and children."

"Then give the janitress a dollar to keep him in her place again tonight."

"I'm superstitious about that crib of hers, Dan. Her baby died in it, you know."

"Well, take our kid down there and see if we have any luck."

Colleen's mother was furious because Dan hadn't remembered the baby's birthday. She herself had arrived with a little white glimmering cake bearing with absurd dignity its one small candle, a woolly bathrobe, a cow that could utter a mournful *moo*, a Teddy bear, a silver spoon, and a jack-in-the-box.

Bobby stood up in his high chair and screamed lustily with delight.

"You poor baby," said Mrs. Mayo. "Grandmother and poor little mamma have to make up to it for its father's thoughtlessness."

"I got him a kiddie car," said Colleen listlessly.

Mrs. Mayo's lips tightened. "I don't suppose Dan has telephoned or anything," she said.

Colleen flushed. "No," she said. "He's busy, I guess."

"Yes—busy with that woman. I give you my word of honor, Colleen, if your father had ever brought a woman like that into our house, I would have put them both out."

"Oh, mother, it's different now than when you were young. All women look bad. It's the style to wear rouge and extreme clothes."

"I know." Mrs. Mayo paused to prepare the cow for a mighty *moo* and continued:

"The way she acted toward Dan, though—as if she owned him! And he calls her by her first name, whatever it is."

"Adorée," Colleen supplied.

"Yes, Adorée."

Bobby went off into a gale of laughter. Mrs. Mayo plucked him from his throne and held him against her heart.

"Poor baby, you don't realize now, but some day you'll know that your father is the scum of the earth."

Colleen found her mother's eyes and their gazes locked.

"Don't you tell him that—even now," she said tightly. "I don't care what you think, but Bobby's impressions are important."

"Oh, well—" Mrs. Mayo retired defeated. "You picked him and you have him. Thank God, I hadn't one like him."

Later, when Bobby had been tucked into his crib with the jack-in-the-box and his silver spoon for company, Mrs. Mayo took her departure.

"Don't jump on me," she counseled with her parting kiss; "but, daughter, don't take too much from that yellow-haired bum."

Colleen smiled and promised. She kissed her mother affectionately and listened till the street door slammed. Then she threw herself on the divan—which was not golden, but gray and old rose (ninety-eight dollars, with two chairs to match)—and gave herself up to despair.

At midnight Dan came in. Colleen jumped up quickly from the fretful doze into which she had fallen and ran to the door. Adorée Gordon followed Dan down the hall.

Premonition clutched at Colleen's throat. Climax! There was climax stamped on the overcasual way in which Dan greeted her; climax in the friendly smirk on Miss Gordon's face.

"Are you alone?" Dan asked.

"Yes, I am," answered Colleen. "Mother was here. It's the baby's birthday, you know."

"Oh, yes," said Dan.

Miss Gordon settled herself on the divan and tore her tight turban off her glistening black hair. Dan sat precariously on the arm of a chair.

"Colleen," he said, "I have something to tell you—in fact, we have something to tell you. Did you ever think that perhaps we—"

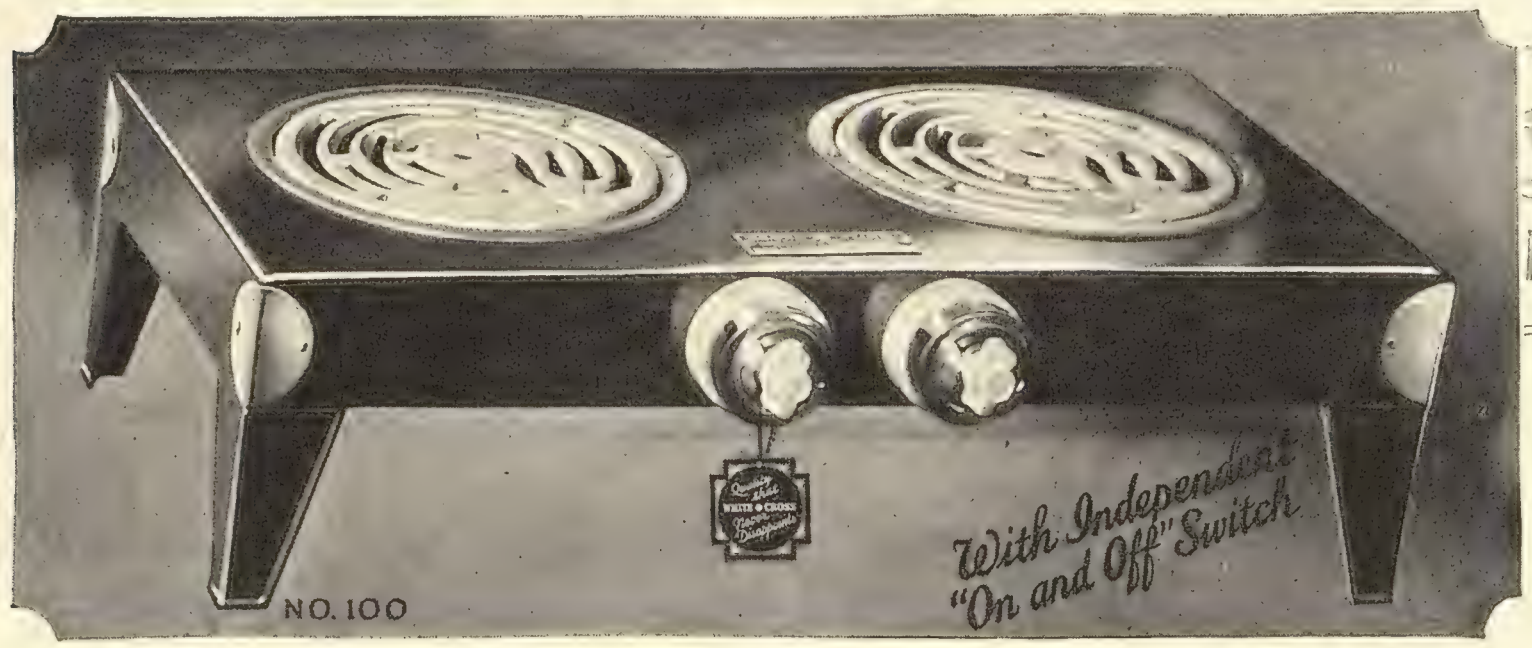
MISS GORDON coughed into the fur at her throat.

"He'll go by way of China to tell you, Mrs. Russell," she said. "Briefly, Dan and I are in love with each other, and it's up to you whether you'll give Dan a divorce and let us marry, or whether we'll have to continue as we've been doing for the past few weeks."

It occurred to Colleen, with cool irrelevance, that Miss Gordon was accustomed to telling servants, without loss of breath, exactly what she wanted done.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

in your Home or Summer Cottage



Clean... Fast Ultra-Modern Cooking in the Summer Home

2-Burner Electric Stove in Triple Baked Enamel..Only $5.50

Almost a quarter million women are using this remarkable stove. In cooking efficiency and speed it is not surpassed by any stove at any price. The Nichrome heating elements are the finest made and are guaranteed for one year. Burners operate independently or together by rotary "on and off" switches. Every connection is concealed and protected. At $5.50, it is a true White-Cross value, and every home should have one. See it, and, of course, insist upon seeing the name White-Cross, for in no other way can you be sure of getting "the quality that never disappoints." 20,000 dealers carry genuine White-Cross stoves and appliances.

National Stamping and Electric Works
3212-50 W. Lake Street, Chicago

No. 60, Automatic Pressure Cooker, waterless type, $10.50. Cooks meats and vegetables in their own juices, without water

No. 1922, Iron, $3.50. Complete with Cord and Two-Piece Plug

All prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada

WHITE CROSS TRADE MARK

Always look for this Blue and Yellow Tag—it is on every genuine White-Cross Product

Radio Reception Vastly Improved—

If you have never used Bright Star A, B and C radio batteries, you are still groping in the dark for the utmost in radio satisfaction.

These *powerful* batteries are, without question, revolutionizing radio reception in millions of homes, where formerly consistent results were unknown.

If you want to increase your range—know what selectivity really means—and be certain of power under all conditions—then buy Bright Star radio batteries.

Among the first in radio service—Bright Star batteries today are the result of 17 years of quality battery leadership. Bright Star *bag type* construction batteries cost no more than ordinary types. They are the most economical—matchless in dependability and staying power. On sale where radio batteries are sold.

Radio Is Better with Battery Power

Supreme in every test

BRIGHT STAR

Radio Batteries & Flashlights

Supreme DRY CELLS In Every Test

Hoboken, N. J. Chicago, Ill. San Francisco, Cal.

17 Years Building Quality Batteries

[IT'S A TOUGH LIFE Continued from Page Forty-nine]

Dan was obviously embarrassed. He would have preferred a more roundabout method of explanation. He remembered the morning he had seen Adorée buy 100 acres of land: her expression at this moment reminded him of the real-estate transaction.

Colleen's fingers toyed nervously with the tie on her sweater. She admired Adorée. It would have been impossible for Colleen to have held the situation under full control if she had been a woman calmly asking for another woman's husband! Colleen admired Adorée and gave a short consideration to the dollar sign that brought moral support as well as material luxuries.

"Why, you've rather stunned me," she said. Her hand wandered from the tie to her brown hair. Her fingers raked through it aimlessly. "Understand, I'm not terribly grief-stricken. Dan hasn't been a model husband to me. If you'll just stay awhile and try to act natural—that's for you, Dan—I'll be myself in a minute and we can talk this over."

Miss Gordon's eyes said "Good girl," and Dan developed a sudden thirst that sent him to the kitchen for a glass of water. Colleen sat thinking over her short married life.

Her mother would be glad that she was rid of him. The baby wouldn't miss Dan. And as for herself—she was young yet. She wasn't in love with Dan now. Many a time she had hated him.

DAN returned from the kitchen with a glass of water for Colleen. The slogan from an undertaker's advertisement flitted through Colleen's brain: "A comforting thought that the last service has been done correctly."

She drank the water. Miss Gordon lighted a cigarette. Dan sat down and crossed his legs with painful nonchalance.

"I'm myself again." Colleen smiled across at Adorée. "Of course I haven't been debating whether or not Dan could be free. That goes without saying. He's as free as he likes. It was details I was considering."

"Well, of course," said Dan, "you may keep the baby."

A paroxysm of laughter shattered Colleen's poise. "And the picture of my mother?" she asked. "Oh, Dan, please say I may keep that picture."

Dan colored with annoyance. Some people couldn't keep on talking with impersonal ease.

"I was about to say," said Miss Gordon, "just before Dan made an ass of himself, that I'd like to give your baby a birthday present of ten thousand dollars. Would that be acceptable, Mrs. Russell?"

Colleen shook her head. "That would be profiteering, Miss Gordon," she replied.

"Mayn't I make a settlement on him or you?" Adorée's tone was full of awe.

"No, thank you," said Colleen.

Miss Gordon admired Colleen. It would have been impossible for Miss Gordon to refuse $10,000, even in her present financial state, and to be situated like Colleen and

still have the strength to refuse. Miss Gordon admired Colleen!

The divorce would be arranged without any inconvenience to Mrs. Russell. "Thank you, Mrs. Russell, for being such a beautiful sport." "Don't mention it, Miss Gordon; I don't believe in making difficult situations more difficult." "Good-by, Colleen, you were wonderful. Lots of luck." "Good-by, Dan; be happy; and lots of luck to you, too."

Alone once again. Colleen did not fling herself on the divan this time. She tiptoed into the bedroom and looked down at Bobby. A tear should have dropped tragically on his little upturned, slumber-flushed face. But nary a tear put in its appearance. Colleen slipped out of her clothes and slid between the cool white sheets of her bed. She was asleep in five minutes.

"ADOREE, if that damn mutt of yours don't stop barking I'm going to break his neck. I haven't had any sleep for three nights."

"Dan, you're too funny. After two years of being married to me, don't you know yet that if any neck on these premises gets broken it will be yours?"

"Is that so?"

"Oh, absolutely. I had Binxie before I had you, and I'll have Binxie after you're gone. Now, shut up. I can sleep through his barking, but not through your whining."

Dannie didn't think Europe was so wonderful. Adorée met people whom she knew in every city—as, indeed, she would have in the Sahara Desert. These people were very apt to forget all about Dan and to carry Adorée off somewhere for hours. When he was along he didn't have such a good time, either, for these old friends of Adorée's were always recalling wonderful evenings that had been spent with Adorée and Charles.

"POOR Charles," they would say. "So young to die!"

Adorée would shrug those shoulders and mention the fact that younger men than Charles had perished by the thousands a few years before, and probably none of them had left a woman as happily placed as Charles had left his beloved Adorée.

It made Dan a bit uncomfortable. Not that Dan was jealous of poor deceased Charles. There were too many rivals this side of Purgatory for Dan to be nursing any grudge against Adorée's former husband, or whatever had been the gentleman's status.

Rivals indeed, and by the car-

Miss Gordon settled herself on the divan, and Dan sat precariously on the arm of a chair. "Dan and I are in love with each other," she told Colleen, "and it's up to you whether you'll give Dan a divorce or whether we'll have to continue as we've been doing."

load. Young and very English Craig was by far the most dangerous. He was Dan's age, but so polished that he radiated little well groomed points of light. Also, he was poverty-stricken; and the way he could ease smooth wedges of flattery into Adorée's consciousness was a never-ending source of dismay to Dan. Craig was fond of Adorée's dog. Dan began to write finis to this chapter of his life when he discovered that Craig and Binxie were inseparable pals.

When Adorée broke the terrible news to him, he grew cold and sick all over.

She had young Craig with her when she told him. Dannie considered it wretched taste for her to bring Craig along.

"I don't even like you any more, Dan," she said. "I don't intend to marry Richard, so you won't have the chance to hold me up for a nice, stiff price for freedom. If you want to divorce me when you get enough money to do so, go ahead. It's immaterial to me."

"But, Adorée, I'm broke. I haven't a cent."

"That's the way you were when I got you."

"But at least I was in America."

"So you were. Well, I'll give you your passage."

Dan glared at Richard Craig. "And you—I could murder you, you damn wife-stealer."

"Ah, don't murder him, Dannie. Think of all the effort it would take to get manhood enough for that."

"Don't talk so mean to me, Adorée; I love you."

"Yes, you do." Harsh irony was in Adorée's voice. "You love my bank book. A long while ago, Dannie Russell, when you didn't know yet that I was going to own you, I put you wise to the little fact that I miss nothing. You were too dumb to profit by my tip. I know about Helen Banks in London, and that bow-legged brunette in Munich, and the other two also. That's where my money went."

"Why, Adorée!"

"Why, Dan!"

Adorée vanished then, with a gay whisk of a gold-lace flounce and a metallic sparkle of slim, perilous heels. Dan could hear her and Richard Craig laughing at the foot of the stairs.

IT was funny to be back in America and to be unattached. Nothing to do—nowhere to go. Adorée had relented at the last moment and given him $100 over his passage. That wouldn't last long. He had to get a job. Thank God, he had clothes.

Maybe they'd take him back at the Gillem-Prime place. A job would give him a chance to see people, to make friends. It was as lonesome as the devil, sitting around at nights in a furnished room without a soul to talk to.

They were very sorry at the Gillem-Prime office, but they couldn't take him on now. Oh, yes, they remembered him. He'd left without a notice, hadn't he?

He found that jobs were a little scarce. Of course one would arrive in time, but for the present he'd have to be very careful of his money. It was the cursed loneliness that he minded most, a loneliness that gripped him when night began to fall over the city and lights flamed in a million windows.

He thought of Colleen and Bobby then. Bobby must be almost four years old now. And Colleen—had she married again? He was curious to know what changes the months had brought to her, and he was hungry for companionship.

She had moved from the place where they had lived together. A blonde, curly-haired girl with a sticky child clinging to her skirt lived in that apartment now. She had never heard of Mrs. Dan Russell.

He thought of his sister. He knew he didn't have the nerve to get in touch with her. He owed her money, borrowed in the days before his marriage to Colleen, that he had not repaid during his days of splendor with Adorée. But it

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"That tingle sure does feel good"

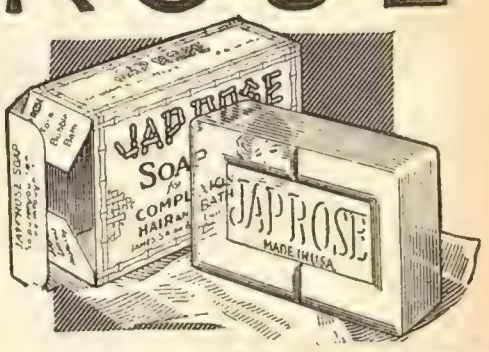
You'll like the way Jap Rose Soap leaves you all a-tingle with health. You can actually *feel* its invigorating effect.

Jap Rose Soap dissolves completely and goes deep into the pores, causing a thrill of cleanliness. The harmless tingle you immediately feel is proof of its healing, cleansing action *in* the skin. This pore deep cleanliness assures a clear, fresh complexion.

The refreshing odor and abundant lather of Jap Rose Soap make it delightful for the complexion, the shampoo and the bath. Get a cake today and compare it.

The Clear Soap for a Clear Skin

JAP ROSE



MORE MEN AND WOMEN ARE USING COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE

A care-free confidence that teeth are CLEAN

Caught! the first trout of the new season. Caught! the picture of a face radiant with happy health.

Only perfect teeth could make that confident smile. Only perfect cleanness could give those teeth their sturdy whiteness. Only this dual-action dentifrice can make his teeth really clean!

Dual Cleansing Action

Modern mouth hygiene demands a dentifrice with a dual cleansing action. Colgate's formula is based on this. As you brush, Colgate's expands into a plentiful foam. This foam loosens imbedded food particles, polishes all surfaces.

Then it thoroughly washes the entire mouth, sweeping away impurities. Thus the dual action of Colgate's brings unequaled cleanness; removes causes of decay.

Normal, healthy mouths need no drug-filled dentifrice. Just visit your dentist at least twice a year. Brush your teeth with Colgate's at least twice a day.

And don't worry over mental dental ills!

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

FREE Colgate & Co., Dept. 213 E 2, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Send me a sample of this modern dental cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

[IT'S A TOUGH LIFE Continued from Page Fifty-one]

would be some comfort to search for her name in the telephone book and just look at it. She had been a good scout. Poor Catherine, he hadn't treated her right.

He took the book from the floor beneath the community telephone and carried it over to the light. "Russell. Carl Russell. Carrie Russell." There it was—"Catherine Russell." Still at the same address.

That had been a cozy apartment—a lot better than a furnished room. He took his finger off the space directly under Catherine's name and jumped a little. "Colleen Russell." Was it possible? Then she hadn't married again. Where was she living? Holy Mother! On Riverside Drive. What was she doing there?

He rushed impetuously to the telephone—then paused. Perhaps, if he telephoned first, she wouldn't see him. She was probably hitting the high spots—going in for easy money. And what about Bobby? A wave of indignation swept over Dan. The idea of her being loose-moraled when she had her child to think about!

HE decided that he'd go over there. If she was out he wouldn't leave his name. He'd just keep going till he found her at home.

It was a private house, and a typical stage butler opened the door. Dan was admitted to a room which he recognized as the type that always angered Adorée. Adorée hadn't known how to make rooms look spacious and expensive at the same time.

A tall lady with eyes like perfectly matched topazes entered the room with his card in her hand.

"You're—Daniel Russell?" she asked.

"I am."

"How do you do? I'm Mrs. Norris. I've heard about you, of course. Colleen and Bobby are staying here for the season with my husband and me. I intercepted the butler because Colleen has been rather ill and I don't want her upset. Is this to be a strictly social call or do you mean to be unpleasant?"

Meddling, of course, but sweet. Rather beautiful and vaguely familiar. The photograph that hung above her head, of a tragic-looking young man with sideburns, was familiar, too. What was this place?

Dan smiled his winning smile. "I assure you, Mrs. Norris, I'm only anxious to chat for a pleasant minute or two with Colleen. May I not see her?"

Mrs. Norris melted. "I guess you might," she said with an answering smile.

She turned to go.

"Mrs. Norris, may I ask who is that man?"

She followed Dan's eyes to the photograph. "Why, that's my husband—Newton Norris."

If Dan had not known, he felt that her tone would have informed him that Newton Norris was the world's most famous film comedian. It was said that he earned $1,000,000 a year. Dan blinked.

The lovely lady trailed gracefully up the staircase. Abovestairs he heard voices—women's voices. One belonged to Mrs. Norris; the other was Colleen's. It reached across the years and recalled Jerry's garage, Colleen leaning out the window watching for him, dinner steaming on the table. He pulled his hand suddenly out of his pocket. He had been fondling his last twenty-dollar bill.

Mrs. Norris' words could be understood now. She had evidently escorted Colleen to the head of the stairs.

"I told Newt not to let you put your name in the phone book. Everybody who matters knows that you live with us."

Dan stiffened. Everybody who matters, indeed! Then an ex-husband didn't matter to Mrs. Norris. Dan had always heard that moving-picture people held loose views on the matrimonial state.

Before he was fully prepared for it, Colleen bounded into the room. She looked like a child of sixteen. Her hair was cut close to her head and it waved intriguingly. Her figure was slim and boyish.

"Hello, Dan." She seemed to bounce toward him with one hand extended in a friendly yet casual fashion.

Mrs. Norris had reckoned mistakenly when she had pictured a tremulous reunion.

"Hello, Colleen. How're tricks?"

"Fine. And with you?"

"Not so good. Adorée and I split."

Sincere sympathy spread over Colleen's face. She would have been delighted, thought Dan, if she herself were unhappy.

"Too bad, Dannie."

Colleen seated herself.

"How's Bobby?" Dan asked.

"He's fine."

"You're in the movies, eh?"

"I?" Colleen looked shocked. "Goodness, no. What could I do?"

"Well, you're beautiful."

"That isn't enough," said Colleen, "despite public opinion. I'm not deep like Mrs. Norris or brilliant like her husband."

"Oh, you're just staying here?"

"Yes, till Bobby and I go back to Hollywood. The Norrises are going then, too. Bobby has one more picture to finish with Mr. Norris, and then he begins to star in his own right."

"What! Bobby!"

"WHY, Dan, haven't you even heard of Bobby Russell? Where have you been? Why, Mr. Norris thinks Bobby hogged all the honors in their last picture."

"I've been in Europe," said Dan absently.

"So has the picture."

"Adorée didn't care for Mr. Norris," said Dan.

He was stunned. Bobby starring in his own pictures! Colleen looking beautiful and expensive. Dan fingered his last twenty-dollar bill thoughtfully.

"Say, Colleen, I'd like to see the kid."

"He's out driving just now with his governess, and when he comes back he has to take a nap. There's a dinner tonight he must go to."

"You're not trying to keep me from seeing him, are you?" asked Dan suspiciously.

Colleen arose from the chair. "And if I am?"

"Well, look here. If it comes right down to it, you can't keep me from seeing him or from cashing in on his beauty or cleverness or whatever the hell he's got. I'm that kid's father."

The nymph Colleen shook her pretty head gently.

"Dannie, old boy," she said, "you're not. Sorry to break it so crudely, but, you see, Bobby was not premature."

"Why, you little—" An obscene word died on Dannie's lips. Newton Norris strolled past the portieres—a careless, quiet reminder that Colleen was among friends.

Colleen threw her head back proudly.

"Your instinct knew he wasn't yours. Did you ever love him? Were you ever even as kind as a stranger might be?"

"I could murder you for this."

"WAIT. What have I done to you, after all? You wanted me. I didn't force myself on you. I gave myself unstintingly and was faithful to you throughout our married life. Never a cent of your money was spent on Bobby or me, and I released you when you wanted to go. Now what do I owe you?"

A new thought struck Dan.

"You're a liar," he said decidedly. "You're afraid of me touching Bobby's money. He *is* mine."

"Ask Dr. Porter," advised Colleen. "He knew about it before I even met you."

"Yes; and I'll bet that Dr. Porter—"

Newton Norris stuck his famous head between the portieres.

"Have you seen my book, Colleen?" he asked.

"No," said Colleen.

Newton Norris withdrew. Dan smiled. It had been so obvious a little trick. If Colleen had wanted Dan thrown out, she was to have answered "yes" to Norris' question.

He drew himself together. "Well, I guess I'll be going," he said.

He walked toward the door and Colleen followed.

"Dan, are you in any trouble?"

"What do you mean, trouble?"

"I mean money trouble."

Dan looked down at his shoes and registered refined reticence. "Well, to tell the truth, Colleen—"

A glimmer of jewels as a tiny purse flashed out of Colleen's pocket.

So she had come to meet him prepared. The little—! She'd expected him to ask for money. Well, he'd be damned if he'd—

"Here's fifty, Dan," said Colleen.

"Gee, thanks, Col."

Dan's hand closed over the bill. The door slammed behind him.

THE END

Make Your WILL *NOW and Make It Right— or Your Widow Will Be* ROBBED

An Article by HUGH FULLERTON

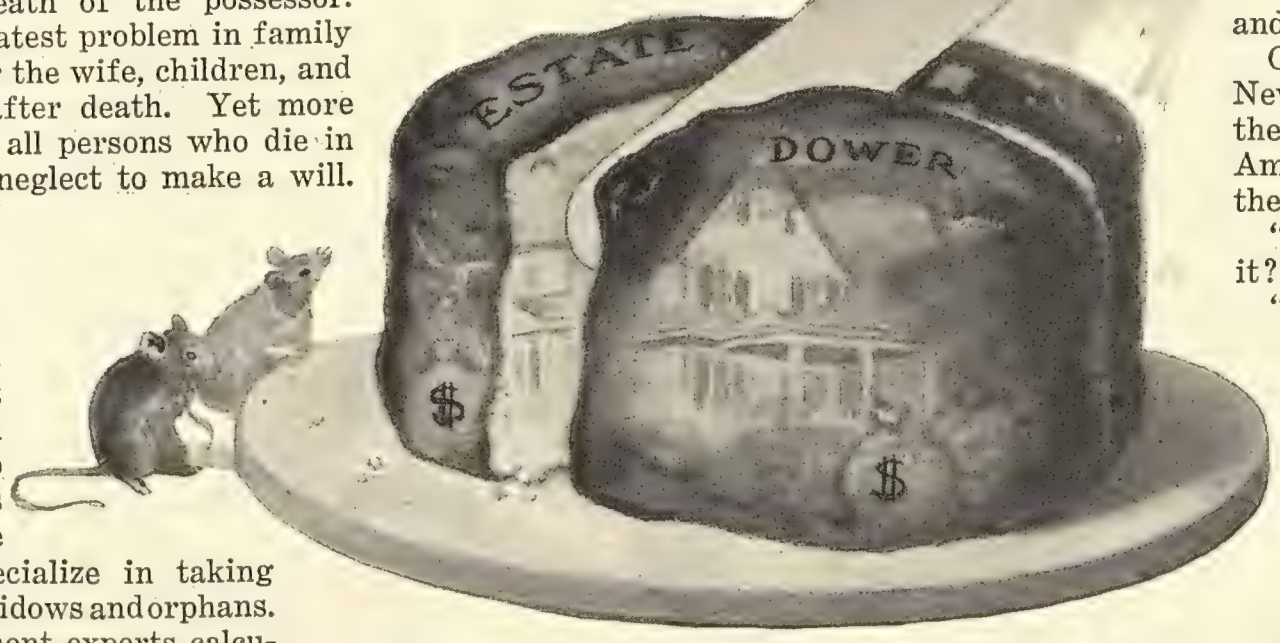
Picture by
G. PATRICK NELSON

The widow's mite is small indeed if there is no will and she gets only her dower rights.

ABOUT 1,425,000 persons died in the United States last year. Fewer than 35 per cent of them made wills, although they left billions of dollars in savings and insurance. And, if the great estates, protected by lawyers and established trusts, be eliminated from the computation, it is calculated that not more than 40 per cent of the property left reached those dependents for whom the deceased hoped to make provision.

Less than five years from now, according to insurance statistics, the great bulk of these estates will have been entirely dissipated. These statistics have shown that the average estate disappears within four and a half years after the death of the possessor.

Probably the greatest problem in family life is providing for the wife, children, and other dependents after death. Yet more than two-thirds of all persons who die in the United States neglect to make a will. Perhaps most of those who do have not made legal wills, and the vast majority who have made legal wills have left their property in such condition as to make their heirs easy prey for the swindlers who specialize in taking money away from widows and orphans.



Federal government experts calculate that more than $1,000,000,000 of worthless or nearly worthless stocks and bonds are sold to the people of America each year—a great percentage of them to the recipients of bequests and life insurance. The chances are better than two to one that, after you have saved forty, fifty, or a hundred thousand dollars, your wife, children, and grandchildren will not benefit from it—unless you write a will that is lawproof and foolproof and select executors who will outlive you and outlive the work of settling the estate, or unless you establish a trust to carry out your wishes.

Not 35 per cent of those who leave estates make wills. Not half of those made are properly made; and a great percentage of those properly made cannot be carried out successfully, due to the unexpected changes of conditions.

On the word of one of the most eminent authorities in America, I can add that not 50 per cent of the lawyers in the United States can draw an absolutely safe will, as, in this age of specialists, few lawyers pay attention to that specialty. The State laws also vary so greatly that the chances of blunders are infinite.

There is perhaps no legal document or process about which the public is so ignorant or about which so many erroneous traditions have grown up as the will and testament. Almost every person intends to make a will "some day, when I get around to it." Likewise, almost every person thinks he can draw a will; which accounts for the fact that legal fees and court costs eat up so much of the estates.

One of the most prominent members of the New York bar recently approached the head of the trust department of the largest bank in America and remarked that he had just drawn the will of a wealthy client.

"I suppose you wouldn't care to glance over it?" he suggested.

"Not unless you or your client desire it," replied the expert cautiously.

"You may as well read it," remarked the lawyer.

The expert did. There were three errors in it that would have meant lawsuits to settle, even if all the heirs agreed; and if any one of the heirs objected, the will could have been smashed on two other points.

Oh yes, anyone can draw a will! It is because of this popular error that so many blunder in drawing the only contract that cannot be remedied. Therefore I started to find out just what a person desiring the best protection for his estate and family should do.

I have consulted with lawyers who are specialists in handling bequests and writing wills. In New York I talked with the heads of the trust departments of the National City Bank, the Equitable Trust Company, the Irving Bank-Columbia Trust Company, the Corn Exchange,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now!

New Indian Scout 45

The Police Special and Sport Solo

Now for the fun! Now for the thrills! Now for the big "kick" of outdoor sport at its best! Here it is—the new Scout 45—inviting you out to a real world of adventure!

The Scout 45 has a super-powerful motor, snappy acceleration, large oversize brake, classy sport handle bars. Holds boundless power for the veteran rider, easy handling features for the novice. Takes you anywhere—any time—and brings you back safely. Ride the 45 a mile—and see what a champion sport solo it really is.

Ride the 45 a mile!

Easy to Own

Call on your nearest Indian dealer and find how easily you can own a Scout 45 under our generous pay-as-you-ride plan. Or mail coupon below for the complete interesting story of this popular model.

Indian Motocycle Co.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEALERS!
A few territories still open for agency of Indian Motocycles. Wonderful opportunity for ambitious, energetic men. Write today for particulars. Address: Dept. U-5, Springfield, Mass.

Indian Motocycle Co.,
Dept. U-5, Springfield, Mass.
Send me FREE descriptive circular on the new Indian Scout 45. This places me under no obligation.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

[MAKE YOUR WILL NOW AND MAKE IT RIGHT Continued from Page Fifty-three]

and several others, and secured information from the Chicago Title and Trust, the Sheridan Trust, and the Union Trust Company of Chicago, where the business of handling estates started before New York bankers got into it. The Chicago trust-company experts also draw wills, which New York companies are forbidden by law to do.

From what the experts told me I compiled this line of procedure:

Go to your bank and secure from it one of their will memorandum blanks, an outline form that will be invaluable in simplifying and suggesting your desires. Fill in roughly, in the spaces, names, addresses, and your desires.

Take this draft to your lawyer and have him use it in compiling the will. After the will is written by the lawyer, take it to the expert of a trust company and request him to read it and look for flaws.

IN States where banks are permitted to draw wills, you might have your lawyer look over the will drawn by the trust expert. They also can err; although they have more experience in the work than the average lawyer.

The trust company usually will be glad to do that, and it can suggest changes. These companies regard the laws forbidding them to write wills as more or less of a blessing—since it prevents disgruntled heirs from charging them with influencing the testators.

With that done, select three witnesses (whether the State law calls for only two or not), sign the will in their presence, making sure that they see you write it; and, to make doubly certain, point to the signature afterward and say: "This is my will and my signature."

Have each witness sign his name and address (most States provide a penalty for failure to do so). Don't write anything after your signature, or it may nullify the entire will. Never make an erasure or write anything in after signing. Never insert a provision by pasting or pinning. If you desire to alter the will, do it in a codicil, signed and witnessed in the same manner as the will.

The majority of the great estates of the country avoid trouble over wills by forming trust funds. The formation of trusts, however, will be treated in a succeeding article. Thus they also escape burdensome inheritance and other taxes, court costs, executors' fees, and so forth, through the formation of these trusts, while the heavy loss is found in the small and the moderate fortunes—the very ones that can least afford any shrinkage.

This loss, coming at the time it is hardest to bear, can be escaped by the small estate through the same process. New England, where estates have been handed down through many generations, shows the least loss and the smallest expense in handling estates, because the New Englander gives more thought to the disposition of his money, and there is less temptation to heirs coming into sudden wealth.

Philadelphia and its surrounding district ranks second in efficiency in handling estates and conserving fortunes, due to the thrift and training of the early inhabitants; while Omaha, Nebraska, scatters its estates more rapidly than any other city, the average life of an Omaha bequest being less than three years.

New York wastes the small and medium estates rapidly, but shows up well in the total because the immense bequests are carefully handled and endure for the two generations the law contemplates. The majority of States forbid disposition of estates beyond that time.

You naturally desire your heirs to benefit by your estate, but only those who have had experience understand the extent to which the swindlers, sharpers, and fakers prey upon the widows and orphans, especially the widows, who as a rule are the "easiest marks" for swindlers. And the business of robbing them is so well organized that it supports many of the parasites of the big cities.

The old melodrama that represented the skinflint money shark robbing the widow and orphan is out of style. Such robbing is still done, but the skinflint of the modern tragedy is usually a well groomed, smooth-talking stock or bond salesman with worthless paper to peddle, who relies upon promises of increased income to persuade the widow to exchange her valuable holdings for worthless paper.

THERE are in every large city organized groups engaged in this practice, and under the laws of this country they must actually swindle a person before they may be prosecuted. In Canada and some European countries the act of offering to sell worthless stock may constitute the crime.

These swindlers know that the death of the head of the average family means a sharp reduction of income. The average man who has supported his family at the rate of $10,000 a year, and saved $2,000 a year out of his total income of $12,000, could indulge them in some luxuries. The average income of $12,000 means about $10,000 salary and $2,000 yield from investments. The man of that class who dies may leave life insurance, which, added to the $2,000, means about $2,750 income for his family.

In days when safe bonds could be had that would yield 6 per cent or more, the income from $100,000 in savings went a long way. Now the average yield from $100,000 savings would be less than 5 per cent. The sharpers know that when a family accustomed to spending $10,000 a year is forced to live on almost a quarter of that

amount, it is an easy prey to promises of higher income.

Recently an expert of a New Jersey trust company inserted a want ad in a newspaper that read:

> WIDOW, who has inherited $10,000, wants advice as to how to invest it to yield a greater income.

The answers poured in, not by scores, but by hundreds, offering every form of fake stock, fake investment, and "business opportunity" that can be imagined. Out of hundreds of replies, only one offered good advice. A well meaning person wrote, saying: "Consult your banker or you will be robbed."

Here is an actual case that occurred in New York not long ago:

A man had placed his estate in the hands of a bank for investment. He died in California and the bank invested $100,000 in gilt-edged securities, with such care and experience that the yield was between $5,000 and $6,000 a year—much better than the average stock-and-bond buyer could get with safety.

The widow returned to New York, thanked the bank, and placed the securities in safe deposit. A few weeks later the banker who had made the investment was informed the woman was taking securities from the box. He was worried, but could do nothing until she came to him in distress. A sharper had promised to double her income, and she had lost more than three-fourths of the entire estate in three weeks.

Any New York or Chicago trust-company official can multiply such cases by the hundreds.

A GREAT part of these losses could be avoided by the proper making of wills—and why two-thirds of those who leave property do not make wills is somewhat of a mystery. The principal reason seems to be procrastination, coupled with errors of tradition and the old superstition that a person who makes a will is going to die within a short time, a superstition absolutely disproved by the insurance figures, which prove that (if *in extremis* cases are eliminated) the man who makes a will lives longer than the average.

The misconceptions about wills are so common and so fixed in the average mind that it is hard to shake them loose. Every person ought to read the digest of the laws of his own State regarding the making of wills, and not rely upon some taken-for-granted statement based on family tradition. In the matter of age alone there is great variation. In some States, persons of fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen may execute legal wills. The majority of States accept the wills of persons of eighteen in personal-property bequests and twenty-one in real property.

It is an accepted tradition that a holographic will—one written entirely in the handwriting of the maker—is always good, when, as a matter of fact, six States, including New York, do not accept it. However, such a will is accepted everywhere in cases of soldiers and sailors going into action.

You want, naturally, to provide for your wife and children; yet if you die without a will, in the majority of States the wife gets only a life interest in one-third of the real estate and one-third of the personal property outright. Usually both real estate and personal property, even the household furniture, must be sold with high court expense and losses, and the proceeds divided.

Where the husband survives, he has the use of the real estate while he lives, takes one-third of the personal property, and the rest is divided among the children or their descendants in most States.

If there are no children a wife has only a dower right to one-third of the real estate, and the remainder goes to parents or, if there are none, to other relations. The wife gets one-half the personal property, the remainder going to the parents.

If the wife dies childless, before her husband, he gets nothing in real estate, but gets half the personal property.

The laws vary in almost every State; but those examples show how the property is scattered if there is no will made. The big things to consider in making a will are:

First: Who shall be my executors?

Second: How shall I leave the money so that it will do good instead of harm to my family?

Executors usually are chosen, not for their business judgment or experience, but because they happen to be close friends. But when choosing your executor, ask yourself:

Is he honest, competent, experienced?

Will he outlive me?

Will he outlive the terms of the trust?

Will he have to learn the duties of office?

Will he be forced to sacrifice his own interests to serve?

Will he have to employ experts and lawyers in tax, investment, and other methods?

Will he be continually available?

The expense of settling an estate, independent of inheritance and other taxes, is considerable. The usual allowance for the executors is 3 per cent, and in many States, at discretion of the court, it may be increased. The average executor or administrator must call upon a lawyer or some other expert; meaning more expense.

But the worst feature lies in the fact that a will cannot be changed to suit circumstances after the testator's death. The executor or the court may only interpret its orders.

The great problem of any maker of a will is to leave property so that it will benefit, instead of harm, the heirs. This peril increases with the amount of property left, and it is because of this fact that the great fortunes seldom are left directly by will, but are left in trust.

The effort to provide by will for certain human contingencies is seldom successful. To some extent you may make your will flexible by granting to the executors power to buy, sell, or exchange real estate or other securities, and you may provide for payments of certain sums at certain times, may restrict payments, may devise the interest alone to certain heirs, with provision for the distribution of the principal later. But the trouble with this is that conditions are liable to change so that the heir may need capital just when he cannot get it, or he may have too much money at the wrong time and ruin himself.

ONLY recently a very wealthy man came to a New York trust company to arrange a will. He wanted his son to have a stated allowance until his twenty-fourth year, and to leave him absolutely without income from his twenty-fourth to his thirty-fifth year. The boy was in college, was showing inclination toward wildness, and the father's desire was that he be compelled to earn his own way, without any income to fall back upon, for ten years.

In a way this was unfair to the boy. To give a boy a more than liberal income during his college years, and then cut him off short, would seem a dangerous expedient, especially since there are loan sharks who would be glad to advance money at exorbitant rates on such expectations. A boy with too much money during his college years would be hard pressed to find a job on which he could keep up appearances, and the experiment seemed to the bankers to be quite as dangerous as it was radical. They urged that the father provide a small income, just enough to keep the boy from want or provide for him in case of sickness, but the father said:

"I had no such protection. Let him work it out for himself and see whether he is a man or not."

The result will be watched with interest.

The experts have worked out certain rules to apply to the leaving of property:

For the widow: A fair amount of available cash, and a sum, paid monthly or quarterly, equal to the amount needed to run the house, with a small allowance above necessary expenses.

For the son: A small settled income, an increased allowance during college years, a stipulation of a cash increase on marriage, the rest available at the age of thirty or thirty-five.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Santa Fe

Wonders you'll never forget *in the* Cool Far West

Santa Fe Summer Excursions *introduce you to ~*

California
Colorado ~
New Mexico
Arizona ~
Grand Canyon
Indian-detour
National Parks
Dude Ranches

Mail coupon for picture-folder

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines
1180 Railway Exchange, Chicago
Please mail me free Santa Fe Booklets, *"California Picture Book," "Grand Canyon Outings," "Indian Detour."*

_____

_____

Why are Champions?

© Levick

Play *every* shot as well as your *best*!

Of course, it's "A-B-C" that Champions are superior golfers, not because they play one or two exceptionally brilliant shots, but because they play *every* shot *well*. It's ten-to-one odds that the day you break "100," "90," or "80" is not the day that you drive the green on the third and make a birdie on the sixth, but rather the day that you get a *good* drive, approach and putt on most of the holes.

The secret of superior golf is consistency of playing. And next to skill the most important factor in gaining consistency is UNIFORMITY in the clubs you play with.

Champions once would search the world over to duplicate the "feel" of one pet club. They, nor you, no longer have to if you buy clubs with Bristol Steel Shafts. For the "feel" you like in any Bristol Shafted club may be duplicated exactly in every other club in your bag.

All makes of golf clubs may be obtained with Bristol Steel Shafts. Each shaft bears the designating label. Look for it and insist on the genuine Bristol.

This gold label on the shaft designates the finest in golf shafts—the Bristol Gold Label Steel Shaft—the original steel shaft. More life and "pep" than any other shaft.

This silver label means the new Bristol SEAMLESS Steel Shaft. Look for it on the shaft no matter what make is the club.

WRITE: An interesting new booklet describes the Bristol Steel Shaft for every type of club. Write for it.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.
905 HORTON ST. BRISTOL, CONN.

Bristol
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Steel Golf Shaft
Patented Nov. 22, 1910

[MAKE YOUR WILL NOW AND MAKE IT RIGHT
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

For the daughter: A settled income with a fixed sum to be given her at marriage.

Those are only general rules, which will be dealt with at greater length in the article on trusts—living trusts and insurance trusts—next week.

It is impossible, of course, to lay down any rule that will cover every case. You know best what is good or bad for your heirs. It has been figured, from actual results, that it is worse to leave too much income to a son or a daughter than to leave too little or even nothing.

A great majority of boys of school or college age are ruined as far as usefulness in the world goes, and are often ruined physically and morally, by receiving a large income or a large sum of money before they know how to handle it. The great majority of wives, untrained in business, will waste principal and reduce their incomes if they receive the principal of an estate without restrictions.

Before you make a will, study each beneficiary and ask yourself whether a gift will do harm or good.

One trust-company attorney suggests asking yourself these questions:

HAS your wife sufficient experience and balance to be trusted with the principal? Does she understand buying and selling real estate, bonds, stocks, or other securities? Is she liable to be overpersuaded by some slick salesman?

Is your son inclined to be wild? Does he know how to handle money and property advantageously?

Is your daughter inclined to love luxury or has she developed expensive tastes? Can you trust her to conserve property without risking quick loss of principal? Is she contemplating marriage? If so, can the man be trusted to manage her estate or should it be restricted to her own use and management?

Go through the entire list of beneficiaries and see whether you are likely to help or harm them. The experts think that two out of three persons, especially young persons, are endangered by being given lump sums of money.

Any lawyer or trust-company official can relate a score of such instances. There is one young man, whose case I know, who held promise of being a valuable citizen and even a brilliant man. He was ambitious and a good student until he inherited an income of $12,000 a year. It wrecked his career. It was just enough to enable him to live well as a bachelor, to golf, motor, and travel considerably. As a result, he is simply a respectable bum, if there is such a thing.

Possession of money, however, does not always ruin people. Sometimes one recovers. There is a case that is unique. A youth, upon coming of age, inherited about $20,000 a year. He was in college; popular, reckless, having a good time. He liked the life and, receiving the money, altered his plan of becoming a surgeon and started to "enjoy life."

He finished his university course, took a postgraduate course, and then went from college to college in America, to Oxford, to Germany, and to the Sorbonne. He "studied"—i. e.: attended—at eleven universities. Then his interest in surgery revived. He went to Johns Hopkins, devoted himself to one special line of the work, and became, after he was thirty-five, one of the leaders in his profession.

The efforts of will makers to protect their loved ones lead to the most amazing tangles.

Recently an English lord left a most perplexing will. He bequeathed a large fortune, named a dozen of his family, and provided that his estate should be distributed so that each should receive from his estate in ratio to their own fortunes—the one possessing the least money to receive the most, and so on.

The chances of complications in administering that will are thousands and the chances of dividing the fortune as he wished are nil. The appraisers must invoice and value twelve estates and agree with all the heirs that their valuations are correct before they can even reach a basis of settlement.

Scarcely less freakish was the will of Arthur E. Frank, a New York broker, who left a will naming Miss Phoebe Lee, an actress, under these terms:

"Should I die prior to January 1, 1927, I leave my friend, Phoebe Lee, $17,000. Should I die during the month of January, 1927, I leave her $12,500. Should I die during the month of February, 1927, I leave her $11,300"—and so on, reducing the sum month by month.

He died in March, so Miss Lee received $10,500. Had he lived until August 31, she would have received nothing.

SUCH freak wills are tempting fate and might tempt an heir to hurry Nature's processes. The experts have evolved what they consider a better plan, which will be explained in a succeeding article.

But before that, remember these things:

Make a will.

Have it examined by experts.

Make no alterations in it.

Make certain you write nothing after or below the signature.

And, if you have made a will, get it out right now, study it, and submit it to an expert. You can change it now, if you are in sound mind, but after an automobile hits you, or a steel beam drops on your head, no one can change it.

In next week's LIBERTY, Mr. Fullerton tells how the methods used in conserving large estates can be applied to small ones.

Bobby Jones

Super-Champion

The Story of Golf's Greatest Amateur And His Bag of Tricks

As Told by Himself to

O. B. KEELER

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Bobby Jones entered his first National Amateur golf championship match eleven years ago, when he was only fourteen years old. In the preceding chapters of his memoirs he told of his golfing from the age of five until that time. He said that two things attracted attention to him in his first National Amateur tournament at the Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia—his youth and his temper.]

PART FOUR

IT always seemed, and it seems today, such an utterly useless and idiotic thing to stand up to a perfectly simple shot, one that I *know* I can make a hundred times running without a miss—and then mess it up the one time I want to make it! And that stroke is gone forever. I think it was Stevenson who said that bad men and fools eventually got what was coming to them, but the fools first. And when you feel so extremely a fool, what can you do except throw the club away?

Chick Evans, writing years later, said I had conquered my temper not wisely but too well; that a flare now and then would help me. I liked that of Chick. But I get just as mad today. I stopped club-throwing in public, but the lectures didn't stop coincidentally. A bad name sticks. Having before quoted one well merited spanking, let me give an example of how hard it is to live down a bad reputation.

Four years after Merion and two years after Brae Burn, when I had reached the mature age of eighteen years and the club-throwing penchant had been completely hammered out of me, I was playing in my first National Open championship, at the Inverness Club, Toledo, qualifying with Harry Vardon. At the last hole I messed up a good round and took a villainous 6, finally missing a putt of about four feet. I was mad. But I didn't mean to show it.

I holed out the ball, which lay at the edge of the cup, and tossed the putter to my caddie. He was not looking for it and the club fell on the green. Next day the papers said I was throwing my clubs again, and had hacked up a slice of the eighteenth green in a rage after missing a short putt.

That hurt me a lot.

Well, well—I don't throw clubs any more, in public, though once in a while I let one fly in a little friendly round with dad and Chick Ridley and Tess Bradshaw—and get a deal of relief from it, too, if you want the truth!

Eben Byers, a former National champion, was my opponent in my first match at Merion in 1916, and I played very wretchedly. I think the main reason I beat him was because he ran

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JONES at the finish of a full shot. This is not a "dandelion clipping" posed picture, but an actual snapshot of the golf wizard playing a brassy lie from the fairway.

American Golfer photo

O. B. Keeler Collection

THE position of Stewart Maiden's hands just before his wrists "snap" into a shot. Maiden was Jones' mentor. (Above.)

BOBBY JONES at fifteen, when he won the Southern Amateur golf championship in 1917. (Left.)

P. & A. photo

Unbreakable Seams

The seams at the waistline are unbreakable, because made with the Topkis Flatlock Stitch, using *nine* threads instead of one.

One Dollar
no need to pay more

ARE you the man who pays ten to twelve dollars for a half dozen union suits?

If so, your nearby dealer in Topkis underwear wants you for a customer.—

He has Topkis by the half-dozen box, for only $6.

The saving will give you money for ties and socks.

Or, buy one suit of Dollar Topkis. Wear it and compare it... Quality of fabric, character of pattern, tailoring, finish, fit, ease, comfort.

A true athletic union suit—cut big in the chest, armholes, back, legs.

Big value every way! Strictly a quality garment at the dollar price. You will never go back to high-priced athletic underwear.

Be sure to ask dealer for Topkis. Look for our label.

Fine durable fabrics: Fancy madras, plain madras, white or color stripe, silk stripes, mercerized crepes, pajama checks, etc. Men's Union Suits, $1.00; Shirts and Drawers, 75c. ea. Boys' Union, 75c. Children's Waist Union Suits, 50c. and 75c. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

Write us for free illustrated Booklet

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Del.
General Sales Offices: 93 Worth Street, at Broadway, New York

TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear

AT THE TOP OF UNDERWEAR FAME STANDS THE TOPKIS NAME

[BOBBY JONES, SUPER-CHAMPION]
Continued from Page Fifty-seven

out of clubs first. Somebody playing behind us said that we looked like a juggling act.

At the twelfth hole Mr. Byers threw an iron out of bounds and wouldn't let his caddy go after it. I finally won, 3-1, and felt no elation whatever over my successful debut in a National championship. I knew I was lucky and that I ought to have been well drubbed.

The second match I played better. This was with Frank Dyer, champion of several States and districts, and he put me five down in the first six holes. I was getting dizzy. "So this is big-league golf," I reflected.

Then Frank made a few mistakes, and I saw that he was human and began to play better. At the turn I was three down, and when we stood on the eighteenth tee I had a four left for a thirty-two coming in, and was one up.

We both hooked from this tee, and one ball stopped in a fairly convenient position on top of a mound, while the other was at the foot of the same mound in a distinctly distressing situation. We were playing the same kind of ball, a Red Honor. Mine had gone out of bounds at the second hole and was wearing a tar stain from the roadway; I didn't change the ball every sixth hole, as I do now, as the one in play may be knocked slightly off center.

I DIDN'T stop to examine the balls, but confidently whaled away at the one under the mound, and missed the shot grievously, taking a six and losing the hole. After holing out, I discovered I had played Dyer's ball and he mine. There was nothing to do about it then—and the score stood. We started the second round even, and I won, 4-2.

By this time the golf writers were paying a good deal of attention to me, and some of the things they wrote made me feel extremely foolish. They wrote about my worn shoes and my dusty pants and my fresh young face and other embarrassing personal attributes. I never had considered my shoes or pants before, so long as they held together.

Golf wasn't a dress-up game to me, and it was a new and puzzling experience to be looked at closely by so many people. I never had thought much of my face, for example, and it seemed sort of indelicate thus to expose it in print, not to mention my pants. The galleries were the largest I had ever seen, with only half a dozen familiar faces. But everybody was curiously friendly. I remember thinking these Yankees must be pretty good folks.

So I got through the second round, and in the third I met Robert A. Gardner, then champion. The biggest gallery I had yet seen followed the match, which I will describe in some detail because it was in this match that I first got my fresh young head under the bludgeonings of chance, and, I must confess, wound up by bowing it. Bob was playing with an infected finger, a handicap that rendered his game uncertain, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Corns

Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

How Folks Grow Thin

Folks do grow thin, as you know. Excess fat is not nearly so common as it was. But so many do it by abnormal exercise and diet.

The modern way is Marmola Prescription Tablets, based on many years of scientific research, here and abroad. They act to correct the cause. People have used them for 19 years, and reported the results to others. You see the results in every circle. Almost everyone has friends who can tell them.

The use of Marmola requires no abnormal exercise or diet. One simply takes four tablets daily until the weight comes down to normal. The results are healthful, and many other benefits accrue.

You should learn this fact, as millions have done before you. Watch the reduction, watch the gain in vitality. You will be amazed and delighted.

Do this now, for your own sake. Excess weight is usually unnecessary. It is a blight. Learn how easily you can overcome it, and how the reduction lasts. Go try Marmola now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

possibly cost him the championship in the end, as he lost to Chick Evans, who, however, was playing admirably in the finals.

I shot a 76 in the morning round and was one up. We were never far apart. In the afternoon we were square at the sixth tee. When I planted my second shot on the green five yards from the pin I felt certain of going into the lead again, as Gardner's second was above the green and to the right, in a difficult place from which to approach. But he chipped stone dead and got a half.

O. B. Keeler Collection

BOBBY (left) with his favorite professional opponent, Walter Hagen.

At the next green my ball was fifteen feet below the cup and Bob's was off to the left. Again he chipped dead for a half.

I wasn't discouraged. "He can't keep on doing it," I told myself. "I'll get him yet!"

Playing the eighth hole, my second shot was ten feet from the pin and Bob's was on the ninth tee—and this time he didn't chip dead. After his third shot he was still outside my position, and then I felt the break had come. He couldn't keep on doing it. But Gardner sank his twelve-foot putt, and I missed my ten-footer. It seemed he *could* keep on doing it.

As for me, I couldn't. My fresh young head was bloody—and bowed. Frankly, I blew up. Bob won five of the next seven holes. He beat me, 5-3, holing a twenty-foot putt for a par four at the fifteenth, after driving out of bounds.

They all told me it was a tough match to lose. But I've lost many a tough match since then, more than one by being clearly outplayed—and more than one because I simply blew up under pressure. And I've been outfinished in more than one medal-play championship. But I never have felt quite the same way since.

O. B. Keeler Collection

WILLIE MACFARLANE (left), professional, and Bobby, whom Macfarlane trimmed in the Open in 1925 in the second extra round.

IN after years I began to reason the business out a bit. As I said early in these memoirs, I never learned anything from a match that I won: I got my golfing education from drubbings. And very lately I have come to a sort of Presbyterian attitude toward tournament golf: I can't get away from the idea of predestination.

The professionals have a way of saying of the winner in a competition, "It was *his* tournament." Step by step, hole by hole, and shot by shot, you may trace it back and see that he was bound to win—after it is over.

There's a tremendous lot to this game; and I fancied when I started this little story that maybe I could think a little of it out as I went along, and tell people about it. But it's a big assignment—too big for me. I may have reasoned out some of the mechanical side, perhaps just a bit of the psychological side. But behind it all, and over it all, there is something I think nobody understands.

Anyway, as they said, this was a tough match to lose, because I had played very well up to the place where those continued recoveries of Bob's had broken my back; and the next day one of the papers carried a story that concluded with these lines:

> Care-free and unconcerned, save with the big dish of ice cream awaiting him at the clubhouse, the Georgia schoolboy swung along from the fifteenth green in his worn shoes and dusty pants and sweat-streaked shirt, whistling an air from a recent musical comedy, as jaunty and complacent as if he had just won his first National championship instead of having just been beaten in the third round. He was thinking of the ice cream.

But I wasn't. I was puzzled, and hurt, someway. Not with Bob Gardner, who had played so pluckily and had kept the pressure on when I was hitting the ball better. Bob, as I recall it, was an abstract figure; he was in the picture only as an agent for something else that I didn't understand.

I had felt all along that I could beat Bob Gardner, but there was something beside him that was big and hard and invincible. That was what beat me.

Fatality wasn't even a word to me then; and it doesn't mean now what I want it to. But as I walked back to the clubhouse—and I got the ice cream, too!—I kept wondering over and over again, in a vague way, what was on Bob Gardner's side that had made me blow up, when I was hitting the shots better than he was. Would it be on my side sometimes? I wondered. Or—with a queer little sinking sensation—would it always be on the other side?

I never have made sure what it was. But I have found out this much: In the long run it seems to play no favorites—if the run is long enough. In my case it was a run of seven years.

After Merion and the National Amateur championship of 1916, came the Big War; and if I carried away any introspections about golf

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You may "kid" the "cold-bath liar"

but you envy him one thing

YOU know him—the "cold-bath liar." He brags offensively, about the bracing, stimulating, zestful feeling he gets when he tumbles out of a nice warm bed and jumps under the icy shower. Yes—you may dislike him because you think he's lying half the time, but one thing you envy him. He gets by with a reputation for being antiseptically clean.

How about yourself? Have you recently shoved your own familiar face up close to a truthful mirror for a good honest look? Try it. You are due for a surprise and a couple of shocks. You are going to discover that your face is really not quite clean.

That off-color, almost-but-not-quite-clean look about your skin is caused by ordinary, unpleasant dirt. It comes from the air. The U. S. Weather Bureau estimates that there are 115,000 swirling bits of dust and grime in one cubic inch of city air. These bits of smoky grime are so small that they are invisible. They collect upon your face, in tiny wrinkles and open pores. Once there, they resist every effort of soap and water to get them out.

You can get clean—and stay clean. A Pompeian massage in your own home takes only seventy seconds—no more time than a hot towel and rinse. Use this invigorating massage cream after shaving for that stimulating, zestful "feel." Use it to get clean, stay clean, then absorb some of the glory that gravitates to the cold-bath enthusiast. Above all, use it for the grand and glorious feeling, that, by gosh! you really are clean!

Make this convincing hand test free!

Wash your hands thoroughly. Dry them. Rub a little Pompeian Massage Cream into the back of your hand until the cream first disappears, then comes out again. Notice this—*the cream goes in pink and comes out black!* The black is dirt that you could not remove by washing. Now use this pleasant massage cream every day to give your face that clean and healthy look of the successful man. 60c at all drug stores.

POMPEIAN
MASSAGE CREAM
Increases Your Face Value

FREE .. TO MEN ONLY

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 304E(b), 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Please send me free, the sample tube of Pompeian Massage Cream, with enough cream to make the hand test, and to give me several massages.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Against any Background

FLORSHEIM SHOES

Are in the Foreground

No matter what the occasion, the Florsheim Shoes you wear are always in the picture. They reveal the good taste of the wearer.

Most Styles $10 *The* PACER, *Style M-236*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

Quality First

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

Friend Wife Knows—

VOICE FROM UPSTAIRS—"Grace, where on earth are my garters? I've looked everywhere for them."
WIFE, SWEETLY—"In the ash can where they belong—Now don't get excited, John—I bought you a nice clean new pair of Bostons. Look in your top drawer."

How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?

Ask for the new Agrippa Web Boston—the ventilated non-skidding garter—50 cents a pair

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, MAKERS, BOSTON

[BOBBY JONES, SUPER-CHAMPION]
Continued from Page Fifty-nine

from the beautiful course at Philadelphia, I lost them promptly in an entrancing tour over a good deal of this my native land, playing Red Cross matches and a flurry of War Relief matches, where the professionals were involved.

This was my first experience in a formal way with the "pro" element, which since has come to be so pleasant and fascinating a part of golf to me. I love the professionals. I love to play with them and against them. I am perhaps inexcusably proud of the events in which I have been lucky enough to win from them; and they have chastened my spirit with many a fine licking.

The biggest golfing year of my life, 1926, began with the most impressive trouncing I ever got—and it was by a professional, Walter Hagen. A good deal has been written about my readiness to enter open events when it was accepted that I had little or no chance to win, but I confess it was mainly selfishness on my part. Win or lose—what of it? I found there the spur of competition, and masters of the game who were all set to drub me—and usually did!

Somewhere I read a line that sticks in my memory: "The fierce joy of conflict is the prize the vanquished gain!" I don't know about that fierce joy, but I do know that I love to play against the professionals; and when I manage to beat them I am inordinately proud, and when they lick me, why, there's no sting in the defeat—well, not so much, I'd better say.

THAT licking Willie Macfarlane gave me in the play-off at Worcester, in the Open championship of 1925, hit me pretty hard; but I can say honestly there was no sting in it. I did want to win that championship. Starting with a rotten round of 77, in thirty-sixth place, I pulled up to tenth place in the second round; and fourth place in the third round; and a tie for first place in the fourth round. And then, with a lucky break, I tied Willie in the first play-off, and had him four strokes down with nine holes to play. And he beat me.

I won't say it didn't hurt. It did. But a great round, and a great player, beat me. Anyway, that's ahead of the story, which is away back in 1918, with the Red Cross matches.

No—wait a minute. In 1917 I won the Southern Amateur championship, which was about the only fixture of any importance that got itself played in the first war year. It was at Roebuck, in Birmingham, along in June, and I was then fifteen years and three months old, if that is of any interest. It was my first sectional title.

I beat Rube Bush, the New Orleans stylist—and a really fine golfer—in the fourth round, and met Louis Jacoby in the finals. He was one of the best fellows and one of the most deliberate golfers I have ever encountered. I had Jake four down at the end of the morning round, and then, according to my stupid juvenile custom, I filled

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CLARK'S
Famous Cruises!

NORWAY AND WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN
[3rd Cruise]
July 2, 1927

A 52-day cruise on the specially chartered Cunard Liner "Lancastria" leaving New York July 2, to the sunny Mediterranean — visiting its lands so replete with history, romance and legend, and to Norway, the scenic wonderland of the earth. Itinerary includes Lisbon, (Madrid), Spain, (Granada) Tangier, Algiers, Italy, the Riviera, Sweden, Norway, Scotland, Germany, European stopovers. $600 to $1300, including Hotels, Guides, Drives, Fees, etc.

[8th Cruise]
ROUND THE WORLD
s s "Caledonia" Jan. 16, 1928
125 days, $1250 to $3000

[24th Cruise]
MEDITERRANEAN
s s "Transylvania" Jan 25, 1928
65 days, $600 to $1700

FRANK C. CLARK
Times Building, New York

A Preventive and Cleanser Pleasant Tasting

THE original Iodine toothpaste, recommended by dentists everywhere. Keeps mouth in best possible condition; teeth white and gums tough. Contains no grit. Try a tube of this all-family dental cream—it means "tooth insurance." At drug stores, or by mail postpaid, price 50c.

IODINE PRODUCTS COMPANY
LAUREL, MISS.

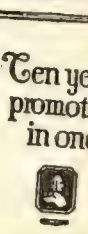
ZI-O-DINE
The Perfect Dental Cream

HOME-STUDY BUSINESS TRAINING

Your opportunity will never be bigger than your preparation. Prepare now and reap the rewards of early success. FREE 64-Page Books Tell How. Write now for book you want, or mail coupon with your name, present position and address in margin TODAY.

- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Business Correspondence
- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Modern Foremanship
- ☐ Effective Speaking

Ten years promotion in one



This Book FREE
Send for it Now

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 531-RA, Chicago

I Offer You $8.00 a Day ~and a

Write quick for new proposition. We offer $8.00 a day and a new Chevrolet Coach for demonstrating and taking orders for Comer Suits. Spare time. No experience required. Sample outfit free. Write now.

COMER MFG. CO., Dept. 1247-F, DAYTON, OHIO

ASK YOUR BARBER

FOR LUCKY TIGER

Stops dandruff and falling hair; or Whyte-Fox for pimples and skin disorders. Money-Back Guarantee. At barbers and druggists. Write for Free booklet.

LUCKY TIGER REMEDY CO.
Kansas City, Missouri

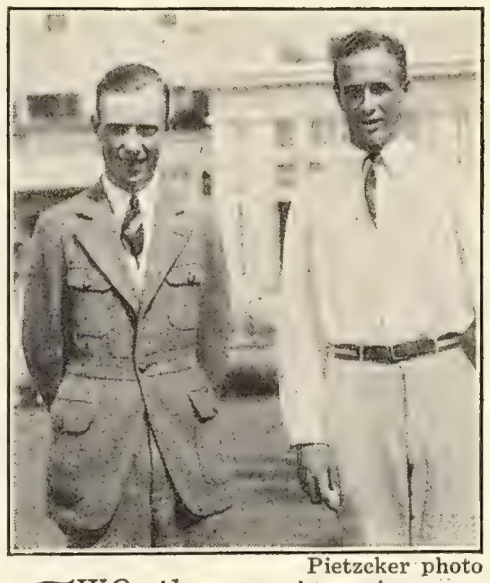
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

my system with pie *à la mode* at luncheon, toddled out on the course in a semicomatose condition from a superabundance of calories, and proceeded to lose the first three holes of the afternoon round.

The fourth hole at Roebuck is a neat iron shot from the tee, and either I had assimilated some of the calories or had become aroused to my very perilous situation, for I laid an iron shot of about 200 yards three inches from the hole, won it, and went on to win the match, 6-5, and the championship.

So I won that tournament, and still I was just playing golf and not learning anything about the game. I remember I had lost control of my pitches at Roebuck, and couldn't make them bite and sit down, so I just accepted it as a visitation of Providence and went on trying to chip back close enough to hole a putt.

I was a sort of champion, then, at fifteen, in the year 1917 when we went into the war, and J. A. Scott of the Wright & Ditson Company started booking Red Cross matches for us four kids—Alexa Stirling, Perry Adair, and me, of Atlanta, and Elaine Rosenthal of Chicago.



Pietzcker photo

TWO other great amateurs: Chick Evans (left) and Robert A. Gardner.

Mrs. Rosenthal chaperoned the girls; and Perry and I had the time of our young lives, traveling all over the eastern part of the United States, playing golf almost every day, and being acclaimed as fine young patriots—a phase of the tour that never seemed to register with me. I couldn't see that we were doing anything for our country—simply playing golf, which was what we would rather be doing than anything else—having a grand time.

We played at New London and Boston and Holyoke and Ekwanok, and at Maplewood, up in New Hampshire; at Poland Springs and Essex—lots of places. I was paired with Alexa one day and Elaine the next.

Perry had a birthday at Ekwanok, and got a pipe for a birthday present and smoked it—the first time he ever had smoked. Gosh, he was sick! I wasn't smoking then. I smoke a good deal now, and once in a while some golf writer takes a crack at me about it.

WHEN Walter Hagen was giving me that beautiful lacing in Florida, one scribe said he went around the course with seventy-one strokes and I with seventy-five cigarettes. Some people seem to think that's a bad idea. I don't know. I didn't smoke seventy-five cigarettes, of course, but I do light a good many in a hard round—light them, smoke them a bit, and throw them away. It seems to release a little of the tension.

It's easy to say cigarettes are bad for you. But what about that stretching and stretching and stretching inside your head? It's easy to prove cigarettes are all wrong for you physically. But championship golf is played mainly between the ears. If you don't smoke I suppose you are better off—maybe. If you do smoke I should say you were better off smoking in a hard round. Ted Ray is never without his pipe and old Harry Vardon smokes pretty continuously.

PERRY and I were getting something of a reputation as the Dixie Kids, and a match was arranged at the Flossmoor Country Club, Chicago, for us to meet Chick Evans, then National Amateur and Open champion, and Bob Gardner, former Amateur champion, who had beat me at Merion two years before. The two distinguished veterans gave us a good lacing.

Later we played in Kansas City, and then, in St. Louis, Perry and I played Chick and Warren K. Wood, and finally beat them. It was at St. Louis that somebody gave Perry and me each a bright red Swiss Guard cap: a floppy affair, very snappy, we considered, and we wore them regularly in our matches thereafter. We played in Dallas and Houston and Fort Worth—I remember I shot a 70 and broke the course record there—and Galveston, and then home.

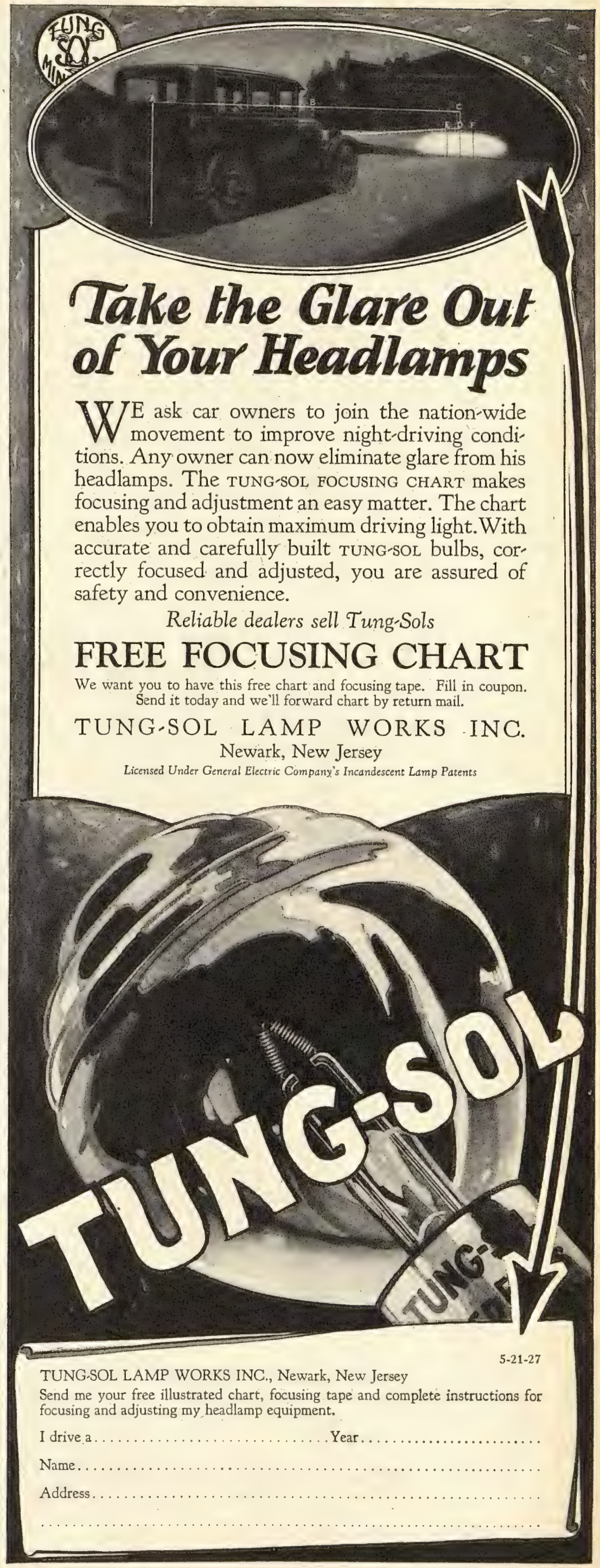
It was a joy ride for me. I had a world of fun. And when I heard that our combined efforts, mixed foursomes and all, had raised upward of $150,000 for the Red Cross, I couldn't comprehend it at all. It had been so much fun!

I had been at home only a little while when I got a telegram from Chick Evans saying that Warren Wood, who was to have toured the East with him for the Red Cross, was ill, and asking me to take his place. I went at once to New York and met Chick, and we played two professionals—Jack Dowling and Tom McNamara—at Scarsdale and were beaten, one up, in a good match. Again, at North Shore, they beat us two up. They teamed better than we did. It's a big factor in four-ball play.

Chick and I scored the same on almost all the holes. But one of the pros would shoot for a birdie while the other played safe. That's the idea in four-ball play. That is why Harry Vardon and Ted Ray were such a grand four-ball team. I think Walter Hagen and I would do pretty well as a four-ball team.

Then came the War Relief matches at Baltusrol, just out of Newark, New Jersey, and at Siwanoy, a New York course, and at Garden City, Walter Travis' famous course, on Long Island. And here I became involved with the pros in earnest. Four teams were chosen—Amateurs, Homebred Pros, Scottish Pros, and Eng-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Take the Glare Out of Your Headlamps

WE ask car owners to join the nation-wide movement to improve night-driving conditions. Any owner can now eliminate glare from his headlamps. The TUNG-SOL FOCUSING CHART makes focusing and adjustment an easy matter. The chart enables you to obtain maximum driving light. With accurate and carefully built TUNG-SOL bulbs, correctly focused and adjusted, you are assured of safety and convenience.

Reliable dealers sell Tung-Sols

FREE FOCUSING CHART

We want you to have this free chart and focusing tape. Fill in coupon. Send it today and we'll forward chart by return mail.

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC.
Newark, New Jersey

Licensed Under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

5-21-27

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC., Newark, New Jersey

Send me your free illustrated chart, focusing tape and complete instructions for focusing and adjusting my headlamp equipment.

I drive a ..... Year .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

[BOBBY JONES, SUPER-CHAMPION
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

lish Pros. The play was in foursomes and singles.

The first match was at Baltusrol, where the 1926 National Amateur championship was played last summer, and the amateurs had a distressing time of it. We played our foursomes against the English Pros, while the Homebreds fought it out with the Scottish Pros.

Norman Maxwell and I were the only pair of amateurs able to count against our opponents, George Sargent and Herbert Strong; while Jerry Travers and Oswald Kirkby, our No. 1 team, lost by the margin of a single hole to Gil Nicholls and Cyril Walker, and the rest of our outfit was unmercifully drubbed. I remember that Perry Adair and J. W. Worthington dropped four points to the Reid brothers, Wilfrid and Arthur.

In the afternoon we played the singles, and here we did a little better. Travers won three points from Gil Nicholls, and our No. 11 and No. 12 players, G. P. Tiffany and Robert Gwathmey, took three and five points, respectively, from H. Harris and Gordon Smith. I had a fine battle with Cyril Walker.

He took the first three holes from me, and then my temper came to my rescue. I didn't throw any clubs away, but I suddenly got into a humor described by R. L. Stevenson in The Master of Ballantrae as "a contained and glowing fury." I won five of the next six holes, shooting 4-3-4-4-4-2, and Cyril, who was out in par 37, was two down at the turn. My fury cooled after I got ahead, and I played only ordinary golf coming home; but I won, one up. At the end of the first day's play the standing was: English, 44; Homebreds, 39; Scottish, 14; Amateurs, 13.

I WAS fortunate in all the single matches, those three days we played against the professionals for the War Relief Fund, getting by without a defeat. At this distance I can see distinctly that I was extremely lucky, and in the foursomes I didn't do so well. Foursome play—each pair of partners playing alternate strokes with the same ball—was a new thing for Perry and me, and we had some curious rounds and one dreadful drubbing.

At Siwanoy, on the second day, we played against George Simpson and Alex Cunningham, and neither side was shooting good golf. Alex and I had much the same sort of temper. Alex was playing badly and George was kidding him, and along about the fifteenth hole he missed a putt of about eighteen inches, and threw his putter at least a hundred yards into some trees.

Next day, at Garden City, Perry and I played Jack Dowling and Emmett French, and our side was having a fearful time, mainly due to my bad play. Perry would drive down the fairway and I would fire the ball out into the rough, and poor little Perry would get it back on the course and then I would shoot into a bunker. Sometimes Perry drove into the rough on one side and I hit clear across into the rough at the other side. We were deservedly licked, 8-7, in an eighteen-hole match.

I encountered just a bit of the psychology of golf when Perry and I played with two professionals just before the War Relief matches, meeting Jack Hobens and Nipper Campbell in a medal competition at Englewood. I led off with a three at the first hole and a three at the second—both par 4 holes.

"Well, Bobby," said Jack, "eighteen threes make 54, you know."

I never hit another good shot, and finished with a wretched 80. I just got to thinking about making threes, and it was fives and sixes.

CHICK EVANS and I played Johnny Anderson and Jerry Travers at New Britain, and we won, 5-3. I had a 71, which was the best card. You see, I recall my good cards, which were not so numerous. Chick and I also beat Anderson and Max Marston at Baltusrol. I wish I knew how many matches I played in 1918. It was a lively year for me.

A few scattered clippings, a picture or two, and the red Swiss Guard cap—they are all I have. And the memories. Best of all I remember how I enjoyed battling with the professionals. With the year 1919 we enter the arena in earnest.

I always think of 1919 as my runner-up year. I was only a semifinalist in the Southern Amateur championship, played at New Orleans with a crafty design the last week before national prohibition set in. Nelson Whitney defeated me handily, 6-5, after I had held him level the first eighteen holes, and went on to win the last round from Louis Jacoby.

Then I entered the Canadian Open championship—a bad year for everybody to enter it except the late Douglas Edgar, that strange and fascinating little Englishman, who came to the Druid Hills Golf Club that spring and won the Canadian with the lowest score ever recorded for a National Open championship in any country. He had rounds of 72-71-69-66—278, and he was sixteen strokes ahead of Jim Barnes, Karl Keffer, and me, who were tied for second place with 294, a decent and respectable score on the Hamilton course.

What a round that sixty-six was! I watched most of it, and Douglas was playing tricks with the ball, bending it out of bounds to make it come in with a great run toward the green on a dog-leg hole—that sort of thing. His approaching was so good that only on one green did he have a putt of more than a dozen feet. This was at the 300-yard twelfth hole, where he drove to the green and missed a long putt for an eagle 2.

I went home to Atlanta, and was second to Jim Barnes in the Southern Open championship on my own course, East Lake, and it was in the second day's play that I got a sharp taste of losing when I was shooting par.

We were playing together in the third round, when Jim touched off some fireworks. Beginning at the fourth hole, par was 5-5-3 through the sixth, and that is exactly what I scored. And I lost four strokes to Long Jim. He had a birdie four at the fourth. He then pulled his drive far into the rough on the 600-yard fifth hole, pushed a brassy clear across the fairway into the rough on the other side, and then holed out a mashie shot of 150 yards for an eagle 3, while I was plugging along for a par 5. After that he stuck his iron drive on the island green, three yards from the pin, and canned the putt for a deuce, while all I could do was a par 3. In some way he managed to take a par 4 at the seventh, and the gallery, seeing him miss a putt of five yards for a birdie 3, decided he was exploding.

HE didn't explode—not that round. I nearly caught him in the afternoon, but he finished a stroke ahead on the seventy-two holes and I was runner-up again.

And then I was runner-up at the Oakmont Country Club, Pittsburgh, in the second National Amateur championship in which I had played, in 1919. I was pretty lucky in that tournament, even so, because I never was on my game. At any rate, I got to the finals with Davy Herron, an Oakmont player then, and he gave me a good drubbing in a match with a feature about which many columns have been written.

I never could figure that incident as beating me, but it did shut off the last rally I had in my system. Still, I was three down at the time, with seven holes to play, and even had I won the long twelfth hole I should have been two down and six to play.

They said that I might have pulled the match out, even so, but for a megaphone incident. I told you it looks more and more as if this game is all in the book before a ball is hit; and you merely go through a championship tournament as you were rehearsed to go through it, perhaps a million years before.

The megaphone incident, one of the most interesting in Bobby Jones' career, is only one of the high-lights in the next installment of his memoirs in next week's LIBERTY.

O. B. Keeler Collection

Bobby blasting the ball from a bunker at Worcester. In this shot he strikes the sand back of the ball, which is hurled out by the impact.

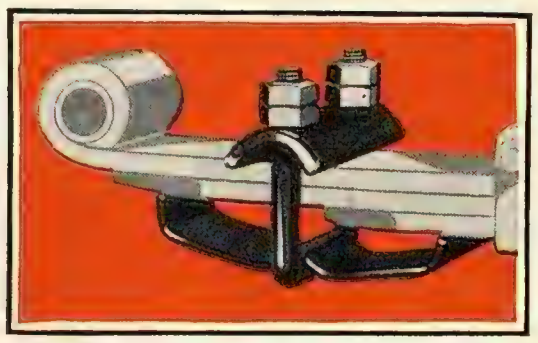
What do bumpers add to a car?

Good looks for one thing; *protection* for another—McKays add both

McKAY RED BEAD BUMPERS

McK

McKAY SPRING CONTROLLERS



They smooth out the roads and produce easy riding—by acting directly on the spring leaves—by completely controlling both bound and rebound. Easy to install. No drilling. A few minutes with a wrench does the job. Ask your dealer or write us direct. For Fords, $5.00 a set. Other cars, $6.50 and $8.00 for sets of four.

McKAY TIRE CHAINS

Driving insurance—that's what you get when you carry a set of Tire Chains—*always.* They protect you against the road emergency. When in use, the public looks upon you as a safe driver. You are using the proper precaution. Keep a set of McKays in your car—*always.* Your dealer has them.

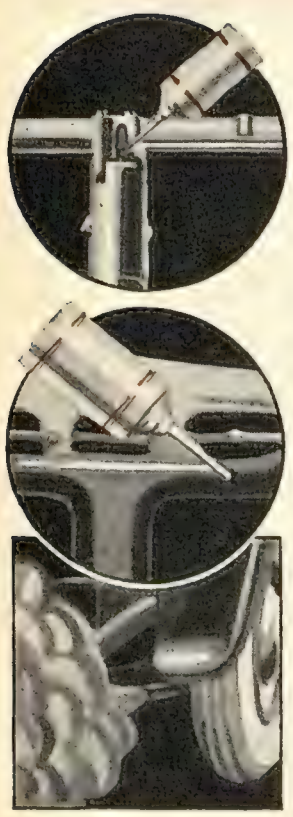
UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING COMPANY, UNION TRUST BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Manufacturers of Industrial and Commercial Chains for every purpose.

—it cleans the valves and valve stems, dissolving and removing the carbon from behind the Piston Rings, giving better ignition and more power.

Stop the knocking INSTANTLY with Universal Carbon Remover

Universal Carbon Remover Has a Laxative-Effect on Carbon in the Engine, Removing it Quickly



Carbon Remover is applied at the Air Intake while the motor is running and warm.

FOR FORDS—Carbon Remover is put in through the Intake Manifold.

The Carbon is dissolved and blown out through the exhaust pipe.

. . . when the motor of your car is called upon to do heavy duty or fast running without delay, it must be free from Carbon and "knocks." You can depend upon Universal Carbon Remover to give you a clean, perfect-singing, smooth-running, full-powered motor in a few minutes for 75c. It cleans while you travel. You can apply Universal Carbon Remover yourself without soiling the clothes or dirtying the hands. It is guaranteed not to harm the finest motor or the most sensitive carburetor, and does not go into the gasoline. Universal Carbon Remover is a laboratory-tested product. There is nothing like it. Ask for it by name.

If your favorite filling station or garage does not have it, do not accept a substitute—drive on to a filling station where you see the sign, or write our nearest distributor.

UNIVERSAL MANUFACTURING CO., Inc.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

For sale at all leading filling stations and garages

Oil Companies Filling Stations & Garages Supplied on 30 day consignment basis

Foster CHILDREN of FAMOUS Folk

Some Stories of Waifs and Foundlings Who Will Inherit Wealth and Distinguished Names

By MABEL ABBOTT

Photo by Muray

Mrs. George S. Kaufman, wife of the playwright, with their adopted daughter, Anne.

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN, author of The Butter and Egg Man and collaborator in Beggar on Horseback, Merton of the Movies, and other history-making theatrical hits, looked reflectively at a small head bobbing around at about the height of his knee.

"No, I don't know that I could say she is an inspiration," he observed. "I haven't got any copy out of her as yet. But you might call her a stimulus in that she is so expensive that I shall have to turn out more copy to be able to afford her!"

The head belonged to his daughter Anne, twenty months old, who has been a member of the Kaufman family for only sixteen of those months. Anne is one of a surprisingly large number of babies who have been adopted by fathers and mothers whose names you all know.

Statistics for some time have shown that child adoption is greatly on the increase. But a fact that has not yet got into the statistics, although admitted by excellent authorities, is that the number of adoptions by persons of unusual prominence is increasing still faster in proportion to the total number.

Why this is so the authorities do not know. Child-placing agencies have long waiting lists of applicants for promising babies, and are able to insist on high qualifications in foster parents. Although they do not demand genius or wealth or high social or official position, yet, among the homes on which sons or daughters have been bestowed by the judge instead of by the doctor, there are many that have one or more of these.

Rollin Lynde Hartt, the author, and Mrs. Hartt, once a well known actress, with their two sons, one of whom was adopted.

Perhaps Miss Sophie van S. Theis, of the New York State Charities Aid Association, has hit upon the true explanation.

"Some years ago, when I began this work," she told me, "we used to get greatly excited when a homeless child found a really fine home. Now we take it as a matter of course. More and more, people of culture and of means are adopting children. And it is not the people whose lives are empty who take them; it seems to be the people who have the fullest, richest, most interesting lives. They want this additional experience."

Unconscious confirmation was given to this theory by Mrs. Kaufman.

"No matter how many interests you have," she said, "there comes a time when you know they are not enough. You want all the normal experiences, and one of them is having a child grow up with you."

The Kaufmans, however, do not insist upon some of the supposedly normal experiences of parenthood. They have never walked the floor with Anne at night. For one thing, Anne never cries, they say; and for another, she is perhaps the only baby of her age who has a separate apartment all to herself and her nurse, without even a connecting door between it and that of her parents. This arrangement was primarily because the Kaufmans' apartment wasn't big enough; but Mrs. Kaufman thinks the independent existence is good both for Anne's health and her individuality.

"I THINK before deciding to adopt a child," she said, "you should make up your mind whether you believe in heredity or environment. If you are the sort of person who thinks everything depends on heredity, you shouldn't do it. I believe absolutely in environment. Unless there is some terrible taint, I believe you can make of a child pretty much what you will, if you take it young enough. But I do think you should expect to do an extra good job in bringing up an adopted child. If a child of your own goes to the bad—well, that's life.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Take along a bag of Planters Salted Peanuts. Wholesome and zestful as a game of golf. Slip a bag in your pocket for that outdoor hunger. Big, whole, salted. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

Planters Nut & Chocolate Company
U. S. A. and Canada

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

[FOSTER CHILDREN OF FAMOUS FOLK]
Continued from Page Sixty-five

But if you go out and take one upon yourself, that's up to you.

"I am not going to map out Anne's future for her, though," she added, lifting her cigarette out of the baby's reach. "Of course, I think it would be wonderful if she were to develop into an actress and George could write plays for her, but I shall not do one thing to steer her in that direction."

HOWEVER, Anne comes into her parents' apartment every afternoon and meets the writers and players and other folk who drop in for tea; and so, if the environment in which her mother believes gets in its work, it is quite possible that in the Kaufman plays of another decade Miss Anne Kaufman may be the star. Meanwhile, the Kaufmans think they will adopt another youngster to grow up with her.

When Rollin Lynde Hartt, magazine writer and author of numerous books, came back from France shortly before the war, he brought with him a dark-eyed boy baby.

Mr. Hartt and his wife had waited ten years for a child. When at last one came to them, it died at birth. They knew of a French orphan baby, only a few months old, which had been passed from hand to hand until it finally had been placed with a peasant family. Mr. Hartt went and got it, carried it in his arms through the streets of Paris to his *pension*, and put his dead little one's clothing on it.

Those who think there is a good deal of red tape about the process of adoption in this country should go through the mill with an American who adopts a French child. In the weeks that followed, Mr. Hartt went from official to official, and from court to court. At last he found himself at the Palais de Justice, with seven French justices in black robes bending their united intellects upon the question.

Finally it dawned upon them that this was no game or trick, but that this tall, lanky American writer simply loved the little French baby and wanted to make him his own son. Up went seven pairs of hands, and with beaming smiles the seven pillars of French law exclaimed with one voice: *"Ah! Action noble et admirable!"*—and gave him the baby.

But, in adoption, there is not only the law to be reckoned with; there are one's friends, who give voice to all the doubts and fears that one would rather not entertain.

"People said: 'Oh, how can you be sure how an adopted child will turn out?'" Mr. Hartt recounted. "My answer was: 'How can it be sure how I will turn out?'

"And, anyway, even if my adopted child didn't turn out well, if he were to go wrong—which is inconceivable, but let's face the worst that could happen—well, at least Jackie came to me when my heart was aching, and gave me happiness for years when I was in bitter need of it; and, on the other hand, at least I have given Jackie a chance for an even break with life.

"People said: 'Oh, if these folks who adopt children had some of their own, they would know the difference.' Well, two and a half years after we took Jackie, we did have one of our own. And it is a fact that it took me some time to adjust myself to the idea that the new little fellow wasn't the outsider. There is no difference to me between my two boys.

"And here's another thing: When a man adopts a child, people say, 'Noble and admirable!' But if a woman marries a widower with two children, they do not say: 'How noble and admirable!' Yet Helen adopted two children when she married me."

Helen is Mrs. Hartt. She was Helen Harrington, long well known on the stage.

Her husband's two boys have given her an interest in all children, she says, and she gets more of a kick out of organizing child-study groups for the United Parents' Association than she ever did out of being an actress.

Browning photo

Nora Bayes is as irrepressible in the role of foster mother as in any other. Here she is shown with her three adopted children.

MRS. FISKE had just come off the stage after the last act of Ghosts. The lines of strain on her face were not all make-up; they were the traces of her complete identification with the agonized mother in that terrifying study of heredity. But they relaxed and her eyes brightened as she spoke of Danville Fiske, aged four years, whom she adopted about three years ago.

"He is coming over to Philadelphia next week," she said. "He stays at my home in New York most of the time, but sometimes when I am playing near by I can have him with me for a while. He is the dearest little fellow!"

Mrs. Fiske's passion for helping the helpless is proverbial. She has crusaded for years against the trapping of fur-bearing animals, and is still militant in face of the epidemic of fur coats. I had to wait for my interview until she had started an emissary out to get a job for a needy man. She has cared for several children in her home at various times. Danville, however, is the one she has adopted.

If there are any special problems involved in making another person's child a member of your family, she said, she had not discovered them yet.

"I knew Danville's parents," she explained. "They are both dead now. I have no plans for him yet; he is too little. In a couple of years he will go to school, but that is about as far as I have thought.

"I can't theorize for other people. I took Danville because I loved him."

At the home of Lee Wilson Dodd, in New Haven, Doris, twelve, and Alan, ten, are growing up happily in the only home they remember. The novelist and playwright took them when they were very young.

"It is only when our attention is called to the fact, that we remember they were adopted," said Mr. Dodd. "Not that there is or has ever been an attempt to conceal the adoptive status. The children both know they were adopted, and what adoption means; but for them, too, we are happy to feel, the knowledge is of no particular interest. To them we are 'mother'

and 'father,' and to us they are 'the children.' Together we make up a family that is entirely normal in its relationships, and contented in feeling itself to be so."

Nora Bayes is as irrepressible in the rôle of foster mother as in any other. Off the stage she is Mrs. Ben Lester Friedland. Norman, who is nine, Lea-Nora, seven and a half, and Peter, nearly six, are the three youngsters who complete the household; each adopted before the age of two.

"I chose them just the way any mother does," giggled Miss Bayes. "I wanted a golden-haired, blue-eyed girl, and I came back with Norman, dark-eyed, dark-haired, and with sores on his face.

"I ADVISE anybody who has anything the matter with him or her to adopt a baby. It's all so easy! Don't do it for the child's sake—do it for your own. Never mind whether you can afford it or not; if you take the child you'll find the money somehow."

P. & A. photo

Rear Admiral Newton A. McCully, a bachelor, probably holds the record. He is shown here with the seven little Russians he adopted.

P. & A. photo

Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, the only woman Assistant United States Attorney General, and the orphan girl she took as a ward two years ago.

The Bayes children are not related to one another; yet they have what would ordinarily be called a decided family resemblance, and each is an honor pupil at school.

"I think their fine marks in their studies are due partly to environment and partly to competition at home, because they are so anxious to please us," said their foster mother. "They aren't a bit jealous of one another, though. Norman comes home and tells of Peter's honor marks as proudly as of his own."

The two adopted children of Mrs. Honoré Willsie Morrow, Richard and Felicia, were the subject of a magazine article by their mother some years ago, which attracted as much attention as the novels that have made her famous, or as her former work as a magazine editor. In that article she said:

"I was not running any greater risks than an own mother, who, poor soul, must take what is wished on her."

She added that not one of her theories about child-training has worked out in practice, and that the children have changed her at least as much as she has changed them.

Nearly two years ago Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, the only woman Assistant United States Attorney General, gave the public a surprise by taking a fair-haired orphan baby girl as a ward. The baby's mother, it was said, had been a friend of the brilliant young lawyer.

Comments varied from the prophecy that another responsibility added to the man-sized job with which she was already burdened would prove to be too much, to the "I told you so" of the conservatives who insist that home and children are the only things that really interest a woman.

Mrs. Willebrandt didn't bother to comment on the comments, but quietly established the baby in her charming home in the embassy district in Washington; and there certainly has been no less punch in her pursuit of bootleggers and rum-runners since that time.

The classic instance of adoption, of course, of which everyone thinks first when the subject is mentioned, is that by which Mrs. Finley J. Shepard, born Helen Gould, took four children. The eldest, Finley J., Jr., was adopted in 1915, and is now approaching young manhood. The others were added to the family at later intervals. In an article under her own signature, only a few years ago, Mrs. Shepard wrote: "The American mother, even when she possesses wealth, gives much of her time and efforts to her children. Many of the richest women in the country devote themselves personally to their children."

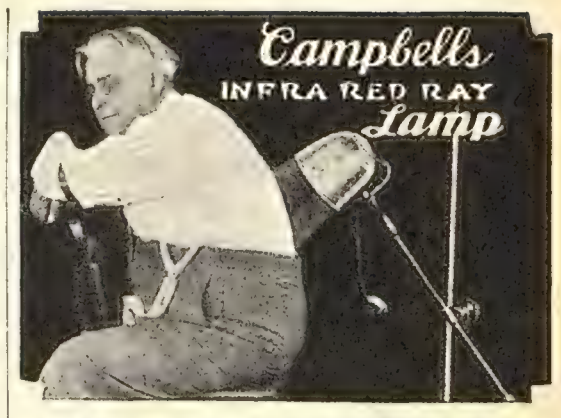
That is what she has done. The four youngsters have been brought up simply and in as much privacy as has been possible with their background of millions, and in consideration of the fact that their grandfather was Jay Gould and that their aunt is the Duchesse de Talleyrand. To be adopted into a combination like that is too much like a fairy tale to make complete inconspicuousness possible.

THE record, however, probably belongs to Rear Admiral Newton A. McCully. Although a bachelor, he went Mrs. Shepard three better in point of numbers, and did the whole thing at once, when he adopted seven little Russians whom he had found in institutions or refuge camps when he was High Commissioner at Sebastopol.

When the Admiral and his flock arrived unannounced on the oil tanker Ramapo, in the fall of 1921, the immigration authorities, faced by the unprecedented situation, functioned automatically and detained the children and their nurse at Ellis Island while the Admiral warmed the wires to Washington.

Having convinced everybody that he was able to support and educate them, and intended to do so, he was allowed to bring them

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Everybody's
Family Doctor

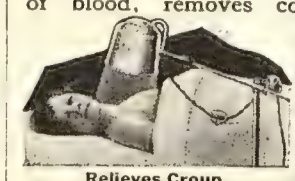
For relieving aches and pains, lumbago, neuralgia, pleurisy, stiff neck, colds, sprains, bruises, hay fever, sciatica, neuritis, bronchitis, dysmenorrhea, ear ache, burns, falling hair and countless other ailments. Write for full details.

INFRA RED RAYS penetrate deeply into the body.

Relieves Rheumatism

Every Home Should Have One

Its results are marvelous—just marvelous. Its healing powers are almost beyond belief. Campbell's INFRA RED RAYS send heat down into the body where it is needed. Promotes circulation of blood, removes congestion and allows Nature herself to do the healing. Once used you will never be without it. Positively guaranteed to do all we claim for it or money refunded. Write quickly and get my



Relieves Croup

Special Introductory Price

Easy to use—safe—inexpensive. Relieves serious cases quickly—stops little troubles at once. Thirty days' home trial. Every home should have one. Always ready for instant use.

Write for Circular: Write at once. Let me send you a lamp on thirty days' trial, prove every claim we make for it. You will be astonished and delighted with results. Easy payments.

Wm. Campbell

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL CO.
1019 Union Ave., Alliance, Ohio

Are you proud
of your bathroom?

ARE you proud to have guests go into it? Or does your pride suffer a little because of the old toilet seat?

A dark-colored, cracked or old toilet seat can easily be replaced with a modern, clean, white, sanitary Church Toilet Seat—the bathroom luxury everyone can afford. Its pure whiteness adds new beauty to any bathroom. You can easily put one on any toilet in a few minutes with an ordinary pair of pliers.

Its white surface is an ivorylike sheathing, as easy to keep clean as porcelain. It won't crack, split, wear off or change color. Phone or visit your neighborhood plumbing store today. They can supply you. Clip the coupon and mail for booklet and cross-section.

Church Seats
sani-white
LOOK FOR THIS NAME ON UNDER-SIDE OF SEAT

C. F. CHURCH MFG. CO., Dept. 0-11.
Holyoke, Mass.

With no obligation to me, please send a free copy of your book, "An Easy Way to Make a Bathroom More Attractive," together with free sample of Sani-White Sheathing to:

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

All the Sunshine without the Sunburn

No. L369-C5 Evr-Kool Beach Hat — gayly colored, patented shape retaining device (specify head size) postpaid $1.25

Such a lilting good time hat with its halo of twirling balls. Intriguing, protecting. You'll find it promenading the seashore, society's favorite rendezvous.

Take an Evr-Kool along on your vacation. It is a summer-time necessity. It adds a lot to your fun and doesn't give the sunburn half a chance. It's well made, too, of tough pliable fiber. With a brim held in place against the most willful breezes by the Evr-Kool shape retaining device, the exclusive feature we want you to name.

We Are Going To Pay $1000.00

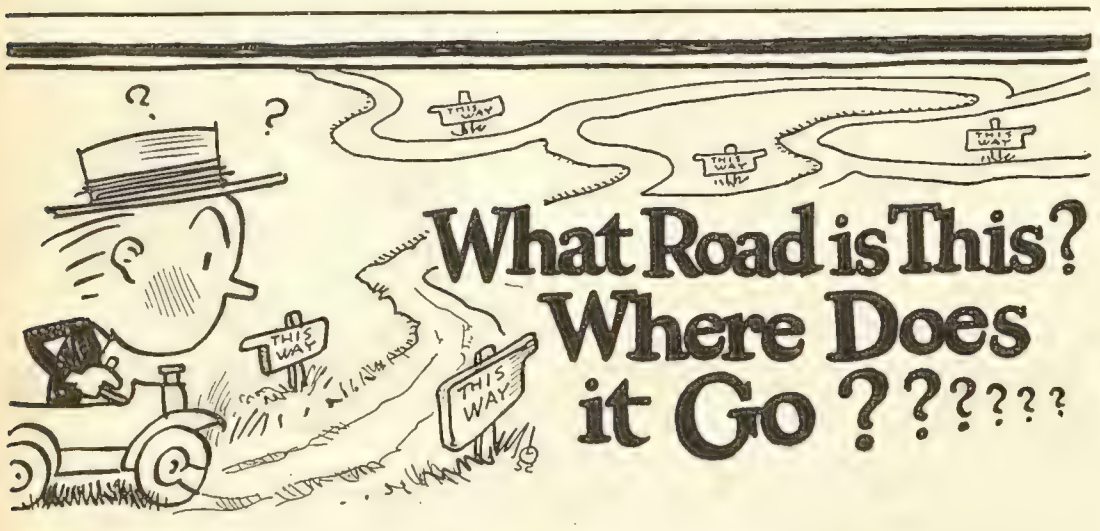
to get a name for this ingenious device. 45 cash prizes. You might as well be one of the winners. Your dealer will show you an Evr-Kool and explain the contest. Or better still, wear one away on your trip. Enjoy its convenience, style, comfort. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us $1.25 and his name; we'll see that you get one. Or ask your dealer to order for you. Then send in your suggestion.

Dealers—Prepare for big summer rush! Check your stock. Write us today.

No. L 42 Crusher for men; can be rolled and put in pocket; (specify head size) postpaid $1.00

EVR-KOOL
REG US PAT OFF
PAN DAN LID
Superior Hat Co. St. Louis, U.S.A.

No. L 35787 Evr-Kool Pandanlid Sun Hat, for outdoor wear; patented shape retaining device (specify head size) postpaid 75c



What Road is This? Where Does it Go ?????

Liberty Road Maps answer every question of road and route at a glance. Tell where every main road goes—indicates bad roads—give miles between towns. Don't go motoring without a

LIBERTY NEW 1927 ROAD MAP—ONLY 10¢

Gets you there and back without waste mileage, time and gas.

For long tours, use a Liberty Atlas. One for the East, one for the West—*only 35c each*. Over 30 maps in each Atlas.

Order your Liberty Road Maps and Atlas *now*—use the coupon.

BE SURE TO ORDER BY NUMBER

1. Alabama
2. Ariz. & N. Mex.
3. Arkansas
4. Cal & Nev.
5. Colorado
6. Florida
7. Georgia
8. Idaho
9. Illinois
10. Indiana
11. Iowa
12. Kansas
13. Ky. & Tenn.
14. Louisiana
15. Maine
16. Md., Del., Va., & W. Va.
17. Mass., Conn. & R. I.
18. Michigan
19. Minnesota
20. Mississippi
21. Missouri
22. Montana
23. Nebraska
24. N. H. & Vt.
25. New Jersey
26. New York
27. N. C. & S. C.
28. N. Dakota
29. Ohio
30. Oklahoma
31. Oregon
32. Pennsylvania
33. S. Dakota
34. Texas
35. Utah
36. Washington
37. Wisconsin
38. Wyoming
39. United States
40. New York & Vicinity
41. Chicago & Vicinity
42. New England
43. Maritime Provinces
44. Ontario
45. Montreal & Quebec
46. EASTERN ATLAS
47. WESTERN ATLAS

Fill in and mail this coupon with your money

AUTO DEPT., LIBERTY
247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $.....
Please send me Maps Nos..... @ 10c. each
(Order maps by number)
Also send.....copies of Atlas No..... @ 35c. each

Name.....

Street and No.....

City.....State.....

5-21-27

[FOSTER CHILDREN OF FAMOUS FOLK]
Continued from Page Sixty-seven

in. They are all of pure Russian stock—"blue-bloods," their foster father calls them. He declared he proposed to bring them up as his own, and that if they wanted to go back to Russia later he would let them go, or if any were claimed by unknown kindred he would relinquish his claim. The following summer he adopted them legally, at Anderson, South Carolina, where his mother lives.

THE family was the sensation of Washington for some time. Their daily life was patterned on rules drawn up by the Admiral, which showed a naval emphasis on setting-up drills, cold baths, and plenty of duties. The children's affection for their "uncle" was lovely to see, while as for the Admiral:

"Being a bachelor, you can imagine it took me some time to get my nerve up to go through with this affair," he said; "but now that I am started, I like it better every minute."

Perhaps it is the bachelor Admiral who has voiced most effectively the relationship between these famous foster parents and their adopted children. In telling of the hitch over their admission to this country, he said:

"That night, when they were parted from me on Ellis Island, I went back to my ship. Entering their room, I found some of their traps and playthings. I had to sit down; for I was shaking with the realization that the destiny of these children and my own destiny are inseparably linked."

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

The Spacious Firmament on High

By Joseph Addison

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied Sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

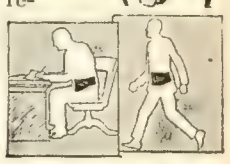
What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

Reduce This Fleshy Spot

DON'T weaken yourself with starvation diets — don't strain your heart with violent exercises. Here's a wonderful new invention which gives you an instant appearance of slimness and quickly reduces the actual fat—without any danger, discomfort or disagreeable self-denial.

Take Off 2 to 6 Inches with New Self-Massaging Belt

The moment you put on this wonderful, new, self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced from 2 to 6 inches—but, better still, you should actually grow thinner day by day. Your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and shortness of breath generally disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a wonderful new energy and will probably look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.



Like Having a Private Masseur

This new, wonderful Weil Reducing Belt produces the same results as an expert masseur—only quicker and cheaper. It not only reduces your waistline when you put it on, but is so constructed that every movement you make, every breath you take, imparts a constant, gentle massage to every inch of your abdomen. In a few weeks inches of fat should actually disappear.

The Weil Belt is made of the same kind of scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys and is highly endorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money instantly refunded without question. The Weil Co., 885 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY,
885 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your special 10-day trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

FRECKLES

OTHINE
Removes This Ugly Mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

If You Are A

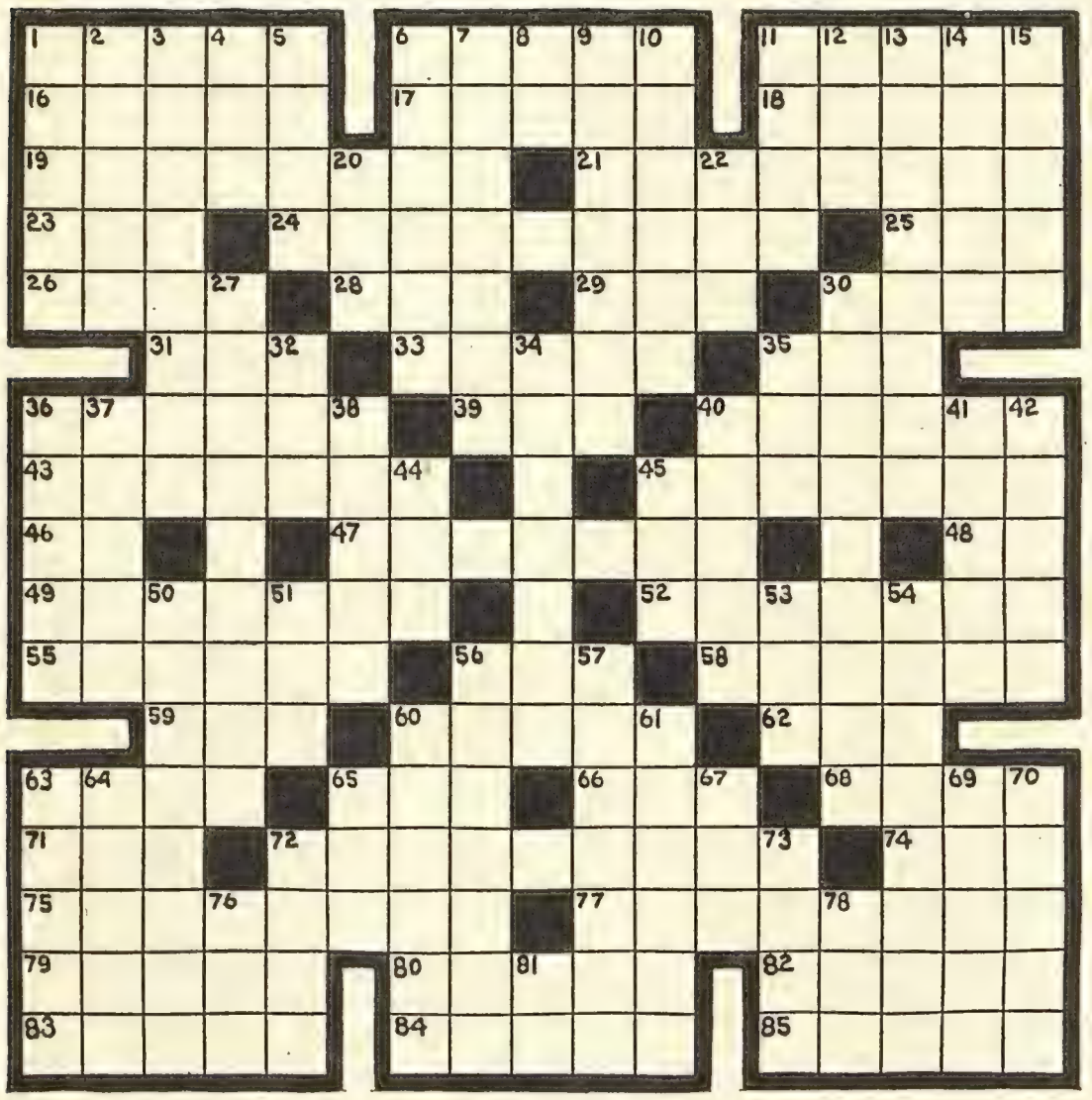
MAN

worthy of the name and not afraid to work, I'll bet you $50 that you can't work for us 30 days and earn less than $200. Think I'm bluffing? Then answer this ad and show me up. Openings for Managers. The "Wonder Box" sells on sight.

TOM WALKER
DEPT. 30 - PITTSBURGH, PA.

$25
For a Good Puzzle

EVERY week LIBERTY offers $25 for the best original cross-word puzzle sent in by our readers. It should not be more than twenty-one nor less than fifteen squares in breadth or in height. Any word may be used in the puzzle that can be found in an English dictionary. Too many abbreviations are not good, but you may use a few. Be sure to inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish your puzzle returned; merely a stamp is not enough—it must be a stamped envelope, addressed to yourself. The Cross-Word Editor will be glad to answer any questions that are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 37

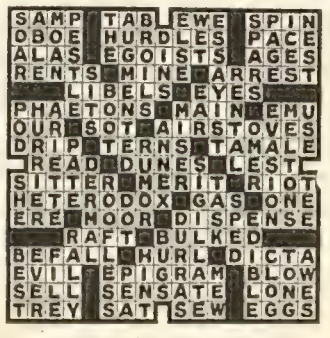
By CATHERINE HORNSBY, Natchez, Mississippi

HORIZONTAL

1 Snares
6 Increases in size
11 Boxes
16 To pardon
17 Weird
18 A doctrine
19 Published forms
21 To sputter
23 One of a tribe of Algonquin Indians
24 Emission and diffusion of rays
25 The mother of Cain
26 To break suddenly
28 Nourished
29 Corpulent
30 Ship's company
31 Stake
33 A form of puzzle
35 Exclamation of contempt
36 A marine mammal
39 Syllable in the sol-fa system
40 Word of promise
43 Accomplice
45 Excited with sudden fear
46 Toward
47 To blame
48 A sloth
49 To issue forth from a source
52 Loftiest
55 Unwinds
56 Stitch
58 Annoys
59 A pronoun
60 To distort
62 And so forth
63 To send forth
65 An edible seed
66 To undermine
68 Fruiting spikes of grain
71 To cause to be free from
72 A flower
74 To lick up
75 Inspired with energy
77 To bleach
79 Spanish title of courtesy
80 Mother-of-pearl
82 Commemorative metal disk
83 A grain fungus
84 The Cape elk
85 A deputy

VERTICAL

1 A lock of hair
2 A type of fortification
3 Friendly
4 The seed of a fruit
5 To agitate
6 Sex
7 Lives
8 Else
9 Pensive
10 Brown pigment (plural)
11 To stupefy
12 To fondle
13 A waiting-room
14 Female sandpiper
15 Scatter
20 A dolt
22 A nephew of Abraham
27 Relevant
30 To relate reciprocally
32 Hush!
34 Pressure raiser for an electrical circuit
35 The cry of a sheep
36 To irrigate
37 A species of boa
38 Denominations
40 A flat fold
41 To let by contract
42 Amends and revises
44 An Arikara Indian
45 Craft
50 Shunning
51 Malt liquor
53 An American general
54 To scale
56 Disgrace
57 Of the Occident
60 Calm
61 Stayed in expectation
63 Obliterate
64 Sapper
65 Appropriate
67 A food made from the taro root
69 Stem of a palm
70 A kind of wheat
72 A vehicle
73 An inflammation of the mouth
76 The low of a cow
78 A support
81 The symbol for calcium



Answer to Puzzle No. 36

10¢ candy

More than ever, *the World's Greatest Dime's Worth*

NEW SHAPE
NEW PACKAGE
EASY TO EAT

MAKE THIS AN OH HENRY! SUMMER

RAYBESTOS is the *first* practicable asbestos brake lining. All the skill and knowledge resulting from 25 years' experience is woven into every foot of this famous lining. The careful owner *never* risks life or property with cheap and inefficient substitutes for Raybestos. He insures economy, safety and long wear with genuine Silver Edge Raybestos.

THE RAYBESTOS CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

The Canadian Raybestos Co., Ltd.
Peterborough, Ont.

Raybestos-Belaco, Ltd., London, Eng.

We Tell the World

nothing leaves the skin so beautifully hair-free as Neet—the cream that dissolves hair from underarms, arms and legs.

One of the most popular beautifiers sold today. Three to four times as effective as shaving. Just spread Neet over the hairs. A little later dash cold water over it and off they go. Off at the roots. No pulling, no cutting, no heating, mixing or fuss. The easiest and safest way. No stubble to prick and show! No enlarged pores. New growth is retarded. Neet will delight you. Give you an entirely new idea of convenient and effective treatment of a common problem. Ask for Neet at any drug or dept. store.

HANNIBAL PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS

Very Special

Further insure personal daintiness by using IMMAC—the dainty white cream that rids under-arm perspiration of all odor. Your NEET dealer has IMMAC.

Old at forty?

or young at forty?

Even Your Friends Won't Know

If you darken your hair with Q-ban

HOW could they know! Q-ban Hair Color Restorer is used in the privacy of your own home. It does its work so *gradually* and gives the hair such a *natural appearance* that the idea of your using something on your hair just doesn't occur to them.

Q-ban profits by comparison with hair "dyes" and other "colors" because it is so unlike anything else. Q-ban is a clean, daintily scented liquid. It is easy and simple to use. You apply it yourself. It *darkens* your hair *gradually*, so slowly that even you, yourself, can hardly name the day the change actually takes place.

Your druggist sells Q-ban Hair Color Restorer for 75 cents the bottle. It is guaranteed to please you or your money will be refunded without quibble or question. Since a full bottle is usually used before hair becomes dark it is obvious that a sample would prove nothing. Therefore we make money-back guarantee.

FREE OFFER! Miniature bottles Q-ban Tonic and Q-ban Liquid Green Soap Shampoo sent free together with our book on the care of the hair. We are hair specialists and study the subject constantly. Our book is valuable. It also tells about the *seven* different Q-ban Preparations for the hair.

HESSIG-ELLIS, Chemists
Dept. L-2, Memphis, Tenn.

Q-ban
Hair Color Restorer
Makes Gray Hair DARK

Another feature of Q-ban is its low cost. Instead of an expensive "tinting treatment," which, by the way, advertises itself to your friends, you apply Q-ban hair *Color* Restorer yourself at home. A bottle costs only 75 cents and lasts a long, long time.

Q-ban
HAIR COLOR RESTORER
MAKES GRAY HAIR DARK

WEDDING PLANS

The Coming Great Social Event Casts Its Rosy Shadow

A Chapter of Etiquette in LIBERTY'S Popular Cover Continuity

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

AS Lil's wedding day approached, the Morses' self-assumed prestige increased! Ma conducted herself with a Queen of Roumania air. She was planning a tea to broadcast Lil's marriage plans, hoping it would pay back dividends in nice wedding presents.

Mr. Morse's first-of-the-month dread of bills palled heavily upon him these days, for Ma had opened accounts in many stores, her pet slogan now being "Charge It!" She snapped out these two words in a stagy "Home, James!" tone.

"Sandy dear," Lil said one evening while Ma and Pop were matching card prowess in a game of double solitaire, "I'm reading up on social etiquette. It's fascinating!" And she took a ponderous volume from the sitting-room table.

"Must we learn all that?" Sandy asked, believing he had good manners. He always tipped his hat to ladies, was gallant in trolleys, had given an after-dinner speech, and knew which fork to use at a banquet when there were less than three at his place.

"Everything it says about church weddings," she told him; "and it takes up sixty-seven pages." She assumed a gracious First-Lady-of-the-Land manner. "You know, we've invited two hundred people."

"What?" Sandy shouted, flushing at the thought of such publicity. "Why, my mother only sent you thirty names."

"Yes," Lil agreed; "but Ma's inviting all the Ladies' Auxiliary, the deacons and their families; and my own list—"

"Dear, it's all right, but I'd no idea so many would be invited." Then, as she sat down on his lap, "Now, tell me all about it."

"It's going to be an evening wedding," Lil went on. "Eight o'clock in the church and a reception here. There'll be ten reserved pews for your family and mine, with bunches of white roses at the ends. Cuddles Keenan's going to be maid of honor and I'll have four bridesmaids. Ma and I picked out the dresses at Flynn's this morning."

"What do I have to wear?" Sandy asked.

"A dress suit," Lil was consulting her book; "white buckskin gloves, and—" she paused for the great climax, which she knew would "get a rise" out of Sandy—"a high silk hat!"

"A high silk hat?" he gasped, his collar feeling too small.

"Yes, and a walking-stick."

He felt better after she kissed him.

"And about the reception: We must greet people the correct way. We're going to receive here in the sitting-room with palm trees in back of us. Let's practice now!" And she posed him before the mirror.

By this time Sandy felt as though Etiquette should be his middle name.

"Now," Lil directed, "I'm Mrs. Tait, and I've just said, 'All the luck in the world, Mr. Jenkins; she certainly is lovely!'"

Shades of titled chivalry rose as a proper background for Sandy's wedding manners.

"Oh, Mrs. Tait," the imaginary groom beamed, balancing an imaginary glass of strawberry sherbet in his left hand, "thank you!"

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Room for Jolting

Betty was jammed in between two very large people on the street car, who crushed her with every jolt. Finally one left the car and with an audible sigh of relief Betty exclaimed:

"Oh, how nice it is now—so lovely and loose!"—Mrs. E. V. Jolliffe, Havana, Cuba.

* * *

Streets and Highways Hint

The family car had been rolling nicely along a paved highway in New York State. Suddenly a sign, "Detour" loomed up ahead, and we turned off and started bumping over an atrocious side road. Helen, age five, voiced her disapproval as follows:

"I do wish they would leave the highways alone and fix up these detours."—Walter R. Legge, Granby, Quebec, Canada.

* * *

His Bones Rattled Already

Jack, age four, after seeing pictures of skeletons, inquired about them and was told that they were dead people.

One day while out riding with his mother and traveling at high speed, he cried out:

"Don't go so fast, mother, you'll make a skeleton out of me!"—Mrs. Edith Warner, Dayton, Ohio.

Write for it Today

ONE square mile of land is required every month to provide for Detroit's growth in population and industry.

Fortunes are being made in Detroit real estate. The investor has exceptional opportunity here. Yet Detroit has only started its career as a great commercial and industrial center.

You will enjoy this wonderfully illustrated book about Detroit and Dearborn—the center of Greater Detroit's west side, where Henry Ford has built the world's largest single industry.

You should have this book!

Wanted—State Managers. Men of character and standing. Big opportunity for men who qualify.

WE SELL THE EARTH
GLOVER WATSON ORGANIZATION INC.
WASHINGTON BLVD. BLDG., DETROIT, U.S.A.

Malted milk flavored with Mapleine is delicious

FOOT TROUBLE NO MORE

Burning, aching, tender, swollen, puffed, calloused, torturing feet no longer necessary. Cal-o-cide has mastered foot trouble. Don't be a cripple. One application of Cal-o-cide and you are a new person, corns and callouses gone like magic. At druggists or send 35c. for full size package, and booklet on foot trouble.

MEDCO CO., Dept. J, Dayton, Ohio

Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY

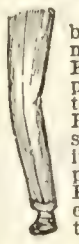
SANFORD'S

The Original

FOUNTAIN PEN INK

ALWAYS GOOD ALWAYS THE SAME

How to Straighten Bow and Knock-kneed Legs!



Improve your personal appearance by using the new patent "Lim-Straitner," Model 18. Corrects now Bow and Knock-kneed legs safely, quickly and permanently at home. No costly operation or discomfort. Is worn at night. Easy to adjust; its result will save you soon from further humiliation and will improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. Write today for copyrighted Physiological and Anatomical book and experience of others without obligation. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST
Dept. 1542-L **Binghamton, N. Y.**

To be well groomed the nails must be always beautifully polished

The Smart Women's Polishes

Made by a Great Authority

Northam Warren, the world famous authority on the manicure, has perfected the Liquid Polish smart women here and in Paris select. It is more used than any other kind.

It gives a lovely glistening lustre that lasts for days, and Mr. Warren has made it in two lovely tints so you may enjoy just the color nails you like without any extra fussing.

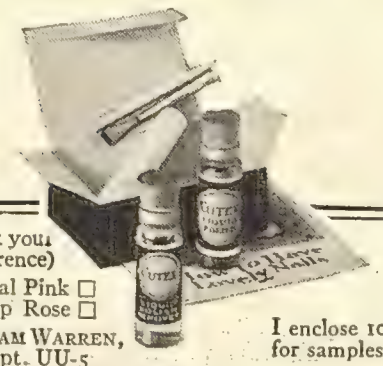
Natural Pink catches the rose petal color of the nail itself in its charming lustre.

Deep Rose with its vivid color gives an exotic touch to the finger tips and the very high brilliance so much in vogue today.

Before a fresh manicure every trace of polish is easily removed with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Each is 35c wherever toilet goods are sold. Northam Warren —New York, London, Paris.

Mail Coupon today

Try this convenient way to keep the finger tips charming. Send 10c. with the coupon for a sample of the color you prefer and the Liquid Polish Remover.



(Check your preference)
Natural Pink ☐
or Deep Rose ☐

I enclose 10c for samples.

NORTHAM WARREN,
Dept. UU-5
114 West 17th St., New York City

Don't Be *Puffed Up—Under the Eyes*

Picture by ADDISON BURBANK

An Article by EILEEN BOURNE

DO you carry spare tires under your eyes? When you wake up in the morning do you find puffy rings of flesh under the lower lids?

"Spares" carried on the gasoline machine mean a well equipped automobile; but when carried on the human machine they signify unrelieved auto-intoxication.

Now, this equipment is always a detriment to beauty of skin and contour. Such puffs, because they are apt to be slightly discolored, destroy that look of radiant freshness every woman wants. But we can make these tires very spare indeed by revising our living habits and undertaking local treatment.

First, we must get authoritative advice on what diet is best for our individual needs. In general, we'll cut down sweets and pastries, become reticent in our use of meat, remember to drink six glasses of water between meals, and devote ourselves ardently to fruit. Then, either by brisk daily walking or some form of exercise, we'll achieve the muscle tone we need. The complete cure of auto-intoxication depends on firm muscles and the right diet.

Aside from securing thorough elimination of waste from the body, hard exercise has a direct effect upon the skin. It starts perspiration, which washes out and refreshes the pores, and it makes the heart work hard enough to pump the blood rapidly through the whole body. Good circulation gives the skin resilience, smoothness, and color. With poisons eliminated and the body in good condition, you have removed the cause of that puffy condition under the eyes. The rest is a matter of local treatment.

Bathing these areas in very hot water, followed by cold, is the procedure you should pursue in the morning. Before dinner or before going to bed, it is well to apply ice instead of cold water—and remember to keep the ice constantly in motion.

Then, after you have completed the water cure, apply one of those special lotions now on the market. Their value to this facial condition lies in certain astringent qualities that tend to shrink away the flabby flesh. Moreover, they contain mildly bleaching properties. These products probably could not cure the trouble by themselves, but with the system in good condition they are amazingly effective.

With the finger tips or a small bit of cotton, the lotion should be applied by swift, gentle tapping motions. Do this about five minutes night and morning. Then, with a tiny bit of cold cream, massage the upper section of the cheeks.

Use a light rotary motion with an inflection toward the ears. Never, never pull the skin between the fingers. It is all too easy actually to separate the tissue.

Now, while you are doing all this you should not neglect the helpful trick of make-up. Be sure to choose a powder as near the color of those puffy circles as possible. Applied on the nose and over your rouge, it tends to mitigate any effect of discoloration.

You'll have to decide by experiment where the rouge looks best. Some people find that to place the accent of color on the cheek bones most effectively offsets that puffy look. Others reduce it by a touch of color under the eyes. One of those very creamy paste rouges is best adapted to this special need.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

40

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty, by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State.....

HEALTHY HAIR

is a matter of correct care for Dry, Oily or Normal Scalps

GLOWING, HEALTHY HAIR — electrically alive from root to tip, radiant, immaculate, well-behaved—is largely a matter of correct care!

Dry scalps need a totally different beauty regimen than oily or normal scalps. Bobbed heads need special care—because the scalp is so freely exposed to dust and germs. Dandruff is of two kinds, and must be treated accordingly. Helena Rubinstein (the world's foremost beauty scientist) has for some time included among her all-important contributions to feminine beauty a highly specialized line of hair aids . . . *separately compounded to meet the differing needs of dry, oily and normal scalps.*

Valaze Herbal Shampoo *(a) for dry scalps (b) for normal or oily scalps.* Cleanses thoroughly—leaves hair soft, lustrous. 1.00

Valaze Hair Tonic **(a) for dry scalps.* Restores vitality to brittle, lifeless hair—checks falling hair. 1.50

**(b) for normal or oily scalps.* Frequent applications keep normal scalp toned, healthy. Daily application checks excess oiliness—prevents thinning of hair. 1.50

**Both contain pilocarpine—the powerful scalp stimulant.*

Valaze Dandruff Lotion *(a) for dry scalps (b) for oily scalps.* Antiseptic—destroys dandruff germ—keeps scalp clean, healthy. 1.50

Valaze Scalp Food *for normal or dry scalps.* Nourishing ointment—prevents thinning and checks receding hairline—soothes scalp—strengthens—beautifies the hair. 1.00

Valaze Medicated Scalp Food. Corrects unhealthy scalp conditions and obstinate dandruff. 1.50

Valaze Balsam Oil (*Hot Oil Shampoo*). Nourishes impoverished, dry scalps—restores strength and lustre to brittle, split hairs—leaves scalp glowing, healthy. 1.50

Valaze Brilliantine (*Crystallized or Liquid*). Imparts lustrous, well-groomed look—keeps hair well-behaved! Excellent on boyish bob or permanent wave. 1.50

Secure Valaze Hair Beautifiers at the better stores—or send your order direct to the New York address below, care of Dept. Y-5.

Helena Rubinstein

46 West 57th St., New York

FREE—full instructions for hair health and beauty. Fill out and mail this Chart

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN Y-5
46 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me without charge full individual instructions for correct care and shampooing of my hair.

☐ Dry Scalp ☐ Baldness
☐ Oily Scalp ☐ Dandruff
☐ Normal Scalp ☐ Permanent Wave
☐ Dry, Brittle Hair ☐ Bobbed Hair
☐ Falling Hair ☐ Tinted Hair
☐ Bleached Hair (*state brand of dye or bleach*)
(*I enclose small sample of my hair*)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Dealer's Name.....

"Greg stagged me with a stagger," said poor Nicky.

Nicky Gets "Stagged"

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story *for* Children

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

SUCH a beautiful day outdoors! And everything going wrong indoors! It had begun that morning with Carlotta. She was doing the spring cleaning.

"This house," she muttered, "looks like dogs lived in it. We can't go away and leave it like this."

Myself, I didn't see why not. It would be shut up all summer and be dirty enough before we got back to it. But I let her have her way.

So right after breakfast she started with the kitchen. She got the kitchen shiningly clean—all but the glass doors of the cupboard.

Now, Carlotta is a very short, plump person. Whenever she needs anything from those upper shelves she has to stand on a chair to get it. So she stood on a chair to wash the doors.

But, alas! She could reach the shelf and the bottom panes of the doors, but the upper panes were 'way above her reach. So she got down and put a stool on top of the chair. Then she stood on the stool. Very good indeed! Very fine, until she started to get down. Then the stool got down first, and poor Carlotta took a dangerous tumble.

She landed full on one of her round, plump knees. And she howled horribly. Do you blame her?

Dodo and I rushed to the rescue. I think it was the first time Carlotta had ever been in the least glad to have Dodo around. But Dodo, though she was an imp and a monkey, was very good in an emergency. Her round chocolate-colored face had lost all its mischief and was full of pity and concern.

We half-lifted and half-dragged Carlotta down the hall to her room. Emmy, Nicky, and Greg buzzed around us all the way as if they were hornets. When the doctor came they stood in the hall and peeped through the door until Dodo shooed them away.

"There are too many people around. Won't you," I begged Dodo, "go to the village to get the things the doctor ordered? And take Emmy with you."

So they set off. And Nicky, Greg, and I had the house practically to ourselves. Nicky and Greg disappeared into the kitchen while I was attending to Carlotta.

"It's no good me jus' lyin' here," said Carlotta, who couldn't bear to be idle a moment. "I might's well be *doing* something. Nicky, come here!"

In a moment Nicky came and stuck his face around the side of the door.

"You go," said Carlotta, "into the kitchen closet and bring me all the clean stockings from the basket. I might's well do some darning."

Nicky trotted obediently down the hall. I went after him to fill the ice bag for Carlotta's knee. Greg was standing at the kitchen table doing something, I couldn't see what. His back was toward me.

Nicky dived head first into the closet as I went to the ice box. I could hear him scrambling around in there.

She landed full on one of her round, plump knees—and she howled horribly.

"Come in here, Greg!" he called. "Come and help me!" Greg dived into the closet too.

Then I saw the table and what he had been doing. He had been making a sword, and probably Nicky had been helping him. Now, this was strictly forbidden. The sword lay there, harmless enough. I wasn't so much afraid of the sword as of the tools it was made with. Aside from the half-made sword there was nothing on the table but chips and shavings.

In two minutes there rose a sound of terrible confusion in the closet. Nicky, blood spurting from his right hand, came out, holding his hand well out in front of him. Greg, pale and horrified, followed him.

"What on earth happened?" I cried as I set to work to stop the bleeding.

"I can't take your mobbles, Greg!" he protested.

"Greg stagged me with a stagger," said poor Nicky. He didn't say it accusingly. He was simply stating an astonishing fact. An almost unbelievable fact.

"I didn't mean to stag you! You know I didn't!" cried Greg. "I jus' walked into the closet an' he put his hand out." He was much more frightened than Nicky. He looked like a little ghost.

"What did you stab him with?" I asked. Then I held out my hand and Greg put into it Carlotta's most terrifying kitchen knife. It was small, but it was awful. Carlotta kept it sharpened like a stiletto.

"We'd been making a sword," confessed Greg.

"Well, now you see what's happened to Nicky, simply because of disobedience," I said sternly as I began winding a bandage around the unfortunate hand.

Greg watched me for a minute. Then, when he saw that Nicky's hand wasn't really cut off, the color came pouring back into his little white face. He grew perfectly furious.

"Well," he raged, "why does he be so easy to stag if he doesn't want to be stagged?" And he stamped his foot and plunged upstairs to the nursery, where he shut himself up to moo.

At lunchtime he came down in a saintly mood. Smiling and blushing, he gave Nicky his whole bag of marbles! Nicky didn't know what to do.

"I can't take your mobbles, Greg," he protested. "If I did you couldn't play with me."

"Oh, please, take zem," Greg begged.

At last, to keep Greg from going back upstairs to moo some more, Nicky agreed to take two of them—any two chosen by Greg.

So Greg picked out the finest and bluest.

"An' I'm sowwy I stagged you, Nicky," he whispered.

"Oh, that's all right," said Nicky. "Everybody has to get stagged every now and then, I guess."

Going to the country is such fun! Read about the great journey to the summer cottage —in next week's LIBERTY.

We're being flooded with more names for the pet rabbit belonging to Emmy, Nicky, and Greg! But the same old five are still 'way in the lead. They are:

SNOWBALL FLOPSY FLUFFY
WHITIE WIGGLENOSE

These are all dandy names! But that doesn't help us out at all, because we have only ONE rabbit to name. And so won't you write us a letter telling us which ONE of the above you like best? Send your letter to LIBERTY, Editor Children's Page, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THOUGH our elders may look back wistfully to times a little more mellow, perhaps,—to manners a little more courtly—they still can enjoy the same good White House Coffee of 40 years ago. Its fragrant aroma, its rich, *real coffee* taste—these still are the soul of a satisfying dinner. Mother's doubts of her coffee end in the pouring of this delicious drink, for the old and new generations agree on every steaming, heart-warming cup.

"The Flavor is Roasted In!"

© 1926, D-W. Co.

WHITE HOUSE COFFEE

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY BOSTON, MASS. CHICAGO, ILL. PORTSMOUTH, VA.

NOW.. Kellogg's Corn Flakes and—

Strawberries

A TREAT of double goodness! Luscious ripe berries and the crispest, crunchiest corn flakes you ever tasted! Corn flakes flavored in Kellogg's own matchless way!

Serve Kellogg's for lunch or dinner as well as breakfast. With milk or cream. Extra delicious with fresh or canned fruits added—or honey. Kellogg's are never tough nor heavy. Always easy to digest.

Sold by grocers everywhere. Served at hotels and restaurants. On dining-cars. More than 11,000,000 people demand them daily.

Always oven-fresh in the inner-sealed red-and-green package. Imitations cannot equal such wonder-flavor. Demand the genuine—Kellogg's—and get the original corn flakes!

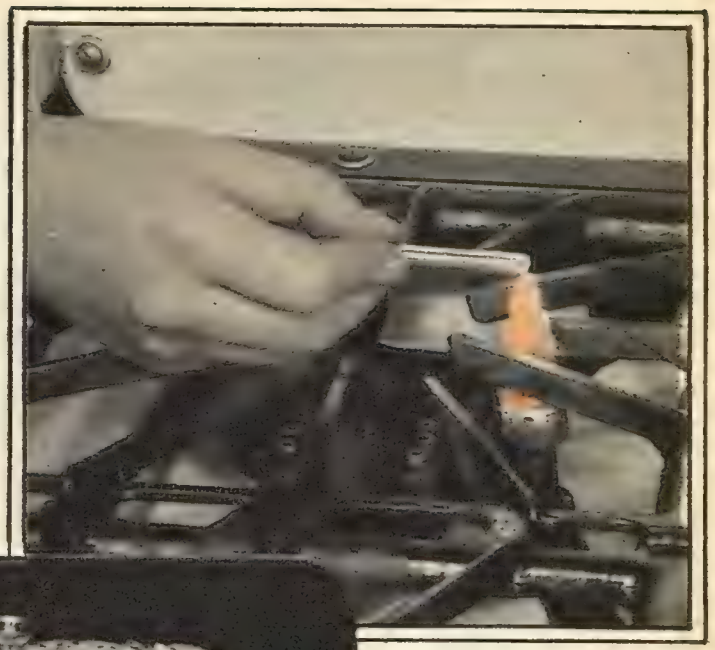
Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company, world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, Pep, Krumbles and New Oata. Other plants at Davenport, Iowa; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.

Kellogg's

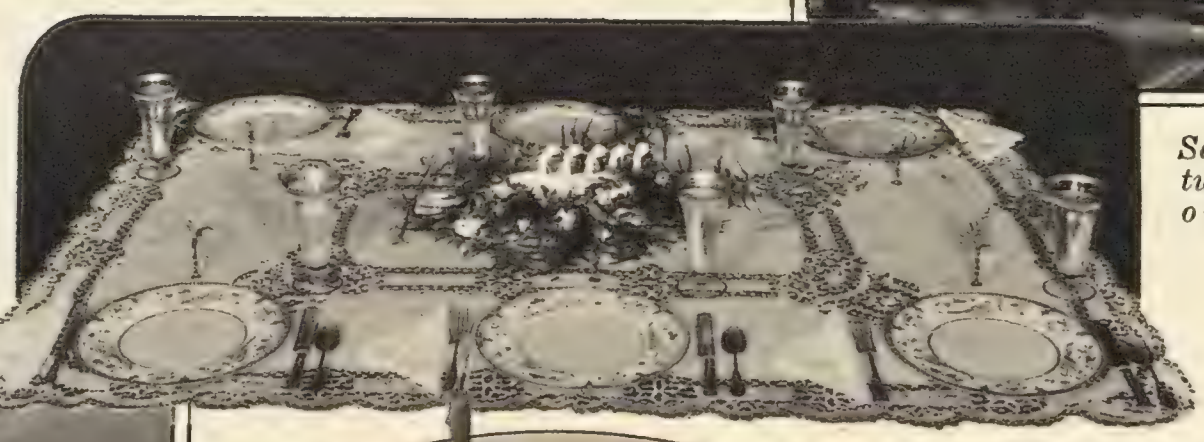
CORN FLAKES

PALATABLE LUNCHEONS *for Spring Days*

By ETHEL SOMERS



Sealing a glass tube by twirling it over a simmer burner flame.



(Left) A spring luncheon table. Note bud-vase place cards.

IN the spring a general effervescent enthusiasm for life, love, and friends makes spring luncheons very popular. The house is newly cleaned, the world outside is verdant, and every hospitable homemaker feels an urge to entertain.

Something flavorful, colorful, novel, and pleasing in recipes is at a premium. Necessarily, perhaps, the menu must also lend itself to previous preparation, which makes last-minute menu items impractical. The more accommodating recipes, such as escalloped dishes, creamed meats, and chop sueys, have already been overworked in most friendly circles. "What shall I have that can be for the most part prepared ahead? How may my table decorations be easily procured, cheap, and suggestive of spring?"

Ice cream formed with a pastry bag and garnished with roses makes an effective dessert.

We come to the rescue with a decorative springtime luncheon. This may be served either from convenient grill plates or from the platter. Every item may be almost entirely prepared ahead of time, even to the hot fresh rolls.

It is a wholly successful, gratifying, and different menu. The interested amateur, however uninitiated in cookery, may attain charming effects with but little care and experimentation in its preparation. The culinary artist, on the other hand, will find many avenues herein for the display of her inherent, envied abilities. Try it out when next delighting your circle of friends with a luncheon menu.

SPRING LUNCHEON MENU

Fruit Canape

Chinese Bordered Platter

Ice-box Luncheon Rolls **Kumquat-Apple Salad**

Ice Cream, molded **Peanut Cookies**

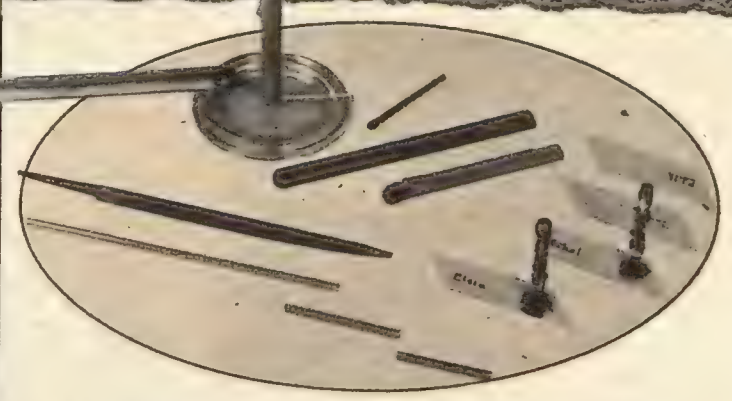
Fruit Canapés or Cocktails may be found in variety in LIBERTY'S Hot Weather Recipes, pages 60 to 62.

Chinese Bordered Platter

- 2 cups almonds
- 2 cups onions, diced
- 2 cups water chestnuts, diced, if desired, or
- 2 cups bamboo sprouts, or both
- 2 cups mushrooms, diced
- 2 cups celery, diced
- 1 pound boned chicken, diced (or 2 cups)
- 4 to 8 tablespoons Chinese sauce
- 2 tablespoons butter or oil
- 1 quart water
- 1½ cups water

PUT the almonds in boiling water from 2 to 3 minutes. Blanch in cold water and remove the skins. Dry thoroughly on a clean towel and fry in deep hot fat (375° F.) until the nuts turn delicately brown or yellow.

Pan-fry the diced chestnuts, sprouts, onions, mushrooms, and celery over a low flame from 5 to 10 minutes, or until delicately browned, in 2 tablespoons of hot butter or cooking oil. Add water to cover (1 quart). Cover tightly and simmer 15 minutes. Pan-fry the cubed chicken over a low fire from 3 to 5 minutes until delicately browned. Add Chinese sauce and 1½ cups water. Simmer, covered, for 10 minutes. Add the simmered vegetables, mix, and further season if desired. Arrange in the center of a serving platter and surround with a border of fried noodles.



A glass tube scored with a file and broken into 1½-inch lengths may be decorated with sealing-wax and fastened to place cards as flower-holders.

Fried Noodles make a platter border for almost any Chinese dish. These may be purchased ready prepared and simply heated before serving.

Ice-Box Luncheon Rolls

- 1 cup mashed potatoes
- 2 cups flour
- ¾ cup butter and lard
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 4 cups flour
- 1 cake yeast
- ½ cup lukewarm water

MIX the hot mashed potatoes, lard, and butter. Cool to lukewarm and beat in the yeast in ½ cup lukewarm water. Add the milk, sugar, salt, flour; and eggs. Beat thoroughly and mix. Let stand in a warm place. When light add 4 cups more of flour. Knead and let rise. (For kneading directions see LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, pages 11 and 12.) When doubled in bulk pat or stretch to ½-inch thickness. (If the dough acts like rubber, resisting the stretching motion, it indicates that you are working with what bakers call a killed dough. Strangely enough, however, on standing, the dough loses this rubberlike quality. Should the dough become rubbery, then, gather it up into a ball, cover it to prevent its being chilled, and let it stand from 10 to 15 minutes to return to normal before handling again.) Cut into rounds any desired size with a biscuit cutter, brush each round with melted butter, crease through the center with the dull edge of a knife blade, fold over one-half of the dough and press the edges together. Place on buttered pans and immediately put into the ice box. One hour before serving remove and place in a warm place (80° F.), let rise 30 minutes. Place in a hot oven (425° F.) for 20 minutes. If the rolls must be hurried, they may be placed in the oven before quite light enough, in which case use a 400° F. temperature.

100 TESTED RECIPES FOR 10 CENTS!

LIBERTY COOK BOOK,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y.
Please send me a copy of your cook book, 100 Standard Recipes. I inclose ten cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

NAME .....

STREET or R. F. D. .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

5-21-27

Kumquat-Apple Salad

- ¾ cup red-skinned apples, cut à la Julienne
- ⅔ cup kumquats, sliced
- Fruited French dressing
- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- 2 tablespoons orange juice
- 1 tablespoon pineapple juice

COMBINE the unpeeled red-skinned apples, cut à la Julienne or in matchlike strips, with the sliced kumquats. If the season is early and the fruits are particularly sour, a bit of powdered sugar may be mixed in. Dress with French dressing (see LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, page 33), adding to the recipe given 1 tablespoon melted butter, 2 tablespoons orange juice, and 1 tablespoon pineapple juice.

Peanut Cookies

- ¼ cup butter
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- ¼ cup milk
- 1 cup flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 cup shelled chopped peanuts
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice

CREAM the butter and gradually work in the sugar. Vigorously beat in the well beaten eggs and flavoring. Alternately add the milk and sifted dry ingredients, folding the peanuts in gradually with the dry ingredients. Drop by spoonfuls (using a teaspoon, if dainty wafers are desired) 1 inch apart on an oiled cooky sheet. Bake from 12 to 15 minutes at 375° F.

Molded Ice Cream. See LIBERTY'S Hot Weather Recipes, page 48.

The Story of One Mad Hour and a Girl's True Love

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

Come to My

"JOHNNY" Century understood perfectly that the stage was set for a proposal. She and the prosperous Murtaugh Pell had been asked, for the week-end, to the Long Island home of Renée and Jimmy Parsons, and Renée's match-making instinct was, Johnny knew, at the bottom of it.

Murt did propose—and was accepted. But all that was after dinner on Saturday evening, and just before dinner Johnny had had an astonishing experience. She had met Floyd Bennings. With his swimming black eyes upon her, he had said: "I would rather kiss you than any woman I ever met." And, to her indignant amazement, he followed this up with the statement that, after the party, he would be waiting for her in his house behind white palings on the crest of the New Danite Road.

When everything was still that night, Johnny, like one under a hypnotic spell, got into her roadster and drove to Bennings' house on the hill—there to spend one hour of the vertigo of bliss.

But bliss is costly, and the next morning a sort of panic began to grow in her mind. The first shock was the discovery that Elenor Doyle, a gay flapper friend of Renée's, had seen her on the way back from Bennings' house, and the second that Bennings had deserted his hilltop.

When she followed him to New York, he proposed, which, though she refused him, was balm to her wounded pride. But when she reached her mother's apartment, horror caught at her. A threatening, insinuating male voice, over the phone, asked to see her—confided that she had been seen with Floyd Bennings. A blackmail scheme!

Floyd, when she got in touch with him, made light of all threats. But Murt, who had learned of her strange visit through the blackmailer, came to demand an explanation. She told him the whole truth. Then strain, and the sudden realization that it was Murt she really loved, made her head swim.

PART FIVE

STRANGE things happened to her eyes. Murtaugh was six feet, wasn't he? And didn't he weigh a couple of hundred pounds? And earthquakes didn't occur in New York, did they? Then why was Murtaugh a dwindled dwarf, shrunken and wizened? And why did the floor heave beneath her feet, and the pictures on the wall swing from side to side? And how was it possible for tomblike silence to be accompanied by a roaring sound that split the ears?

Then, as a wave recedes from a sandy beach, so abnormalities receded from her. She hadn't fainted; she wasn't going to faint. The high tension under which she had labored had either snapped or relaxed. The floor became solid beneath her feet; the pictures ceased swaying. There was neither deathly silence nor uncanny sound; there were merely the casual noises of Park Avenue that floated through the open windows from the ground seven stories below.

And Murtaugh Pell, the man whom she had struck so mortally, was simply a pale young man with a pathetic expression about the eyes and an almost ludicrous pout of astonishment on his full lips.

Waiting for him to speak, the unpleasant, almost sadistic, joy she had experienced in seeing him wilt beneath the blow gave way to the quick remorse so characteristic of her. Nevertheless, her detached way of looking at things did not abandon her now. Her racing brain, always filled with speculation, revolved, whirled, leaped in and out and around the situation now.

What would Pell say? What could be expected from him? What would another man say? Would he be melodramatic, tragic, or what? Queerly, it didn't seem to her that it mattered much what he might do or say. Her bridges had been burned behind her. She had undergone, in the moment when she made complete confession to him, the last poignant agony. Discovery of her love for him had come,

"YOU needn't bother to give me Mr. Bennings' message," she retorted. "You may go now."

A Serial by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

HOUSE

revelatorily, in the very moment when she had put that love forever from her.

All personal interest, it seemed, had gone from her. She felt exactly like an auditor at a play as she waited for the words that would come from the lips of Murtaugh Pell.

"Gee!" he said. And, "Gee!" he said again.

He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a cigarette case. He moved away from her and sat down on a divan. His eyes avoided hers. He broke three matches before the tiny tube was alight. His big hands shook and his tongue kept moistening his lips.

Tragedy? Melodrama? Not even comedy. Merely a boyish pathos. Simply a bewilderment such as a child, denied something, might show. Yet, because his reactions were not according to the fictional idea of life, she pitied him the more.

Yes, it was Murt to whom her pity went out. After all, she'd thought something, but not enough, of the effect upon him of her confession. Most of her thoughts had been of herself, of her own suffering. But now, watching him as he bravely fought for ability to meet and master the overwhelming situation that confronted him, she hated herself for having brought that situation about.

And now, the cigarette alight, he looked up at her. His eyes were pitiful, but also they were pitying. For a moment she almost yielded to the impulse to run from the room, lock herself in her bedroom. But that would be yellow, and the Centurys, whatever else they were, weren't yellow.

IT didn't seem fair to wait for him to speak, and, beyond that iterated monosyllable, it didn't seem that Murt could say anything. She broke the unendurable silence.

"I hate myself, Murt," she said gently.

He nodded comprehendingly.

"You don't have to tell me, Johnny," he said. "I know. A girl like you having to tell me—wish you hadn't," he blurted. "You—you could tell me now that—that you'd been joking—sort of testing me, you know—and I'd believe you."

She shook her head. "Not now, Murt."

He shrugged. She'd always known that he was big almost to the point of massiveness, but she had never realized before that such solidity of frame made him a sort of rock to cling to.

"I suppose not," he admitted. "I feel pretty much of a rotter, Johnny. Don't know what to say—at all."

"*You* feel a rotter?" she gasped.

He nodded. "Course I do. No right to come smashing in here, asking a lot of questions that I've no right to ask—that no man has a right to ask. Lord, I *thought* I had a right to ask them, but—hang it, I didn't have to force you to—tell me! You—you'd have broken it off, anyway. Your being in love with Bennings—if I had any dirty doubts I could have kept them to myself. Might have known you'd play—fair."

"I'm not sure I would have," she told him. "I—wasn't going—I'm afraid—to tell you anything."

"Wish you hadn't. Wish you'd got angry—had every reason to—and just busted the engagement."

"I might not have done that, even," she admitted.

He stared at her. "I don't get you at all. If you're in love with Bennings—" His forehead wrinkled in a frown, and the dullness left his eyes. "You mean to say that Bennings—you mean he won't make good? Why, I'll break—"

"'Sh-sh, Murt," she said. Into her tones crept sneering self-bitterness. "He's all right. He'll do the correct thing. In fact, he *wants* to marry me."

"Then, what on earth—" he began.

"It's I. Silly, stupid I. I don't love him, Murt." Before the amazement in his eyes her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[COME TO MY HOUSE
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

cheeks burned. For a moment she choked over her words, then went courageously on: "I'm not merely a girl who—engaged to a man—was—unfaithful to him because she loved another man. I—didn't love the other man."

"That's what bothered me," he said. "I didn't think you knew Bennings— Why, Johnny!" His voice rose as he slowly comprehended her complete meaning. "You mean to tell me—"

"Oh, Murt," she pleaded, "please go. There's no use—I mean—even though I'm shameless, I can be made ashamed."

"But—I don't understand—at all," he said.

"And how can I explain to you?" she demanded.

"But a nice girl—"

Her eyes hardened. "What do you know about *nice* girls? What does any man know? There are *nice* men, aren't there? You're one of them, I think. Yet, being a man, you've done things that I, being a girl, mustn't even think of! My God, Murt, don't you think it's time you went? I've hurt you—I'm dreadfully sorry and dreadfully ashamed. But you—you don't want to hurt me, do you? Not any more?"

"Hurt you? Why, you poor kid—"

She could have endured his angry contempt, but his pity enraged her.

"Why do you call me that? I'm not a child. I'm twenty-three years old, and if I want to be a damn fool, it's my business."

"When you hurt me?" he thrust.

"I've said I'm sorry. I'll be sorry till I die. But I won't—I won't have you pitying me."

"Good Lord, do you want me to cheer because you're miserable?" Edge crept into his voice. "I'm pretty miserable myself, when you come right down to it. I don't feel like cheering. A man is dead in love with a girl and thinks she loves him—"

She stared at him, enraged. He'd been so wonderful at first. No reproaches, no rage. But now, with every word he uttered, he was hurting her incredibly.

"*Thinks* she loves him? Don't you *know* I love you? Do you think, for a single minute, that if I didn't love you I'd ever have told you? Why on earth should I tell a man for whom I didn't care, something that could only be told to the man for whom I did care?"

He looked at her incredulously. "But, Johnny, if you loved me—"

"Don't ask me *why*," she blazed. "If I knew, I'd have told you before this. I haven't tried to spare myself anything. If you think I have, just ask some woman if I have."

He looked at her as though he hadn't heard her interruption. "But, if you love me, Johnny—if you still love me—"

HE had risen now, was approaching her. His big hands—those capable hands that should have been always ready to protect her—were reaching for her.

"Don't touch me!" she cried.

He smiled at her. "You're not afraid of *me*, Johnny?"

She evaded him; backed against the wall; strained against it as though to make it give way.

"Lord, no! Not of you; but of myself."

And now he was close to her, his hands were on her shoulders, pressing, though with infinite gentleness, into her flesh. He leaned over until his eyes were level with her own.

"Of yourself? What do you mean by that?" he asked her.

"Of giving way—to—to you—" She was breathing heavily, chopping her words as though they were physical things hewn from some hardly yielding substance.

"Do you think I'm the sort that—that Bennings is?" he demanded.

She twisted her face away from his seeking mouth.

"I—don't mean—that," she stammered. "I—I know you're—honest, Murt. But—but—if you're kind to me, I may be unkind to you."

"The only way you can be unkind to me is by refusing to marry me," he told her.

Oh, God, why had he said it? Why hadn't he sneered at her, struck her, even, and walked out, cursing? Those things would have been endurable; whereas kindness and love were unbearable.

The big hands inexorably drew her to him. Desperately as she struggled, the will had gone out of her, and her resistance was a futile, childish thing. One hand cupped her chin, tilted it back. His mouth claimed hers.

SLOWLY he released her. The hurt had gone from his eyes. They gleamed with triumph.

"Johnny," he said slowly, "we're never going to mention—what we've been talking about—again."

Oh, he was dear and good and fine! If he were anything less than all these things, her own decision could not be so easily arrived at.

"Because," she told him, "we're never going to see each other again."

"Now, just what do you mean by that?" he asked.

She moved away from him—sat deliberately down in a chair. He leaned against the wall which had blocked her retreat a moment ago.

"Mean? I said, a minute ago, that I might be unkind to you. There's only one way I could be that, Murt. And that's by marrying you. Oh, I know. I know more than you imagine. I—I'm pretty—nice figure—you like to—to kiss me. And, when you're kissing me, you can't think of anything else except how—how—well, that I'm a girl. But being a girl

SHE turned to woman's greatest solace in time of stress—her manicure set.

and—being a wife—are different things. You can't be kissing a wife all the time. And when you're not kissing, you're thinking. You'd be thinking, all the time, of Floyd."

She put out a hand and silenced his disclaimer. "You're big, Murt. Bigger than I ever dreamed you could be. You—understand. And, understanding, you don't—hate. But understanding never lasts, Murt. Your own side creeps in, demands to be heard. The understanding you've given another person seems to be rank sentimentality, an injustice to yourself. And then, despite your effort to retain understanding, you become angered."

"Don't talk utter nonsense," he scoffed. "Love—the kind of love I have for you, Johnny, is so big that—"

She smiled wanly. "Woman's love is big enough to forgive, even forget, certain things. But no man's love is that big."

"Mine is," he boasted. "I tell you, Johnny, I've been hurt. Hurt as I never expected to be, as I never dreamed that you could hurt me. But the hurt isn't so deep, isn't so vital, isn't so much a part of me as the love I have for you."

"You don't think so?" she asked.

"It's not a matter of thinking; it's a matter of *knowing*," he declared. "But you—you'd not argue if—if you really loved me."

"You're willing, then, to believe that a girl could—do what I did and still—love you?" she demanded.

He winced slightly, but answered bravely: "Johnny, if you tell me that you love me, I'll believe it in spite of anything."

"And ask no further questions?" she insisted.

He nodded in assent.

"And you're absolutely certain that you love me, in spite of everything?"

Her persistence bewildered him. "I ought to know, oughtn't I?" he retorted.

She looked at him. His eyes had been pitying awhile ago; now hers held that emotion. She walked directly to the telephone and asked for a number.

"Who's that you're calling up?" he inquired, amazed.

"I'm asking Floyd to take me to dinner," she replied.

PELL leaped toward her. For a moment it seemed to her that the big fist was knotted, and that it would strike her. Instead, it opened, gripped her arm, drew her violently away from the telephone. He put the receiver in place with a jingling jar.

"Do you think," he cried, "I'm ever going to let you see him, speak to him, again?"

She shook her head sadly. "*Now*, don't you see, Murt, it just can't be?"

Slowly comprehension dawned on him. "You weren't going to ask him?"

"Think, Murt. Would I *want* to hurt you if I loved you? And if you loved me, the way you'd want to love the woman you married, it wouldn't matter if I called up a man."

"It wouldn't—any ordinary man. But that man—"

"But there'd always be—that man. Don't you see, Murt? Because you—want me, you make yourself think that you can—forget. But men can't forget those things. Perhaps they oughtn't to. I don't know. The point is—you can't. And always, forever, as long as we lived, there'd be that cloud of doubt, of distrust. Oh, my dear, it isn't that I don't deserve it! It's that you can't help giving me my deserts. It's not my own pride that stands in the way; it's my pride in you. And if I saw you becoming suspicious and miserable, I'd know that it was my fault. I'd know that I'd wrecked the finest thing that had come into my life, and—*I won't do it!*"

"Not even," begged Pell, "if I tell you to go to the telephone, make a dinner engagement with Bennings, and promise that I'll never question you?"

She shook her head. "Not even then."

"And you still maintain you love me?" he asked.

"In spite of everything that would make you doubt it, I prove it," she replied, "by this."

His shoulders slumped, and he breathed like an asthmatic old man.

"I don't understand you," he muttered.

"I'm just beginning to understand myself. And it's not a happy moment," she admitted. "I think," she added, "you'd better go."

He looked at her wryly. "It seems to me I don't measure up," he said.

"Don't be absurd. I've proved it's I who don't measure up. Oh, Murt, Murt—please go before I cry."

He moved toward her, but she motioned him away. "Don't—please. I'd only make a promise that I'd break. What would be the use, Murt? I can't argue with you any longer. You can make me, if you kiss me, say I don't mean it; but I *do* mean it, and after you've gone I'll only telephone you, or run away. Please go."

He picked up his hat from the chair where he'd dropped it. He stood a moment, twisting it in his fingers.

"Johnny, you're the best sport I ever hope to meet. You're the nicest, whitest, squarest girl in the world. You don't believe I'm still in love with you. You judge by things that shouldn't count. A person may be jealous and yet love, you know. You think I haven't understanding. Perhaps I have more than you credit me with." He smiled faintly and went on: "I believe you love me. The very fact you won't marry me makes me think so. And you say, yourself, that you do. Well, when two people really care for each other, it takes a lot to keep them apart."

She sighed, as though weary of the argument. "Oh, Murt, you're good. But—let's say good-by now. You haven't had time to think it all over. It hasn't occurred to you that a proud man may forgive something he alone knows. But when there are others—when blackmailers are ready to spread scandal— Murt, be honest. You couldn't stand scandal, *if it was true*, about your wife. You know that, and so do I."

UPON that, he left her. And she knew, unhappily, that her last words would remain with him longer than her others. His family, his place in society—these were things not to be held lightly.

In her own room, she resisted the inclination to throw herself upon the bed and give way to hysterical tears. Instead, she carefully rouged her lips and powdered her nose. She turned to woman's greatest solace in time of stress—her manicure set. But when the moons on her nails shone under the ministrations of the chamois buffer until they were almost mirror-like, she still felt the inclination to hysteria.

She wondered how long it would be before poignant anguish gave way to dull ache. Perhaps never.

Time dulled grief, but what effect could time have upon shame? Unless one achieved a philosophy above shame? She shook her head; she didn't think she'd ever be capable of that.

In her own room, with the door shut, she didn't hear the telephone, and so absorbed was she in unhappy reverie that the maid knocked several times before she answered. Mr. Bennings was on the telephone. Johnny debated a moment before answering the summons. What could Bennings have to say to her that could be of any interest whatsoever?

His voice, when she answered his call, was excited.

"That chap who phoned you—he just telephoned me. I strung him along. Don't worry any more, Johnny. He's on his way down to see me now. Be here in twenty minutes. I'll settle him."

"It's too late," she told him. "He had phoned Jimmy Parsons, who'd told Murt, and Murt has just left me."

"But he didn't believe—Pell didn't think—"

"I told him—everything," she said dully.

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Floyd.

The theatricalism of his ejaculation seemed to bring clearly before her the somewhat theatrical face of him.

"What did he say?" he asked.

"Not much to say in such circumstances, is there?" she countered. "We broke our engagement, and—oh, let's not talk of it!"

"Broke your engagement!" he cried. "Then that means that you—and I—"

"But there'd always be—that man. Don't you see, Murt? Because you—want me, you make yourself think that you can—forget."

"I don't know what it means. I think it means I'll never marry anyone," she said.

"I'll come to see you tonight," he said.

"I don't want to see you—perhaps ever," she replied.

"But this man—the one that's coming to see me—you'll want to know—"

"I don't care much about him, either," she said. "He's done the very worst that can be done."

"I'll ring you back in half an hour, anyway, and tell you what he says, and what I've done to him," he promised.

Indifferently she made reply: "Very well."

II

SHE went back to her room and lay listlessly down upon her bed. All inclination toward hysteria had left her now. As boxers, undertrained, sometimes fight themselves into shape during the first few rounds of a fight, so Johnny, by meeting each issue as it had arisen, had fought herself into mental condition. She was able to think even more clearly than ordinarily, and her mental processes were never too bewildered.

Why? The eternal question about herself. Why didn't Floyd's voice arouse any emotion in her? Was it because she had drained the emotional well until it was dry? It must be that. She was no silly schoolgirl, ready to fall under the influence of any exotic- or erotic-seeming person who chanced along. It had not been Floyd who had won her two nights ago, she was beginning to understand. It was Life itself, in the guise of Floyd, that had done with her as it willed. Therefore Floyd aroused in her, now, no surge of passionate remembrance—was nothing more than a strange-looking young man toward whom she bore neither love nor hatred, neither affection nor resentment. He had been the unwitting instrument of her unhappiness, that was all.

Her life was wrecked. Or, if that seemed too melodramatic a way of phrasing it, let her state that the course of her life seemed obstructed. It could hardly continue on the even tenor of its previous way. Impossible, for a while at any rate, were the house parties at Renée Parsons', or similar week-end gatherings. Impossible, indeed, were any associations of the familiar sort. This man whom Floyd was seeing now would not, perhaps, be as easily silenced as Floyd had seemed to think.

Poor worm, this man who thought to fatten

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[COME TO MY HOUSE
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

on the secrets of others. She wondered just how Floyd would handle him. She was indifferent to the matter. For the evil was done. Jimmy would tell his wife. Renée was a good friend, but when Johnny and Murtaugh were obviously not hitting it off, Renée would begin to wonder just how much there was in the tale telephoned to her husband.

Renée was only human. She would venture a faint hint to a friend, and if the hint were responded to, the floodgates of gossip would be opened. It is not, queerly, our enemies who injure us with gossip; it is our supposed friends. Our enemies cannot hurt us; their tales are discounted by their very enmity. But our friends—

No, the regular routine had become impossible for Johnny during the rest of this summer. What could take its place? Europe? Pebble Beach? The Canadian Rockies? There were people in all these places to whom it would be necessary merely to send a wire announcing the date of her arrival.

But that would be running away from gossip. Of course, sometimes it was better to flee gossip, to remain away until its clacking tongue had silenced, than to invite its filth by battling against it. But flight smacked of cowardice.

She glanced at her wrist watch. An hour had elapsed since Floyd had telephoned that the blackmailer was on his way to the office. Surely the matter could not have been debated all this time between them. Judging by what she knew of Floyd's methods—she colored furiously—he would be rather direct with the man.

Blackmail was not the sort of thing with which Floyd Bennings would temporize. He would come to an immediate issue with his visitor. And there would not be much question over the matter. Hadn't Floyd said that he would settle with the man? Surely he hadn't meant that he would pay him money!

AN uneasy feeling possessed her, making her turn ever more restlessly on the bed. Suppose Floyd found the man not amenable to threat, but insistent on being paid? Floyd would hardly call in the police and thus precipitate the scandal he wished to avoid, for her sake.

When thirty minutes more passed without word from Floyd, nervousness drove her to action. She called up his office on the telephone.

Not the feminine telephone operator at the office, but a masculine voice answered her.

"Mr. Floyd Bennings, please," she said.

"Who is it wishes to speak to him?" asked the voice.

Such a question had not been put to her at her previous telephone calls. She had no desire to inform a curious clerk as to her identity.

"Just connect me with him, please," she evaded.

"I'd like to know your name," insisted the other.

"If Mr. Bennings is busy I'll call again," she said.

"Well, we'd like to know your name first," came the reply.

There was no particular point in carrying secrecy any further.

"Miss Century," she yielded.

"Oh. And where are you speaking from, Miss Century?"

"Does it make any difference?" she demanded.

"Well, yes; Mr. Bennings can't answer the telephone just this minute, but if we had your number, we'd give it to him—"

"Tell him I'm at my apartment," she answered curtly and hung up.

She frowned, puzzled, as she went back to her bedroom and lay down. What odd insistence. And the voice had said "we" instead of "I." A triviality, but vaguely disturbing. Oh, well, she was in a frame of mind where anything and everything seemed out of proper perspective.

Perhaps Floyd was still closeted with the blackmailer. In that case, he had unquestionably given orders not to be disturbed. But what on earth could he have to say—or listen to—that would take so much time? It was now close on to two hours since he had telephoned and announced the imminent arrival of the blackmailer.

But pondering the matter helped not at all toward its solution. Floyd would ring her up in due course and meantime she owed a duty to her hosts of the evening, the Ted Giffords, with whom she was dining at eight-thirty. A young unmarried woman had no right to appear at a dinner party with a haggard face and sunken eyes. It was up to her to snatch an hour's nap, that sleep might restore the freshness which worry had taken from her appearance.

True, sleep would prove hard to woo. But a cold bath had soporific qualities. On this summer day, sultry and oppressive, the bath would have been inviting anyway, but used as an opiate, it became even more desirable.

SHE was lying in its icy grip when the maid spoke to her through the bathroom door.

"A man wants to see you, Miss Century."

Cold water has a knack of driving care away. Johnny's voice was almost gay as she replied:

"Well, it would never do for him to see me now, Mary. Besides, I don't want to see anyone."

"I know, ma'am, and I'd never have let him in, but he made a fuss when I would have shut the door on him. He didn't phone from the lobby, ma'am, but came right up to the apartment and rang the bell. I told him you couldn't be disturbed, but he said that if I told you he came from Mr. Bennings you'd probably be glad to see him."

Johnny climbed energetically from the tub and began briskly drying herself. Odd that Floyd hadn't telephoned, hadn't come himself. A sudden thought entered her mind: perhaps the blackmailer had come in person!

Not reasonable, though. Floyd would have telephoned her about the visit. But there was no sense in wondering about the matter now, when in five minutes, or less, she'd know all about it.

She slipped into a suit of Chinese silk house pajamas, threw over it a coat of the same material, and went into the drawing-room.

A man in a not-too-well-pressed suit of brown, with a too-bright blue shirt, and a horseshoe of glittering diamonds — probably paste—in his scarf, rose and greeted her:

"Miss Century?"

She nodded questioningly, and didn't offer to sit down. However, he was not abashed, but dropped back into the chair in which he had been resting on her entrance. He balanced carefully upon one knee a hard straw hat and, unasked, lighted a cigarette. There was something overbearing in his whole attitude that offended Johnny.

"You bring me a message from Mr. Bennings?" she asked coldly.

"You was expecting one, eh?" he caught up her words.

"I didn't say so," she retorted. An indefinable alarm took hold of her. She couldn't imagine why Floyd had chosen this kind of man for his messenger, any more than she could imagine why he should have preferred a messenger to telephoning. That this could be Floyd's visitor was not easily thinkable, either. Unpleasant, this caller might be, but there was nothing dishonest about his appearance.

The man nodded. "That's right, you didn't. But you telephoned Mr. Bennings twenty minutes or so ago, Miss Century. That right?"

Her eyes widened. "What possible concern can that be of yours?"

"Well, if I come from Mr. Bennings, I gotta be sure I'm talking to the right person, haven't I?"

"Very well, then; I telephoned Mr. Bennings," she conceded.

"Mind telling me what it was about?" he asked.

This was incredible. "Please give me your message, if you have one," she ordered crisply.

"I'm coming to that, all right," he answered easily. "Meantime, there's a couple of things I'd like to know. You and Mr. Bennings pretty close friends?"

"I think," Johnny retorted, "that you needn't bother to give me Mr. Bennings' message. You may go now."

"Aw, say, Miss Century, in a matter like this I gotta play safe, haven't I?"

"A matter like what?" she demanded.

He brazenly winked at her. "Aw, you got me O. K., Miss Century—I mean the matter that Fraylor was mixed up in."

"Fraylor?" Her voice was level. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean."

"Sure you do. Fraylor. He's the guy that had the date with Mr. Bennings. Didn't Mr. Bennings phone you just before the guy called on him? And didn't he say that the man was coming to see him and that he'd let you know all about it?"

FROM far in the past, perhaps three million years, an apelike ancestor stretched a gnarled hand across the shadowy æons and touched Johnny on the heart. That instinct of caution which prehistoric man had, which must have warned him, even in his sleep, against approaching stealthy danger, warned Johnny now.

In one second, before she spoke, her mind worked like the well oiled engine of a motor car. This man, whatever else he might be, was no clerk in the Bennings law office.

"I'm sure"—and though her voice was cold there was scornful mirth in it—"I haven't the vaguest idea what you're talking about."

"Bennings didn't phone you?" demanded her visitor.

Again instinct warned her—this time not to lie.

"I believe he did; anything extraordinary in that?"

"Didn't mention a guy named Fraylor?"

She shook her head. "Most certainly not."

"Mind telling me what he did talk about?"

"Really, this is most extraordinary!" she exclaimed. "If there were any earthly reason why I should—"

The man's face was grave and his voice serious. "Take it from me, lady, there's plenty reason. I'll prove it in a minute, if you'll just tell me what Bennings said to you."

"Said to me? Oh, something about my having luncheon with him shortly. Something about having lunched with him today. And now will you explain what all this means?"

"Sure I will," said the man. "And mighty glad a swell dame like you ain't mixed up in it. You see, Bennings's keeping his trap shut tight, and you phoning, and him having phoned you—well, we don't dare overlook anything, you know."

"Who are *we?*" she asked.

"Police Headquarters, ma'am. I'm from the Detective Bureau. You see, Bennings is under arrest. He killed a man in his office this afternoon—a guy named Fraylor. And we can't make Bennings talk."

So this—to death itself—was whither a moment of madness, of weakness—oh, call it what one willed—might lead! For, instinctively and certainly, she knew that Fraylor was the man who had threatened her over the telephone.

To Johnny Century, fate gives no time to brood on her own sense of guilt. Policemen, lawyers, reporters! The once straight road of her life is now a maze. Watch her gallant struggle in next week's installment.

Fringes and Bows Trim SMART Costumes

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

AN American woman alighted from her limousine before the Ritz the other day in Paris, and all one side of the Place Vendome ceased what it was doing to look at her. A skirt all fringe and black, a bodice of ivory satin made in the form of a bolero, and a cape of black lined with ivory satin made up what she wore. Across the back of that cape was a large bow that tied, of ribbons that came from either armhole, and some said that it looked like a great butterfly poised there at rest. This was really the item that drew so much attention to the American lady—that is, the bow and perhaps the cape.

At the moment capes would appear to be approaching over the horizon of fashion, and bows are flourishing themselves everywhere in the foreground. They are the feature of the day, and a leading French critic is dilating on "the languid and precious grace of knots." They indeed put the cachet—the stamp—on the straight silhouette, which is accepted by every designer, great and small.

There are cravat scarfs from Jenny and knotted scarfs from Premet. They are on sports dresses, of which the skirt is of jersey lamé, with the jumper of crepe de Chine, Shantung silk, or jersey. Sometimes they are featured at the side near the left shoulder and are of taffeta, but always they are frivolous and gay. Our two sports dresses (models 5695 and 5696), just off a French steamer, show them.

On afternoon dresses the knot is modest and flat, sometimes poised on a gilet, or perhaps fastened at the belt like a winged creature at rest. Sometimes it has alighted, so to speak, on the wristband of the sleeve. Or else these knots serve as little motifs replacing buttons.

On more formal afternoon frocks they are sometimes tied negligently, but in large bows, at the back of the skirt, and sometimes carelessly just to one side of the middle of the back, or even on the hips. On *robes de style* they are voluminous, forming great puffs in the back. As motifs for simple dance or dinner dresses knots are incrusted in the material, in a design sometimes beaded in pearls, sometimes appliquéd flatly in lace, and sometimes cut out along the outline of the embroidery.

5693
16
18
20

5694
16
18
20

A suit of grayish-blue crepella with a piqué gilet.

Brown and tan are good colors for this snappy costume.

5695
34
36
38
40

5696
16
18
20

Of scarlet kasha, this dress has a polka-dotted foulard collar and black suede belt.

Yellow crepe made this blouse, ornamented with bands of orange.

5697
34
36
38
40

This dark blue crepe de Chine costume has one blue and one white belt.

One of the snappy conceits is a long, supple, narrow scarf which knots at the back of the corsage and falls full to the bottom of the skirt. It is bordered with fringe, and you will doubtless find this trimming repeated on the costume—on the sleeves perhaps, or at the décolletage. To generalize, you might almost say that wherever there is a border there is fringe.

The young girl in model 5693 is wearing a tailored costume that features, for one thing, the three-quarter-length coat which has made a very great hit in suits of the spring. It is of the popular tan-and-brown English mixture, accompanied by the blouse, now fashionable, of white crepe (or sometimes of satin) made in the form of a man's white shirt. With it goes a wrap-around skirt which buttons up the front.

But the crowning feature of this costume does not appear in the picture. If you wish to wear the suit for golf or strenuous walking, there is a pair of knickerbockers of the material to replace the skirt. The scarf matches the hat.

The suit beside it (5694) is notable for the shade and the quality of the material, which is a light grayish-blue crepella, and for its white piqué gilet, which is very smart.

Three of the dresses illustrate admirably the saucy and artistic use of bows, one in polka-dotted foulard.

The gown for afternoons employs one in long flat lines of white crepe at the throat on the right, and avails itself of rows of heavy fringe to weight the bottom of skirt and wrap.

SPECIAL PATTERNS

by Mary Manton

Order Mary Brush Williams' Designs

by marking a circle, on picture, around the number, and another circle around the size, of each pattern wanted.

Tear out and inclose entire picture with 25 cents for each number.

Send with your full address to:

LIBERTY MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, P. O. Box 418, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

PARIS *Creates* Bridal *Modes*

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, April 24.

IN Paris, when you marry, you may repent in haste, if you are built that way, but you have simply got to marry at leisure. The church won't let you rush; the Palais de Justice will block your speed; and, above all, you have got to be properly dolled up. This means everyone concerned with a wedding. Paris fashion-makers devote a heap of their creative talent to costuming bridal parties, and most especially brides and grooms.

A French wedding is a beautiful sight, worth all the pains it requires. And there are so many weddings in Paris. Most every day there is a gorgeous bride and her attendant groom, with the necessary lesser satellites, to be found at some hour in one of the magnificent Paris churches, getting married.

Styles in wedding dresses *à la Française* tend to the romantic, as they should, no matter how pert and abbreviated the fashions of ordinary life at the moment may be. A bride clothed by Paris will very likely wear white satin — real white satin, heavy enough to stand alone, and lustrous enough to reflect the lights of the diamond engagement ring. And the veil will be of tulle, or of lace if there is a real lace veil in either of the affiliating families.

BRIDESMAID'S dress of pale pink satin trimmed with satin and chiffon bands (center, at left).

PARIS prefers the traditional white satin for the bride's frock, trimmed with rose-point lace and veiled with tulle (center, at right).

THE mother is the regent of her daughter's wedding. This Doucet frock of black georgette over beige satin, with écru lace, is distinguished.

FOR the "sweet sorrow" of leaving the parental roof, Molyneux has designed this coat of navy blue rep and frock of pastel blue crepe de Chine.

Fromenti has sketched for you the ideal French wedding dress, created for a famous wedding of the season. Jean Patou created it. The cut is that of the medieval costume, with long crushed sleeve, a long fitted bodice, crushed in folds at the waistline, and a bouffant skirt, lifted in front and touching the floor in back. This frock is made of white satin, and a cascade of rose-point lace falls from the bodice in front, circling the voluminous hemline. This and the rounded yoke of tulle are the only trimmings.

The bride isn't supposed to carry a bouquet, but she wears a huge cluster of white violets at the center front of the waistline. The tulle veil is arranged around the head and has a long train. A small cluster of white violets is placed at the left side. The unique touch to this Patou costume is the sleeveless coat of tulle that drapes the shoulders and augments the flow of the train.

To accompany this bride there are bridesmaids gowned in pale pink satin, as shown in the sketch. Patou also created this frock. The bodice is fitted and draped under a large bow at the waistline, all in satin, and the skirt is semitransparent from the knees down. Bands of shirred pink satin alternate with bands of pink chiffon.

The bridesmaids wear capeline hats of pink crin—also semitransparent, circled by bands of deeper rose velvet ribbon.

The person of next importance is the bride's mother. Of course, mother nowadays looks young, but her costume must show her charm of maturity, sophistication, and experience. Our sketch shows a frock from Doucet—a simple dress in black crepe georgette over a foundation of beige satin. I know of no more flattering lines to the middle-aged woman than those of this gown, with its deep V closing to the bodice, its gilet of écru lace, the skirt draped in folds at the front, with a rising hemline, also of écru lace. The tight sleeves with their cuffs of folded écru lace falling back from the wrist would add grace to any woman's arm. The girdle is of draped black georgette, caught under a big buckle of pearls at the center front.

Accessories in the mother's toilette are extremely important. A fitted helmet hat like the one shown in the illustration, a silver-fox fur, garnished by a single pink rose, and slippers and stockings of beige would be above criticism and, more than that, insure perfection of the costume.

AS all weddings must end, I have had Fromenti draw the smart going-away costume for the bride. The frock is made of pastel blue crepe de Chine, polka-dotted with white. There is a bloused waist, having a jabot of plaited self material and a small round collar. The skirt has a fitted yoke, and is plaited. The hem is of a deeper blue, dotted in black instead of white. A very narrow black belt with a small brass buckle circles the waist.

Over this frock, which has bishop sleeves, is worn a coat of navy blue rep, very straight, with a bolero back that begins at the diagonal seams at the sides of the front. A more beautiful line than this bolero gives is hard to imagine.

It takes time and energy and creative thought to make the sartorial accompaniment to a wedding perfect, but the result is well worth the effort.

Sharpshooting SHEIKS

True Tales of Young Men Who Earn Their Daily Bread by Eating Cake

By

O. O. McINTYRE

Pictures by G. T. REYNARD

THE New York sheik does not even have a camel. And his tent may be a Tenth Avenue hall bedroom three flights up and all the way back. Yet he manages to crash the social gate and carry away the prizes just like his swarthy Romeo prototype of the hot sands.

The modern sheik's desert is the tearoom, the café, and the supper club. Equipped with one of those two-per-cent mustaches, the lackadaisical manner of an Englishman imitating an Englishman, and the ability to distinguish orange pekoe from English breakfast tea, the world is his oyster from which he may salvage a pearl of great price.

Marrying for riches has become a skilled and almost weekly performance with the Broadway sheik. He is perfectly willing to marry them one week and permit them to trot over to Paris the next for a week-end divorce—provided, of course, they do not forget that a gentleman must live in the fashion to which his new wife has been accustomed.

Hundreds are skipping from hall rooms to marble mansions, having bridged the wide gap with the polite palaver of Broadway's pseudo-exquisites. For they have a palaver, these boys, even if they do appear to be all cuffs and teeth. They can drawl an "How extrawd'n'ry!" that would pass muster in Piccadilly.

The sheik is one of those hybrid humans that Broadway spawns. He does not follow the usual Roaring Forty role of "living hard and dangerously." His motto is: "Be a fop and cop an heiress."

Social New York is supposed to have the most impregnable ramparts in the world. The lines are closely drawn, and a young buck who marries out of his class finds his name deleted from the Social Register. Yet a chain-grocery-store clerk comes along with a bud flowering in his lapel, the impeccable manners of a correspondence course in etiquette, and a casual reference to an Oxford scholarship—and he scales the barriers with the nonchalance of a Bowery urchin skipping the gutter.

And New York being what it is, as Mike Arlen might say, he is accepted. Social restrictions are all for the woman. The man whose father peddled skunk skins may land the same social recognition as one whose parents were born to the purple. Sometimes it takes only an engraved calling-card with a spurious family crest to lift the portcullis of one of those exclusive Park Avenue fortresses built around a Spanish patio.

IN that brief interlude things happened. A sharp pounding at the door. A crash!

One, indeed, who posed as a famous whip—he drove a grocery wagon in Cleveland—won the rich and beautiful belle of a fashionable Long Island suburb after a three days' courting. They were feted at a Newport dinner party, and it was not until six weeks later that the disillusioned bride learned her husband was a hallboy in a New York apartment house.

Several years ago one of America's wealthiest widows became a first-page sensation following her marriage to a young man who had left hotel clerking flat in a small town in the Southwest a few months before. He had come to New York, parted his name in the middle, larded his hair, and affected a high-blown British accent. The rest was extremely easy. He met the widow and his manner captivated her. His manner was big and breezy, like the pampas of his native State.

He was installed in a castle on the Hudson

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

400,000 Square Miles of Playground for You in Ontario

FOR a long time you have thought of a different kind of a summer holiday; you haven't been quite sure just where you wanted to go—you've just wanted it to be "Somewhere else."

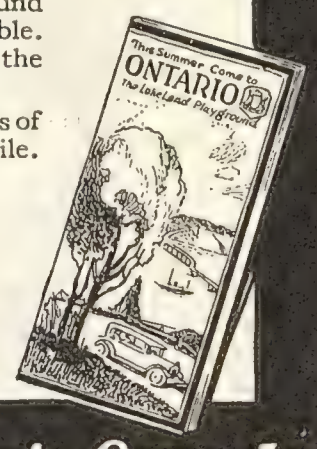
This summer, enter in your Journal of Good Times the record of a joyous vacation in Ontario.

Here you will have the vacation you've dreamed about . . . 400,000 square miles of play-ground in a country that is foreign but hospitable. New sights, sounds and customs—but the same language.

If you drive, you will find thousands of miles of smooth motor roads with a thrill in every mile.

The Booklet "Ontario" tells the whole story. Yours for the asking.

ONTARIO PUBLICITY BUREAU
Dept. C. Parliament Buildings, Queens Park
TORONTO, CANADA 1



All roads lead to Ontario Canada

Boys! You can smile like these fellows too

Yes sir! These chaps are just a few of the many thousands of boys throughout the United States and Canada who are happy with a regular weekly income. And they're winning many fine prizes besides. No wonder they smile! The work is clean, easy and right in your own neighborhood—during your spare time. No interference with school or play. It requires no experience or money. We'll show you how to be happy and we'll send you our big catalog of free prizes if you'll mail us the Smile Coupon today.

SMILE COUPON

LIBERTY Weekly, Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your large organization of happy Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

[SHARPSHOOTING SHEIKS Continued from Page Eighty-three]

with a brace of valets, a fleet of secretaries, and a marble swimming-pool to play in.

He was carted off to the Riviera on private yachts, occupied a box at the opera, and led a princely, hand-kissing career in the drawing-rooms before it was discovered that he used to hustle visiting drummers' luggage from the depot hack to the country hotel office.

The other day, in the amber glow of the egg-shaped dining-room at the Ritz, I saw a woman whose sunken, sallow cheeks were highly tinted and whose neck was withered like a turkey gobbler's.

In a thin, querulous voice she was discussing with her husband across the table a Mediterranean voyage on her private yacht. He was a herring-hipped, pomaded fop of twenty-nine. She was past sixty—and worth $10,000,000. He used to be a professional dancer at Bustanoby's.

However, the sheik does not always aim at rich and infirm widows. Most of them have found that girlish young debutantes are also easily bagged. In the past eighteen months half a dozen heiresses have swum up to reality from glamorous, coral-reefed honeymoons to discover they were mere pawns in the wily game of fishing for dollars.

JUST as the female gold-digger is wise in the ways of the butter-and-egg men of Broadway, so is the sheik understanding in the ways of young girls. He has acquired a pseudo-intellectualism and manners that are as superficial and meticulous as the polish of his nails.

To the average enterprising young fellow, immersed in the problem of getting ahead and building a home, a woman is an enigma.

But not so to the sheik. He knows the art of flattery and is deft in the syrupy sophistication that marks him as the so-called man of the world. He is adept in the amours of the tearooms, cafés, and midnight supper clubs, where he tracks lonely women and frivolous girls.

Somehow, his flirtatious advances are never rebuffed. He has a way, and is willing to truckle to any woman with a bank roll. He is a divine dancer, and adroit in dodging the check.

There is nothing in his credo preventing him from accepting money from those whom he woos. Many of them, to put on what the Chinese so appropriately term "face," live in the bathless room of the best hotel, and, when they find the keyhole plugged to enforce back payments, merely move on to another. And the hotel management often finds later that the "luggage" consisted of a moth-eaten toothbrush and a suitcase loaded with discarded telephone books.

They are willing to skate on this thin ice to spread-eagle their charms.

One girl who thought she had acquired a title discovered six months later that she had merely

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MRS. AUGUST BELMONT

Love *vs.* Fame:

If you were a woman, which would you choose?

Eleanor Robson, was a famous actress.

She left the stage, to marry August Belmont, the dashing society man and sportsman.

She tells why in—

Is the Stage a Greater Career Than Marriage?

She says it is, but—

Don't miss this in

NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

HaveYouUsed?
"The silver polish of 101 uses"

Leaves a brilliant lasting lustre on silver, bath fixtures, mirrors, windows, etc. Wonderful on nickel and glass of auto. No muss. Ask Dept., Drug, Hardware, Auto Accessory Stores or send 25c for trial tin.

Metalglas Mfg. Co., Box KT, Marengo, Ill.

County Agents Wanted

To sell to filling stations and garages. The man we want must have $250.00 to carry his own stock. See our full-page advertisement on page 64, this issue.

Universal Manufacturing Co., Inc.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR]

married the scapegrace son of a Swedish masseur attached to the royal household.

Here is a story long known to Broadway:

A young heiress had come into possession of a big fortune. Having lived in somewhat cloistered seclusion, she emerged from the chrysalis and, like the moth, winged her way to the bright lights.

He was one of the nimble-witted dancing men who hung around old Claridge's. He was seated one night with one of those doubtful ladies of the evening who, like himself, was a gleaner among wastrels along the way that is white. She pointed out the heiress when she came in, and hinted that it was "important money," which is the Broadway argot for huge financial rewards. He nodded knowingly, and so the inevitable web began to spin.

His deep experience made chance acquaintance with the heiress easy, and before she departed she had his card and had accepted an invitation to tea for the following afternoon at a rendezvous of low lights and soft music.

The cyclonic courtship began. In three days they were engaged. Then a mysterious letter came to the girl's father, revealing the dancing man's sinister past. A check-up proved it to be true. But he had extravagantly phrased letters from the girl, and two telegrams. Conferences and legal threats—and finally a settlement for $75,000.

The next day the sheik and the doubtful lady who had dispatched the mysterious letter revealing the awful past, sailed with suppressed smiles for South America, where they are now living, sending postcard regards now and then to old Broadway.

Polite blackmail is one of the chief sources of revenue of the Broadway sheik. A district attorney not so long ago computed the annual sum in millions.

His job is often to brew scandal and skim the golden scum. Parents of ladies so enmeshed may always be trusted to keep quiet. They will pay enormous sums to keep the family name free of first-page exploitation.

THERE was a gay cavalier with the name of a Spanish grandee who appeared recently where the white, hot lights beat the fiercest. He was in reality an hidalgo from the ancient Spanish city of Brooklyn, whose father presided over one of those walk-up-a-flight-and-save-ten-dollars castles.

He was one of the sleekest of perfumed, smooth-spoken rascals, who had acquired a hefty roll in the newer profession of hijacking. A rich man's daughter received his chief attention. She was indeed fair game.

One evening, at an after-theater soirée, he persuaded her, by some trifling but logical excuse, to remain for a few minutes, after the others departed, until he made ready to accompany her home.

He had timed his deviltry with cunning.

In that brief interlude things happened. A sharp pounding at the door. A crash! And then an angry wife with two private detectives confronted the frightened and hysterical girl.

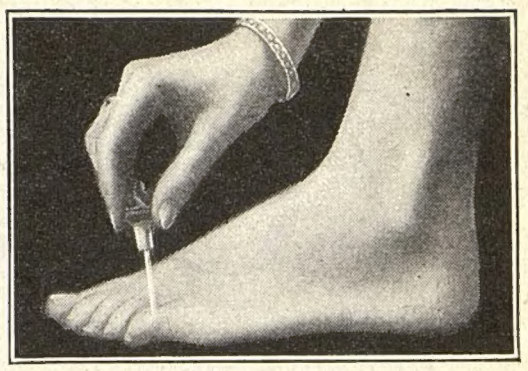
A variant of the ancient badger game. He confessed it was his wife, but he did not love her any more. He loved only the rich man's daughter. He was horribly embarrassed, but perhaps it would come out all right, although he had married a very wicked woman. The affair was hushed up for $65,000, which, of course, the husband and wife divided.

The marrying sheik is not always content with one fruitful excursion into matrimony. He often weds two or three—past performances evidently making no impression on the newest dupe.

These are a few high lights in this desperate and sinister game of dollars. It was the wise and understanding Inspector Faurot who said: "Any girl who accepts a chance acquaintance in a café or supper club in New York is a fool. Almost invariably she is inviting disaster."

THE END

He is adept in the amours of the tearooms, cafés, and midnight supper clubs, where he tracks lonely women and frivolous girls.



Ends Paring

Corns or Calluses

Stops all pain in 3 seconds

TOUCH the most painful corn with this amazing liquid. In three seconds all the pain is gone. Acts like an anesthetic. You wear tight shoes, dance, walk again in comfort!

No paring or cutting—that is dangerous. Besides the corn then comes back. This way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off with your fingers—like dead skin. Works alike on corns or calluses.

Professional dancers by the score use this method. Doctors approve it as safe and gentle. Millions employ it to gain quick relief. There is no other like it.

Ask for "Gets-It" at your druggist. Money back if not delighted. There are imitations. Be sure to get the genuine.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

MORE FUN than CROSS WORDS

25c

The New Question Book that is Sweeping the Country

This 64-page book contains hundreds of questions of general interest that the average person ought to know. Every Quiz contains 20 Questions with separate page for scoring. Answers printed in back of book. The correct answer to each question scores five points. A perfect score, answering entire twenty questions in any one Quiz, scores 100 points. Spend an interesting hour alone or with your friends or family. Test your knowledge in competition with others.

Sent postpaid for 25c in stamps or coin.

THE SAMUELS PRESS, CINCINNATI, O.

Cosmetics Can Never Hide the Truth

If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Better than dangerous calomel. Safe. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound mixed with olive oil that drives out constipation, cleanses the system, removes the cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

Be a Traffic Manager

Big Pay—Big Opportunity

Big business needs trained traffic men. At least three Detroit manufacturers pay their traffic managers better than $20,000 a year. Train in your spare time for this highly profitable profession. Low cost; easy terms. Write now for valuable 64-page book—FREE.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 531-T, Chicago

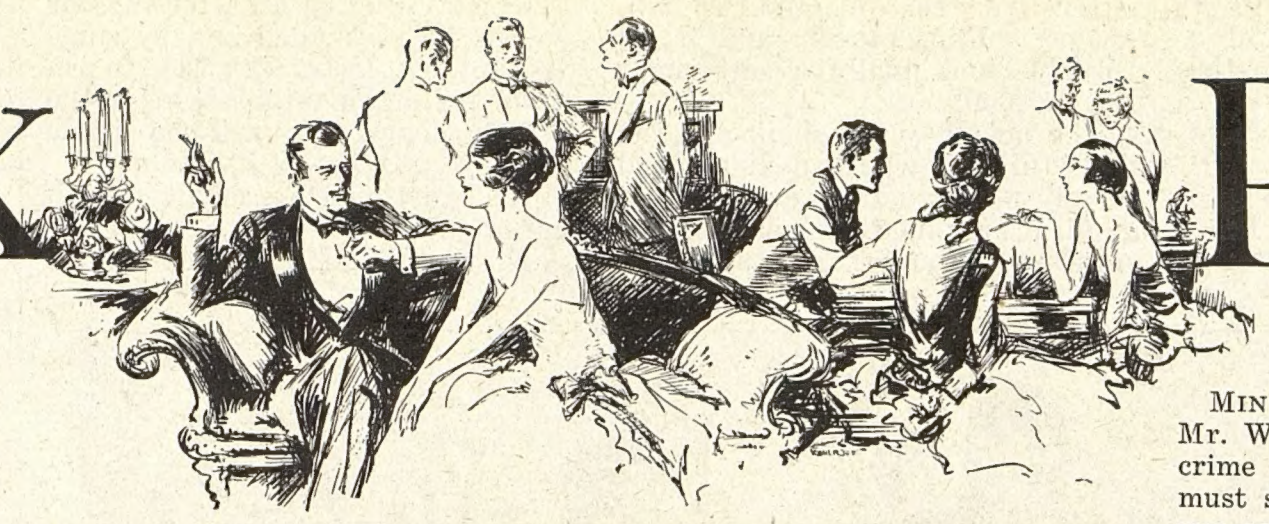
The New Freely-Lathering

Cuticura Shaving Stick

For Tender Faces

EMOLLIENT MEDICINAL ANTISEPTIC

VOX POP



High-School Morals

OKLAHOMA—I'm only a high-school Senior, but I would like to make a few remarks concerning the article on College Morals, by Catharine Brody. If the average college student is lax in morals, where did the trouble begin? Certainly not before he (or she) left the eighth grade. Then it must have begun in the high school.

Don't you think it would be a wise thing to make a corrective survey of the high schools of the United States? Correct the colleges all you please; but, in my opinion, it will be worse than useless unless you nip the thing in the bud. Of course, I don't profess to know anything about the *solution*, but, believe me, I *do* know something about the problem itself, and I think the average high-school student does things that would horrify the last generation. We talk about what they thought, and they thought about the things we talk about.

You would be surprised, I think, if you could see and hear the things that really go on in the average high school.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The girl who wrote the above letter gave her full name and address, but, for obvious reasons, we think it best not to publish them.]

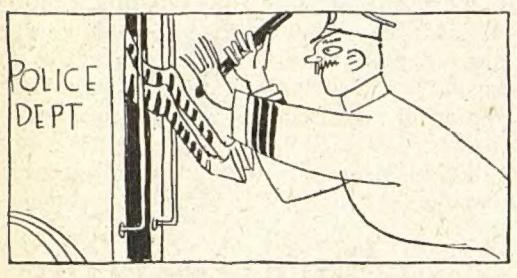
Oh, No!—Not That! Please!

CHICAGO, ILL.—What makes me saddest of all is the way you strive to be so very sophisticated. If sophistication is something to be achieved, you will never achieve it. Your outstanding characteristic is bumptiousness.—*E. E. Twiggens.*

Felonious Zebras

WOONSOCKET, S. D.—For some time I have read your magazine and am unable to find any fault with it at all.

Furthermore, I believe that anyone who does unjustly pick on LIBERTY should be carefully watched, as he may want all the zebras arrested as escaped convicts. Who can tell?



Why, Patrick Henry wouldn't subscribe to any other magazine. He wanted LIBERTY—or death!—*K. N. Brown.*

How About This, Cliff?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I have been reading Our Fightin'est Fighter with an interest that increases with each succeeding article. I am learning new history—that is, history I have not found in such books as it has been my poor lot to read.

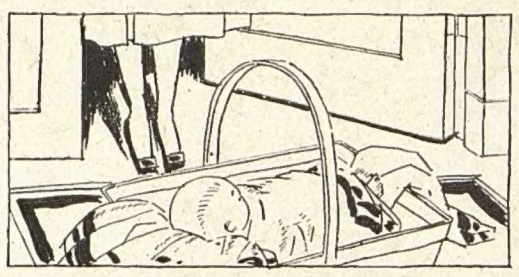
I now discover that Martin Van Buren was a bachelor during the Jackson administration. Then Abraham Van Buren, who was the secretary of Martin Van Buren when the latter was President, must have been illegitimate—and what about "Prince" John?

Mr. Clifford Raymond could add even more zest to his spicy history or romance, whichever it be, by bringing to light this hitherto undiscovered scandal.—*John C. Miller.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Miller is justified in his plaint that our article overlooked Mrs. Van Buren. Martin Van Buren married Hannah Hoes in 1807, and had four sons by her—among them Abraham and John. She died in 1819. The Andrew Jackson administration lasted from 1829 to 1837. Therefore, Van Buren was a *widower*, not a *bachelor*, during Jackson's two terms in office.]

Abandoned Babies

CHICAGO, ILL.—I've just finished reading the interesting article, Abandoned Babies. It should help in every



way to curb this unlawful way of doing away with little infants.—*W. B. Sanderson.*

Call an Alienist!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Please, R. L. Gordon, act your age! I see you have a letter in Vox Pop saying that: "Men like Kummer have diseased minds. . . . He is away off in supposing that our young girls are dreaming eternally of passion."

I'm a young girl, the same age as the heroine in Love's Greatest Mistake, and I like the story, but I have no diseased mind. Let me tell you, old dear, Kummer has the right idea. Don't try to tell anyone that you never dream of passion. *You* are the one with the diseased mind if you haven't got it!—*D. A. Cleveland.*

Beginning a Thrasher Debate

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Throw Leslie Thrasher out. Why have a sign-painter do your covers?—*F. M. Gamble.*

Leslie's the Whole Book

RUPERT, IDAHO—Leslie Thrasher is a real artist; his pictures are half of LIBERTY, and the story, For the Love o' Lil, is the other half.—*L. B. Redford.*

Lil's Sinister Influence

CHICAGO, ILL.—If you have a long-time contract with Leslie Thrasher, can't you buy him off? I'll chip in to raise a fund to do that very thing. It's the most gosh-awful mess I ever perambulated through. This hombre's sheba is pulling the same bunk on yours truly that your "cover serial" describes. She gets the idea from that *Lil* person, and there's a limit to all things!—*F. B.*

Those Pretty-Girl Covers

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Hats off to Leslie Thrasher! He has delivered us from pictures of pretty girls on covers—girls who just pose and don't mean anything.—*Frank J. Lindwall.*

Interesting And *True*

GLENSIDE, PA.—I feel you have a snappy little paper and do hope you won't listen to the anti-*Sandy* and *Lils*, but will keep up the story—it is very interesting and so true.—*D. Carli.*

Artistic Nausea

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The covers of your magazine are sickening. I enjoyed them for a time, but enough is enough. Humans like to see a little variety. Your covers are all alike.—*An Art Director.*

Those Tiresome Blondes

READING, PA.—Gentlemen may prefer blondes—but the rest of us get a trifle sick of nothing but straw-colored hair. So, for Pete's sake, ask the yokel that draws the pictures on your cover to leave that pair of faded youths off—just once.—*Joe Batters.*

Ending the Thrasher Debate

SPENCERPORT, N. Y.—Don't take *Lil* and *Sandy* away; leave them for those who have some sense of humor. —*Edna Waterstrau.*

Trying to Start a Scandal

CANTON, OHIO—It strikes us as a mystery that *Lil*, being a mere stenographer and the prospective bride of a struggling salesman, can afford to wear a different gown on each weekly cover of LIBERTY. How come? —*A Stenographer.*

And Here's One More Step

CHICAGO, ILL.—It is very amusing to note the remarks of various half-wits who insist on complaining about complainers complaining by means of your complaint page.—*An Appreciative Reader.*

They'd Get the Wrong Number

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I fail to comprehend why the hordes of belligerent belly-achers that clutter up the columns of Vox Pop with their idiotic ideas of what LIBERTY should and should not be, don't drop the nickel they pay for the magazine in a phone slot and give the bughouse a ring.

It's a durn good magazine.—*R. C.*

Almost Tempted!

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Dear me, Mr. Williams! Is it such a serious crime for a woman to smoke, and must she necessarily be "lewd," as you say in your letter to Vox Pop, to do it? Our sex is much more tolerant of yours. We don't consider that a man has loose morals simply because he smokes. I don't smoke myself, but when I read or hear such comments I am almost tempted to! —*Alice Phillips.*

A Man to "A Man"

LANSING, MICH.—Just read a letter in your Vox Pop from Akron, Ohio, signed "A Man," in which he stated he had been a traveling man for twenty years, and said: "For gawd sake, women, leave us alone!" And he goes on to say that the "unhappy sisterhood" does the pursuing.

He is trying to create the impression that the women won't let a traveling man alone in a hotel. He is mistaken. Women won't bother *gentlemen.* If he will try to impersonate a gentleman he will find relief.—*A Traveling Man.*

Another Skirmish Between the Sexes

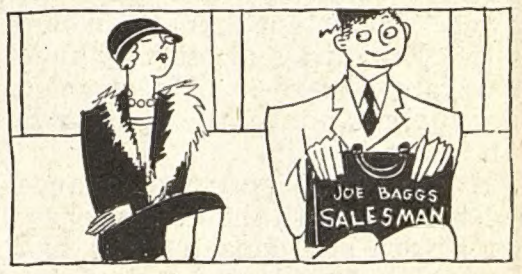
OCALA, FLA.—Men are to blame for most fallen women. If not, why do they boast of their larger brain and stronger will power? If a girl smokes, who gave her the first cigarette? And from whom did she get her first drink?

I spent most of my life in public offices, in close touch with men. I know that if I had not frowned on the least advances of very attractive men, I could not today look my grown sons in the face—and I am not a man-hater.

One of my sons is a traveling salesman and a very attractive man. I hope never to hear him say, like one of your contributors to Vox Pop: "Women, leave us alone!" I have my own ideas of that kind of man.—*N. L. C.*

She Laughs Out Loud

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—I just shook with laughter when I read that Vox



Pop letter signed "A Man." Can you imagine any girl getting luxuries out of a traveling man? Why, if some of 'em ever gave a girl a pair of silk socks, they'd expect to take a lease on her for life! I'm not saying all traveling men are like that, but I'll bet "A Man" wouldn't spend a nickel to see the Statue of Liberty sit down. —*Babs.*

Humpty Dumpty sat high on the wall
Humpty Dumpty had quite a bad fall!
Did the little Spearmen leave him in the lurch?
No indeed—they hoisted him back upon his perch!

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

If you want REAL Peppermint flavor

Cool, lasting, refreshing—
Just look for Double Mint
on your dealer's counter
and see how good it is!

Made with utmost care for
purity and healthfulness.

H25 ···*After every meal*···

The flavor lasts

The Chiffons & Printed Silks

Paris is now wearing..

Practical only if guarded from two enemies

THE Longchamps track is brilliant now with smart women wearing the new creations of the Paris couturiers.

Everywhere are printed silks and chiffons, the newest versions of silk crepe—a bewildering variety of lovely fabrics in fascinating colors!

Such delicate fabrics, such exquisite colors *are practical only if you guard them from two enemies.*

The first danger is rubbing with cake soap. Rubbing destroys the rich, soft sheen of silks and chiffons. The other menace is the destructive alkali contained in so many soaps—regardless of whether they are flakes, chips or cakes. Alkali fades colors and weakens the sensitive silken fibres —may cut their life in half.

With Lux you avoid these destructive foes of silks and chiffons. The rich, bubbling Lux suds cleanse without harmful rubbing. The tissue-thin Lux diamonds contain no harmful alkali. Any fabric that is safe in water alone Lux leaves bright and unfaded, as beautiful as new. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX